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DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

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DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED.

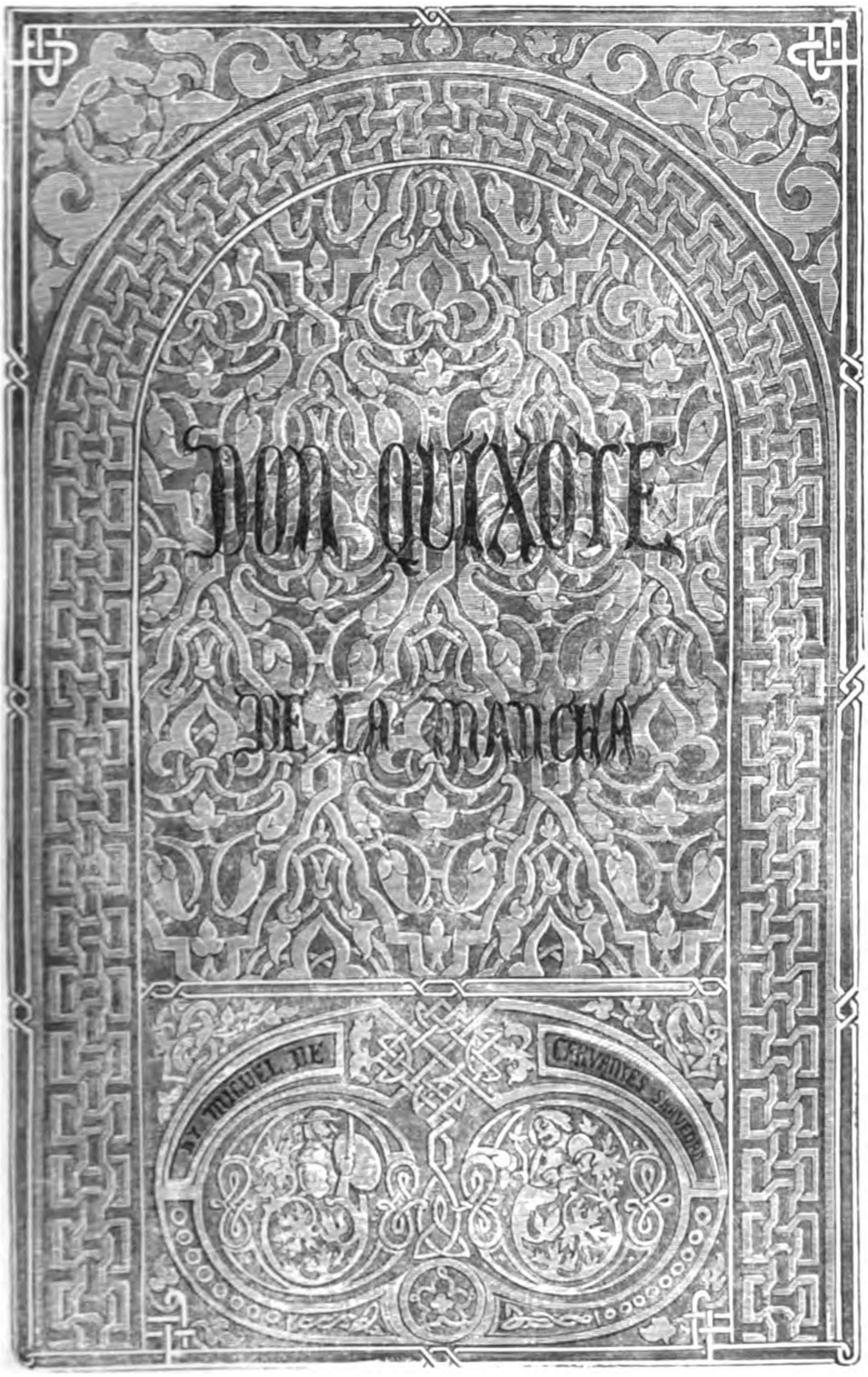
ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JOHANNOT,
AND OTHERS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
MDCCCXLII.

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.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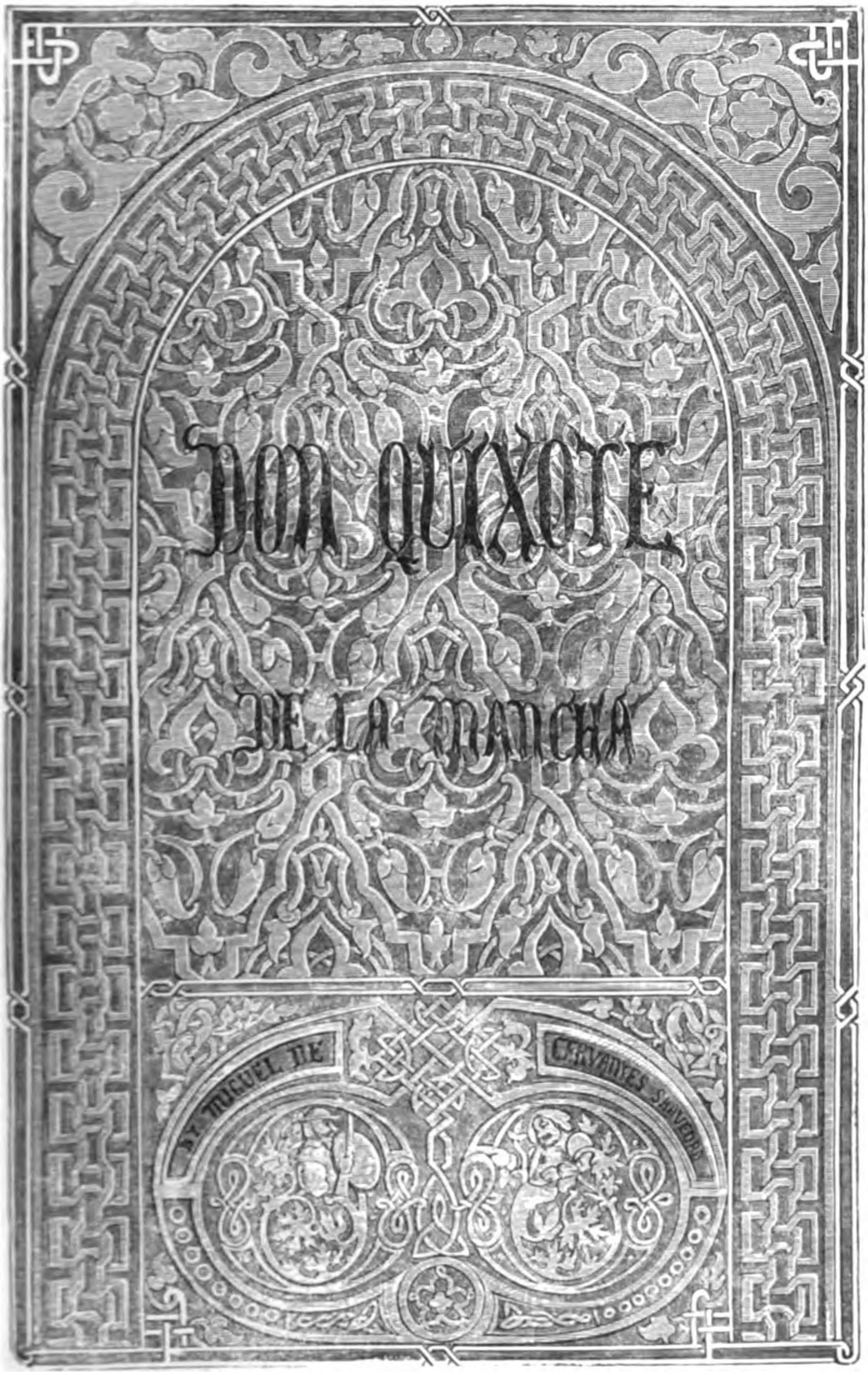
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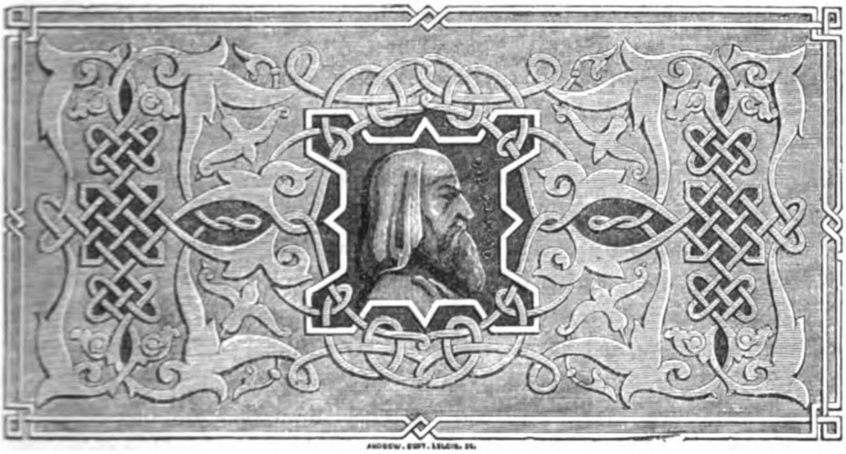
*** The Notes, 640 in number, referred to by numerical references, are translated from M. Viardot's French Edition of the Work. The few of Jarvis's Annotations that have been retained are referred to by asterisks.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PROLOGUE.

TO THE READER.

VERILY, gentle, or it may be simple reader, with what impatience must you now be waiting for this prologue, expecting to find in it resentments, railings and invectives against the author of the second *Don Quixote!* I mean him who it is said was begotten in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona[295]. But in truth, it is not my design to give you that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman and coxcomb; but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him eat it with his food, and much good may it do him.

---

[295] The writer who concealed his real designation under the name of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas, and whose book was printed at Tarragona.

What I cannot forbear resenting, is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand, as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my injury had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see[296]. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those who barely behold them, they will, however, be esteemed by those who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty in running away. I am so firmly of this opinion, that could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity be recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without having shared the glory of it. The scars a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars which guide others to the haven of honour and the desire of just praise.—And it must be observed that men do not write with grey hairs, but with the understanding which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard with anger that he taxes me with envy, and describes to me, as to one utterly ignorant, what envy is; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that which is sacred, noble and well-meaning. This being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a familiar of the Inquisition[297]. If he said what he did for the sake of that person for whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken, for I adore that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments. But in fine, I own myself obliged to this worthy author for saying that my *Novels* are more satirical than moral, but, however, that they are good, which they could not be without some share of both.

Methinks, reader, you tell me that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing that we should not add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in open field, nor in clear day-light, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason. If ever you should chance to fall into his company, tell him from me that I do not think myself aggrieved, for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's head that he can write and print a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame. In confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story.

---

[296] The battle of Lepanto.

[297] In allusion to Lope de Vega, who was actually a priest and familiar of the Holy Office, after having been twice married.

"There was a madman in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits that ever madman did in the world. He sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and, catching a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he inserted the end of the cane as well as he could into the dog's body, and blew him up as round as a ball. Holding the poor animal in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the belly with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the by-standers, who were always very many: 'Well, gentlemen, what think you? is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?' And what think you, Sir; is it such an easy matter to write a book?" And if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him this story, which is likewise of a madman and a dog.

"There was another madman in Cordova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of marble slab, or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall plump upon his head. The dog, in wrath, limps away barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets' length. Now it happened that, among the dogs upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily. Down goes the stone, and hits him on the head; the poor dog raises the cry; his master seeing it, resents it. Catching up his measuring-yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin. At every blow he gave him, he cried: 'Dog! rogue! what, abuse my spaniel[illegible]?—Did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?'—And repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman beaten to a jelly. The chastisement produced the desired effect, the madman went off, and appeared not in the market-place for above a month after. After a while, however, he returned with his invention, and a greater weight. Coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail,

[illegible] In the text, the word is *podenco*, which means a running dog. We have said spaniel in order that the word dog might not be repeated too frequently in so few lines.

and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: 'This is a spaniel—have a care!' In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more."

Thus perhaps, it may fare with our historian; he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves. Tell him also, that as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the *Perendenga* [299], and answer: "Long live the *veinticuatro*, my lord [300], and Christ be with us all!" Yes, long live the great Conde le Lemos, whose well-known christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune! and God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandovaly Rojas. Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo [301], the favour of these two princes, who without any flattering solicitation or any kind of applause on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronize me, would be my sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious; poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it. As virtue shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

Say no more to him; nor will I say more to you. Only I will let you know that this secondpart of *Don Quixote*, which I offer you, is cut by the same hand and out of the same piece, as the first. Herein I present you with Don Quixote at his full length, and at last fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more. Too much even of a good thing lessens it in our esteem, and scarcity, even of an indifferent makes it of some estimation. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that you may soon expect the *Persiles* which I have nearly finished, and also the second part of *Galatea*.

---

[299] A little piece of the epoch, of which the author is unknown.

[300] The *regidores*, or muncipal officers of Seville, Grenada and Cordova have been called *veinticuatros* ever since their number was reduced from thirty-six to twenty-four by Alphonso the Just.

[301] *Las coplas de Mingo Revulgo* are a species of satirical lamentation on the reign of Henry IV (*el impotente*). By some they have been attributed to Juan de Mena, author of the poem *el Laberinto*; by others to Rodrigo Cota, the original author of *Celestina*; and by others to the chronicler Fernando del Pulgar. The latter at least commented on the work at the end of the chronicle of Henry IV., by Diego, Enriquez del Castillo.

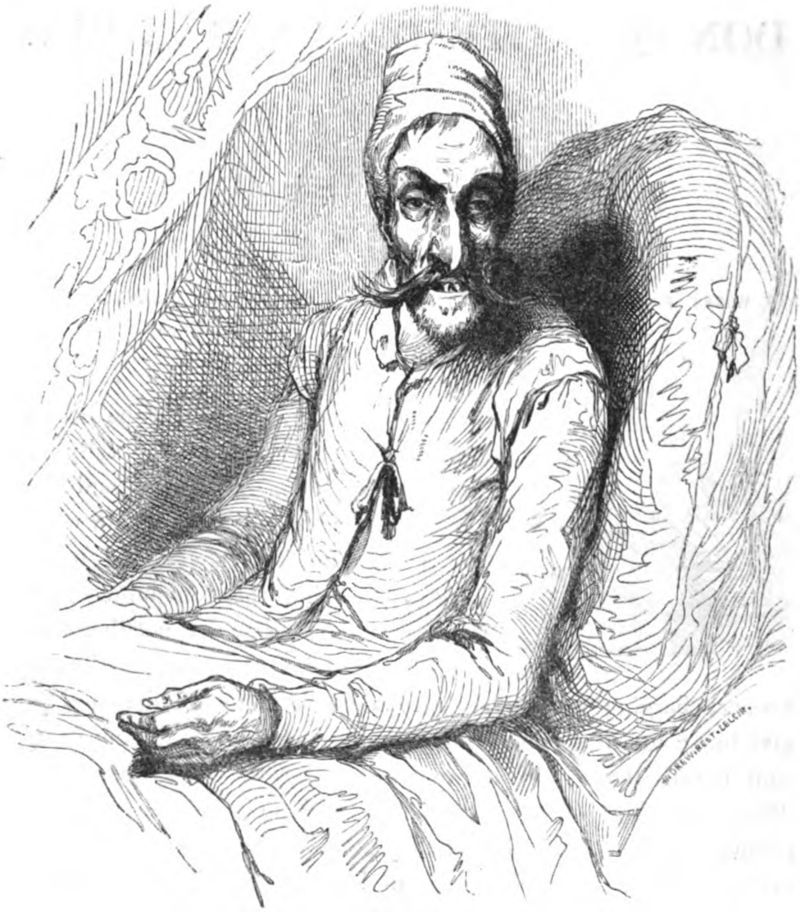
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. CHAPTER I.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE PRIEST, THE BARBER AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION.

CID Hamet Benengeli relates, in the second part of this history and third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said they did so and would continue so to do with all possible care and good-will, for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind. When they heard this news, the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted, upon the ox-waggon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved therefore to visit him and make trial of his amendment, though they reckoned it almost impossible that he should be cured. They agreed between themselves not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up the stitches of a wound that was yet tender[302].

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed,



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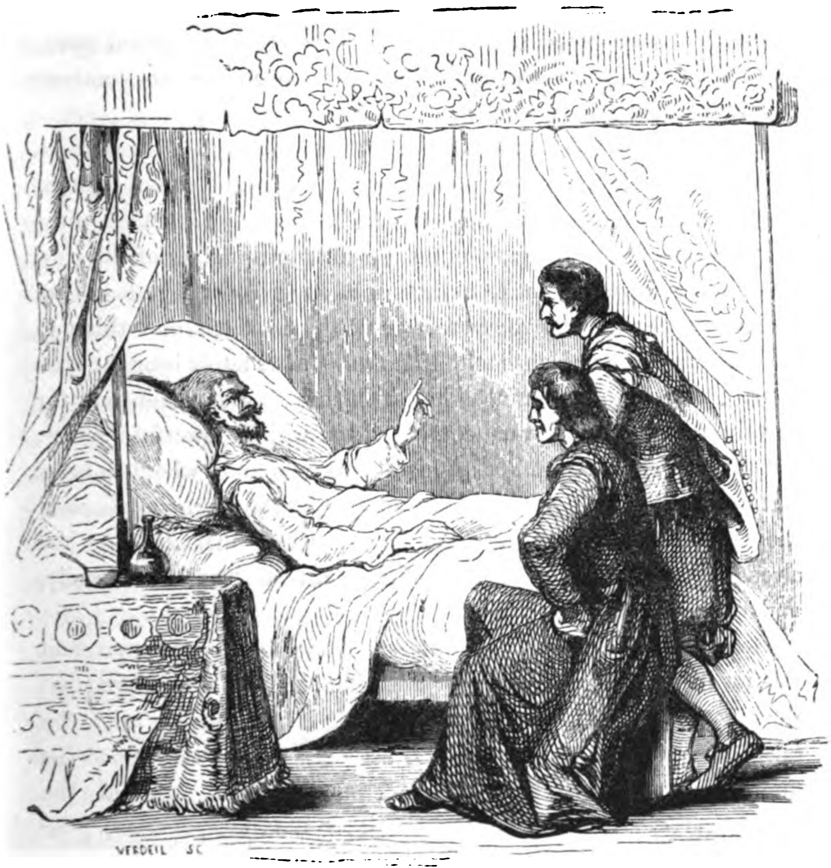
[302] A metaphor taken from the surgical art. It was at that day the usual custom

clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he seemed as if he were reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by Don Quixote with much kindness; and, when they enquired after his health, he gave them an account both of that and of himself with much judgment and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their



of surgeons to sew up a wound, and thence to express its size by the number of stitches necessary to heal it. This expression brings to mind one of the most racy adventures in the Novel intituled *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. In it Cervantes relates that a gentleman gave fifty ducats to a bully by profession, as a fee for inflicting on another gentleman, his enemy, a wound of *fourteen stitches*. But the *bravo*, calculating that the gentleman's face, which was very small, would not contain so long a gash, inflicted it on his footman, whose cheeks were larger and plumper than his master's.

conversation, they fell upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three setting up himself for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a second Solon; and in such manner did they new-model the commonwealth, that one would have thought they had clapped it into a forge, and taken it out quite altered from what it was before. Don Quixote delivered himself with such good sense on all the subjects they touched upon, that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was entirely well and in his perfect senses.

The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and, seeing their master give such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven. But the priest changing his former purpose of not touching on matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether Don Quixote were perfectly recovered, or not. So from one thing to another, he came at length to tell him some news lately brought from court. Among other things, he said that it was given out for certain that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet[303]; but that it was not known what his design was, nor where so great a storm would burst. He added that all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it used to be almost every year, and that the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and of the island of Malta.

Don Quixote replied: "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him. But if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to make use of a precaution which his majesty is at present very far from thinking of." Directly the priest heard this he said within himself: "God defend thee, poor

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you that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman and coxcomb; but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him eat it with his food, and much good may it do him.

What I cannot forbear resenting, is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand, as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my injury had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see[296]. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those who barely behold them, they will, however, be esteemed by those who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty in running away. I am so firmly of this opinion, that could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity be recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without having shared the glory of it. The scars a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars which guide others to the haven of honour and the desire of just praise.—And it must be observed that men do not write with grey hairs, but with the understanding which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard with anger that he taxes me with envy, and describes to me, as to one utterly ignorant, what envy is; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that which is sacred, noble and well-meaning. This being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a familiar of the Inquisition[297]. If he said what he did for the sake of that person for whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken, for I adore that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments. But in fine, I own myself obliged to this worthy author for saying that my *Novels* are more satirical than moral, but, however, that they are good, which they could not be without some share of both.

Methinks, reader, you tell me that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing that we should not add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in open field, nor in clear day-light, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason. If ever you should chance to fall into his company, tell him from me that I do not think myself aggrieved, for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's head that he can write and print a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame. In confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story.

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[296] The battle of Lepanto.

[297] In allusion to Lope de Vega, who was actually a priest and familiar of the Holy Office, after having been twice married.

"There was a madman in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits that ever madman did in the world. He sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and, catching a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he inserted the end of the cane as well as he could into the dog's body, and blew him up as round as a ball. Holding the poor animal in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the belly with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the by-standers, who were always very many: 'Well, gentlemen, what think you? is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?' And what think you, Sir; is it such an easy matter to write a book?" And if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him this story, which is likewise of a madman and a dog.

"There was another madman in Cordova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of marble slab, or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall plump upon his head. The dog, in wrath, limps away barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets' length. Now it happened that, among the dogs upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily. Down goes the stone, and hits him on the head; the poor dog raises the cry; his master seeing it, resents it. Catching up his measuring-yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin. At every blow he gave him, he cried: 'Dog! rogue! what, abuse my spaniel[298]?—Did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?'—And repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman beaten to a jelly. The chastisement produced the desired effect, the madman went off, and appeared not in the market-place for above a month after. After a while, however, he returned with his invention, and a greater weight. Coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail, and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: 'This is a spaniel—have a care!' In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more."

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[298] In the text, the word is *podenco*, which means a running dog. We have said spaniel in order that the word dog might not be repeated too frequently in so few lines.

Thus perhaps, it may fare with our historian; he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves. Tell him also, that as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the *Perendenga* [299], and answer: "Long live the *veinticuatro*, my lord [300], and Christ be with us all!" Yes, long live the great Conde le Lemos, whose well-known christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune! and God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandovaly Rojas. Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo [301], the favour of these two princes, who without any flattering solicitation or any kind of applause on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronize me, would be my sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious; poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it. As virtue shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

Say no more to him; nor will I say more to you. Only I will let you know that this secondpart of *Don Quixote*, which I offer you, is cutby the same hand and out of the same piece, as the first. Herein I present you with Don Quixote at his full length, and at last fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more. Too much even of a good thing lessens it in our esteem, and scarcity, even of an indifferent makes it of some estimation. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that you may soon expect the *Persiles* which I have nearly finished, and also the second part of *Galatea*.

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[299] A little piece of the epoch, of which the author is unknown.

[300] The *regidores*, or muncipal officers of Seville, Grenada and Cordova have been called *veinticuatros* ever since their number was reduced from thirty-six to twenty-four by Alphonso the Just.

[301] *Las coplas de Mingo Revulgo* are a species of satirical lamentation on the reign of Henry IV (*el impotente*). By some they have been attributed to Juan de Mena, author of the poem *el Laberinto*; by others to Rodrigo Cota, the original author of *Celestina*; and by others to the chronicler Fernando del Pulgar. The latter at least commented on the work at the end of the chronicle of Henry IV., by Diego, Enriquez del Castillo.

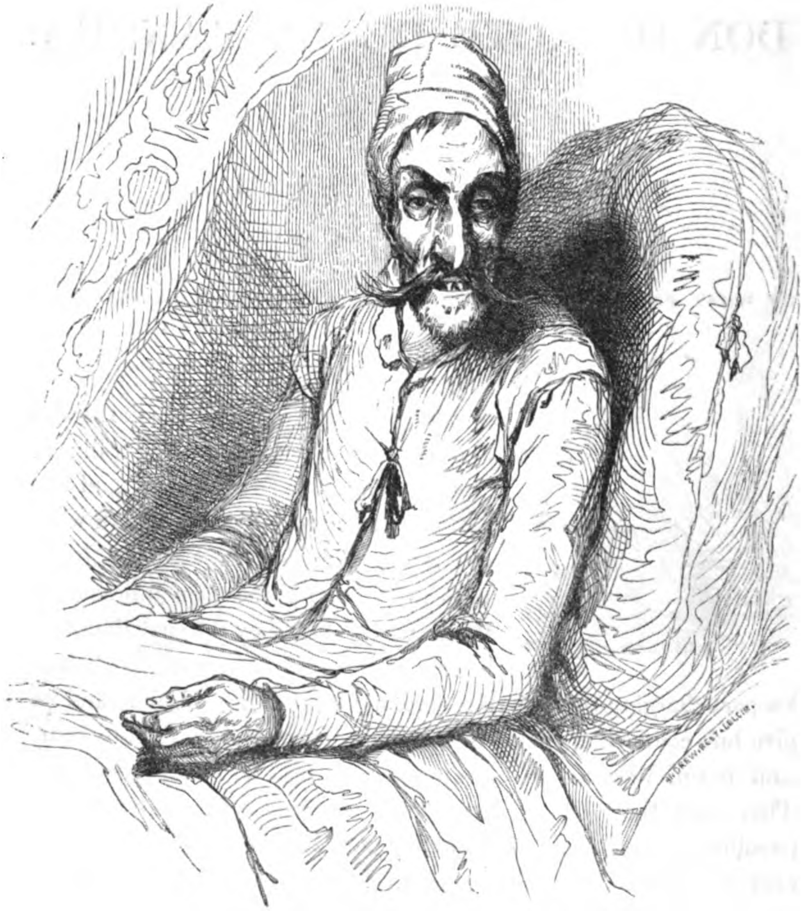
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. CHAPTER I.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE PRIEST, THE BARBER AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION.

CID Hamet Benengeli relates, in the second part of this history and third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said they did so and would continue so to do with all possible care and good-will, for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind. When they heard this news, the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted, upon the ox-waggon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved therefore to visit him and make trial of his amendment, though they reckoned it almost impossible that he should be cured. They agreed between themselves not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up the stitches of a wound that was yet tender[302].

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed,



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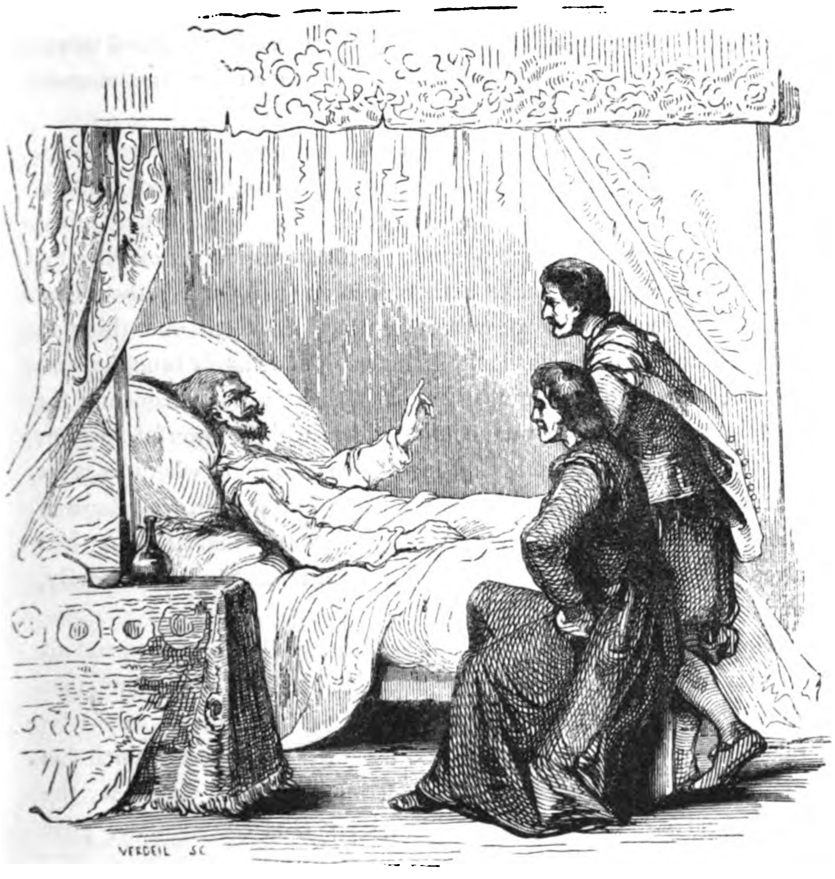
[302] A metaphor taken from the surgical art. It was at that day the usual custom

clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he seemed as if he were reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by Don Quixote with much kindness; and, when they enquired after his health, he gave them an account both of that and of himself with much judgment and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their



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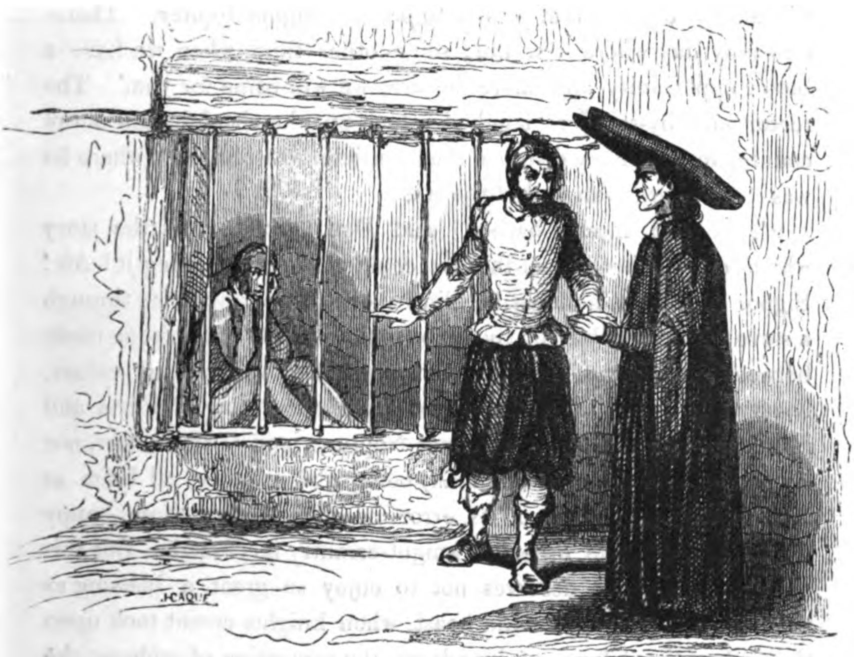
"I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man."—"Though he were not," said the curate, "I will make it good, and engage for him that, as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit."—"And who will be bound for your reverence, master curate?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "which obliges me to keep a secret."

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "then his majesty has only to cause proclamation to be made that all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain do, on a certain day, repair to court; for should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one, who may be able alone to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of sugar-paste? Pray tell me, how many histories are full of these wonders! How unlucky is it for me, I will not say for any body else, that the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis of Gaul, is not now in being! Were any one of them alive at this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good faith I should not like to be in the Turk's place. But God will provide for his people, and send some one, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least, not inferior to them in courage. God knows my meaning, I say no more."—"Alas!" quoth the niece at this instant, "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!"—"A knight-errant I will live and die," answered Don Quixote: "let the Turk come down or up when he pleases, and as powerful as he may; I repeat that God knows my meaning." Here the barber said: "I beg leave, gentlemen, to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville; it comes in so pat to the present purpose that I must needs tell it." Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, the rest lent him their attention, and the barber began thus:

"A certain man was put by his relations into the mad-house of Seville for having lost his wits. He had taken his degrees in canon law in the university of Ossuna; but, had he taken them in that of Salamanca, most people think he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding. With this conceit he wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him with great earnestness, and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from the miserable confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses. He added that his relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and in spite of truth, would have him be mad till his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the mad-house whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so; and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out in such distracted flights, as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse, as he might convince himself by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial; he paid a visit to the madman, and talked above an hour with him. During all that time he never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer; on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said that the rector mis-represented him for the sake of the presents his relations sent him that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals. The madman added that his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since in order to enjoy it, his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God towards him, in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner that he made the rector to be suspected, he made his relations appear covetous and unnatural, and showed himself to be so discreet that the chaplain, determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see and lay his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him which he wore when he was brought in. The rector enjoined him to take care what he did, since, beyond all doubt the licentiate was still mad. But the precautions and remonstrances of the rector availed nothing towards hindering the chaplain from carrying him away. The rector, seeing it was by order of the archbishop, obeyed, and they put the licentiate on his clothes, which were fresh and decent. When he found himself stripped of his madman's weeds, and habited like a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain that he would for charity's sake permit him to take leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain said he would bear him company, and take a view of the lunatics confined in the house. So up stairs they went, and with them some other persons who happened to be present. The licentiate, approaching a kind of cage in which lay one that was outrageously mad, though at that time he was still and quiet, said to him: 'Have you any service, dear brother, to command me; I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, and without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible. Put great trust and confidence in him. Since he has restored me to my former state, he will also restore you, if you trust in his goodness. I will take care to send you some refreshing victuals, and be sure to eat of them; for I must needs tell you that I find, having experienced it myself, that all our distractions proceed from our stomachs being empty and our brains filled with wind. Take heart, take heart; for despondency under misfortunes impairs health, and hastens death.' All this discourse of the licentiate was overheard by another madman, who was in an opposite cell. Raising himself up from an old mat whereon he had been lying stark naked, he demanded aloud who it was that was going away recovered and in his senses. 'It is I, brother,' answered the licentiate, 'that am going; I need stay no longer here, and am infinitely thankful to Heaven for having bestowed so great a blessing upon me.'—'Take heed, friend licentiate, what you say; let not the devil delude you,' replied the madman. 'Stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.'—'I know,' replied the licentiate, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches *.'—'You well!' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that; farewell! But I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing in carrying you out of this house, and judging you to be in your senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, amen. Know you not, little brainless licentiate, that I can do as I say, since I am thundering



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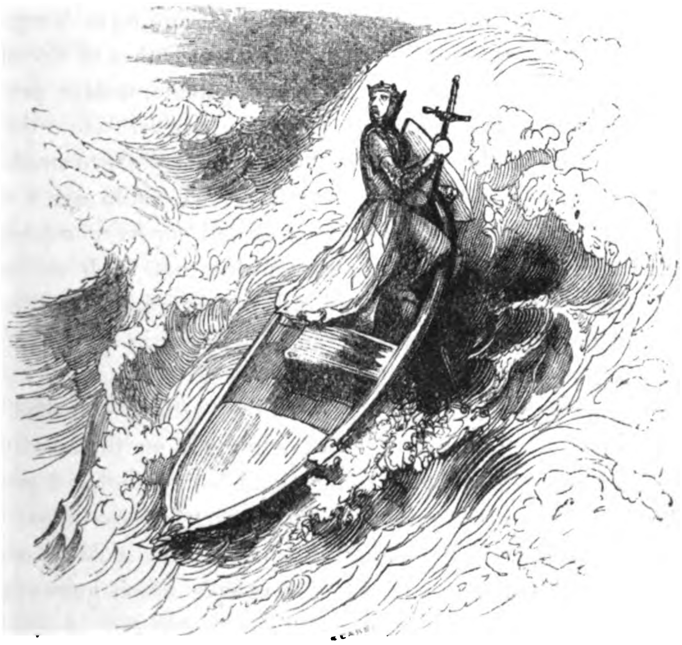
* Certain churches, with indulgences, appointedto be visited, either for pardon of sins, or for procuring blessings. Madmen, probably in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exercise.

Jupiter, and hold in my hands the flaming bolts with which I threaten and destroy the world? But no; in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant people: there shall no rain fall on this town, nor in all its district, for three whole years, reckoning from the day and hour in which this threatening is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered and in your right senses! and I a madman, I distempered and in bonds! I will no more rain than I will hang myself.' All the by-standers were very attentive to the madman's discourse; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, and holding him by both hands, said to him: 'Be in no pain, good Sir, nor make any account of what this madman has said. If he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as often as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To this the chaplain answered. 'However, Signor Neptune, it will not be convenient at present to provoke Signor Jupiter. Therefore pray stay where you are; some other time, when we have a better opportunity and more leisure, we will come for you.' The rector and by-standers laughed, which put the chaplain half out of countenance. They disrobed the licentiate, who remained where he was; and there is an end of the story.

"This then, master barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which comes in here so pat that you could not forbear telling it? Ah! Signor cut-beard, he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons made between understanding and understanding, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and family and family, are always odious and ill-taken? I, master barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters, nor do I set myself up for a wise man, being really not so; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times in which the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty and the reward of the humble. Most of the knights now in fashion, make a rustling rather in damasks, brocades and other rich stuffs, than in coats of mail. You have now no knight who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigour of the heavens, in complete armour from head to foot; no one now who, without stirring his feet out of his stirrups and leaning upon his lance, takes a short nap like the knights-errant of the olden time. There is no knight now who, issuing out of the forest, ascends the mountain, who thence penetrates to a barren and desert shore of the sea, most commonly stormy and tempestuous, where finding on the beach a small skiff without oar, sail, mast, or any kind of tackle, he boldly throws himself into it, exposing himself to the implacable billows of the profound sea, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss; while he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, when he least dreams of it, finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he first embarked, and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents



worthy to be written, not on parchment, but brass. But, now-a-days sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and flourished in those golden days and among those knights-errant. Otherwise, pray tell me who was more civil and more valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more affable and obliging than Tirant the White? who more gallant than Lisvart of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more intrepid than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Orlando? who more courteous than Rogero, from whom, according to Turpin's *Cosmography*[306], are descended from the present Dukes of Ferrara? All these warriors, and others that I could name, master priest, were knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Now these, or such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; by which means he will be sure to be well served, would save a vast expense, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness. Yet will I stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper; and I say this in order to let goodman Basin see that I understand him."

"In truth, Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "I meant no harm in what I said, and may Heaven help me as my intention was good. Your worship ought not to take it ill."—"Whether I ought to take it ill or not," said Don Quixote, "is best known to myself."—"Well," said the curate, "I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple which gnaws and disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what Signor Don Quixote has just now said."—"You have leave, master priest, for great matters," answered Don Quixote; "so you may out with your scruple, for there is no pleasure in going with a scrupulous conscience." "With this licence then," answered the priest, "my scruple, I say, is that I can by no means persuade myself that the multitude of knights-errant your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world; on the contrary, I imagine that it is all fiction, fable, falsehood and dreams told by men awake, or, to speak more properly, half asleep."—"This is another error," answered Don Quixote, "into which many have fallen who do not believe that ever there were any such knights in the world. I have frequently, in company with divers persons and upon sundry occasions, endeavoured to confute this almost universal mistake. Sometimes I have failed in my design, and sometimes succeeded, supporting it on the shoulders of truth. This truth is so certain, that I can almost say these eyes of mine have seen Amadis of Gaul; who was a man of tall stature, of fair complexion, with a well set beard, though black, his aspect betweeen mild and stern, a man of few words, not easily provoked and soon pacified. In like manner as I have described Amadis, I fancy I could paint and delineate all the knights-errant that are found in all the histories in the world, for apprehending as I do that they were such as their histories represent them, one may, by the exploits they performed and their dispositions, give a good philosophical guess at their features, their complexions and their statures."—"Pray, good Signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber, "how big, think ye, might the giant Morgante be?"—"As to the business of giants," answered Don Quixote, "it is a controverted point whether there really have been such in the world or not. But the Holy Scripture, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, shews us there have been such, giving us the history of that huge Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high[307], which is a prodigious stature.

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[307] The Holy Scriptures do not make him so large. "And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span." (1 SAMUEL, Chap. XVII. Verse 4.)

conversation, they fell upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three setting up himself for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a second Solon; and in such manner did they new-model the commonwealth, that one would have thought they had clapped it into a forge, and taken it out quite altered from what it was before. Don Quixote delivered himself with such good sense on all the subjects they touched upon, that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was entirely well and in his perfect senses.

The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and, seeing their master give such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven. But the priest changing his former purpose of not touching on matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether Don Quixote were perfectly recovered, or not. So from one thing to another, he came at length to tell him some news lately brought from court. Among other things, he said that it was given out for certain that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet[303]; but that it was not known what his design was, nor where so great a storm would burst. He added that all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it used to be almost every year, and that the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and of the island of Malta.

Don Quixote replied: "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him. But if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to make use of a precaution which his majesty is at present very far from thinking of." Directly the priest heard this he said within himself: "God defend thee, poor

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[303] Since the middle of the sixteenth century, the maritime enterprises of the Turks were, in Spain and Italy, the ordinary topics of political conversations. They were even alluded to in the proverbial language of those countries; Juan Cortes de Toledo, the author of *The Lazarillo de Menzanares*, speaking of a mother-in law, says she was a *woman more to be dreaded than an incursion of the Turk.* Cervantes also, in the beginning of his *Journey to Parnassus*, in bidding adieu to the steps of San Felipe's church, which were the general resort of the newsmongers of the day, has this passage: "Adieu, promenade of San Felipe, where I so often read, as in a Venetian newspaper, whether the Turkish dog embarks or disembarks."

Don Quixote! methinks thou art falling headlong from the top of thy madness down to the profound abyss of thy folly." The barber, who had made the same reflection as the priest, asked Don Quixote what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken. "Perhaps," he added, "it is such as may be put into the list of the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes."—"Mine, goodman shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose."—"I meant no harm," replied the barber; "but only that experience has shewn that all or most of the pieces of advice people give his majesty are either impracticable or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or kingdom."—"True," answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd; it is the most easy, the most just, the most feasible, the most expeditious that can enter into the imagination of any contriver of expedients [304]."—"Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense."—"I have no mind," replied Don Quixote, "it should be told here now, and to-morrow by day-break, get to the ears of the lords of the privy-council, so that somebody else should run away with the thanks and reward of my labour."—"I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before God, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king or to rook, or to any man upon earth: an oath which I learned from the *romance* of the priest, in the preface whereof he tells the king of the thief that robbed him of the hundred doubloons and his ambling mule [305]."

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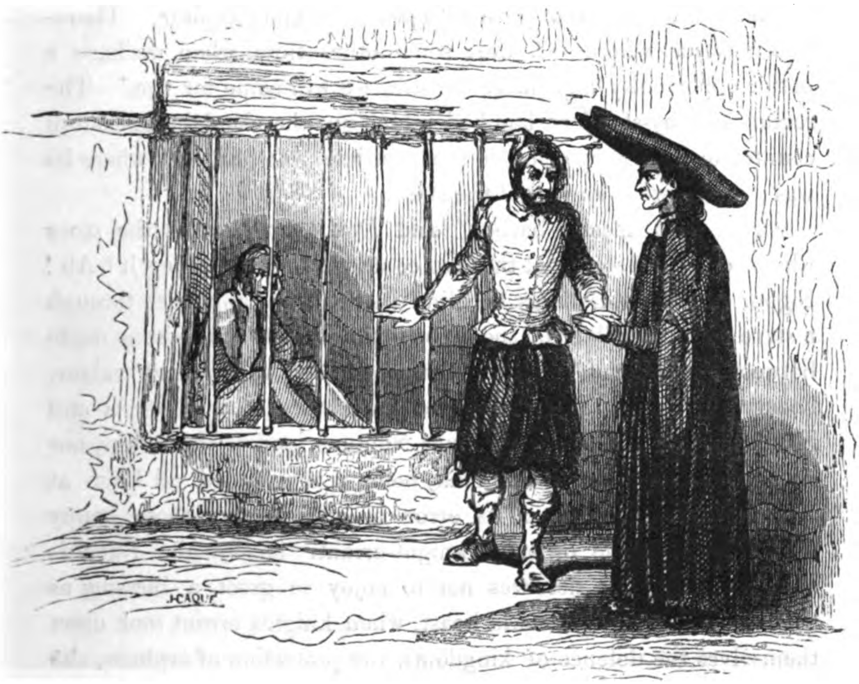
[304] These political charlatans were called *arbitristas*, and the measures that they proposed, *arbitrios*. Cervantes ridicules them amusingly in the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs*, in which he makes one of these *arbitristas* propose the following method of filling the empty royal treasury: "Permission must be asked of the cortès for all his majesty's vassals between the ages of fourteen and sixty to be compelled to fast once in a month on bread and water, and for all the outlay that would otherwise have been expended on that day in meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, fruit and wine to be valued in money and faithfully paid to his majesty, on oath. In twenty years, the money thus raised will be sufficient to liquidate all debts and heap up the treasury. For there are certainly more than three millions of persons of that age in Spain . . . . who spend at least a real a day, though they eat only dandelion-roots. Then do you think it would be a trifle to have every month more than three millions of reals like sifting them through a sieve? Besides, it would be all for the profit of the fasters, since in fasting they would serve at once Heaven and the king; and, for a large number, it would be also profitable for the health. There is an expedient without expense of any kind, and without the necessity of commissioners, who are the ruin of the state. . . . ."

[305] In allusion to some *romance* popular at that day, now wholly unknown.

"I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man."—"Though he were not," said the curate, "I will make it good, and engage for him that, as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit."—"And who will be bound for your reverence, master curate?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "which obliges me to keep a secret."

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "then his majesty has only to cause proclamation to be made that all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain do, on a certain day, repair to court; for should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one, who may be able alone to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of sugar-paste? Pray tell me, how many histories are full of these wonders! How unlucky is it for me, I will not say for any body else, that the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis of Gaul, is not now in being! Were any one of them alive at this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good faith I should not like to be in the Turk's place. But God will provide for his people, and send some one, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least, not inferior to them in courage. God knows my meaning, I say no more."—"Alas!" quoth the niece at this instant, "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!"—"A knight-errant I will live and die," answered Don Quixote: "let the Turk come down or up when he pleases, and as powerful as he may; I repeat that God knows my meaning." Here the barber said: "I beg leave, gentlemen, to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville; it comes in so pat to the present purpose that I must needs tell it." Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, the rest lent him their attention, and the barber began thus:

"A certain man was put by his relations into the mad-house of Seville for having lost his wits. He had taken his degrees in canon law in the university of Ossuna; but, had he taken them in that of Salamanca, most people think he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding. With this conceit he wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him with great earnestness, and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from the miserable confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses. He added that his relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and in spite of truth, would have him be mad till his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the mad-house whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so; and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out in such distracted flights, as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse, as he might convince himself by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial; he paid a visit to the madman, and talked above an hour with him. During all that time he never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer; on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said that the rector mis-represented him for the sake of the presents his relations sent him that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals. The madman added that his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since in order to enjoy it, his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God towards him, in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner that he made the rector to be suspected, he made his relations appear covetous and unnatural, and showed himself to be so discreet that the chaplain, determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see and lay his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him which he wore when he was brought in. The rector enjoined him to take care what he did, since, beyond all doubt the licentiate was still mad. But the precautions and remonstrances of the rector availed nothing towards hindering the chaplain from carrying him away. The rector, seeing it was by order of the archbishop, obeyed, and they put the licentiate on his clothes, which were fresh and decent. When he found himself stripped of his madman's weeds, and habited like a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain that he would for charity's sake permit him to take leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain said he would bear him company, and take a view of the lunatics confined in the house. So up stairs they went, and with them some other persons who happened to be present. The licentiate, approaching a kind of cage in which lay one that was outrageously mad, though at that time he was still and quiet, said to him: 'Have you any service, dear brother, to command me; I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, and without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible. Put great trust and confidence in him. Since he has restored me to my former state, he will also restore you, if you trust in his goodness. I will take care to send you some refreshing victuals, and be sure to eat of them; for I must needs tell you that I find, having experienced it myself, that all our distractions proceed from our stomachs being empty and our brains filled with wind. Take heart, take heart; for despondency under misfortunes impairs health, and hastens death.' All this discourse of the licentiate was overheard by another madman, who was in an opposite cell. Raising himself up from an old mat whereon he had been lying stark naked, he demanded aloud who it was that was going away recovered and in his senses. 'It is I, brother,' answered the licentiate, 'that am going; I need stay no longer here, and am infinitely thankful to Heaven for having bestowed so great a blessing upon me.'—'Take heed, friend licentiate, what you say; let not the devil delude you,' replied the madman. 'Stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.'—'I know,' replied the licentiate, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches *.'—'You well!' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that; farewell! But I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing in carrying you out of this house, and judging you to be in your senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, amen. Know you not, little brainless licentiate, that I can do as I say, since I am thundering



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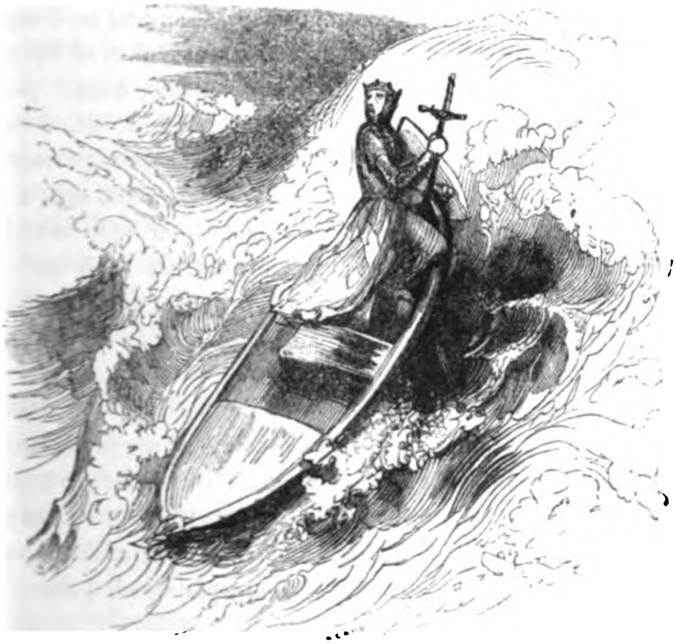

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Besides, in the island of Sicily, there have been found thigh-bones so large that their size demonstrates that those to whom they belonged were giants, and as big as large steeples: a truth which geometry evinces beyond all doubt. But, for all that, I cannot say with certainty how big Morgante was; though I fancy he could not be extremely tall, and I am inclined to this opinion by finding in the story wherein his achievements are particularly mentioned [308], that he often slept under a roof; and since he found a house big enough to hold him, it is plain he was not himself of an immeasurable bigness."—"That is true," quoth the curate; who, being delighted to hear him talk so wildly and extravagantly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Reynaldo of Montalvan, Orlando, and the rest of the twelve Peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. "Of Reynaldo," answered Don Quixote, "I dare boldly affirm he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligate follows. Of Rolan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for histories gave him all these names), I am of opinion, and do assert that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, red-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a threatening aspect, sparing of speech; but very civil and well-bred."—"If Orlando," replied the priest, "was no finer a gentleman than you have described him, no wonder that madam Angelica the Fair disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness and good-humour of the downy-chinned little Moor with whom she had an affair; and of a truth she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medor to the roughness of Orlando." —"That Angelica, master priest," replied Don Quixote, "was a light, gossiping, wanton hussey, and left the world as full of her impertinences as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men [309], and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate and reputation than what the affection he preserved for his friend could give him[310]. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring or not caring to celebrate what befel this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over modest, left her with these verses:

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[308] The Italian poem of *Morgante maggiore*, by Luigi Pulci. It was freely translated into Spanish by Geronimo Auner. Seville, 1550 and 1552.

> ' Another bard may sing in better strain,
> How she Cataya's sceptre did obtain.'

Without doubt this was a kind of prophecy, for poets are also called *vates,* that is to say diviners; and this truth is plainly seen, for, since that time, a famous Andalusian poet has bewailed and sung her tears, and another famous and singular Castilian poet has celebrated her beauty [311]."

" Pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber at this instant, " has no poet written a satire upon this lady Angelica among so many who have sung her praises?"—" I verily believe," answered Don Quixote, " that if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would long ago have well soaped the damsel's head, for it is peculiar and natural to poets, disdained or rejected by their false mistresses, or such as were feigned in effect by those who chose them to be the sovereign ladies of their thoughts, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons: a vengeance certainly unworthy a generous spirit.—But hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she turned the world upside down[312]."—" A miracle, a miracle," cried the priest. . . ;" and all at once they heard the voice of the housekeeper and the niece, who had already quitted the conversation and were bawling aloud in the court-yard; they all arose and ran towards the noise.

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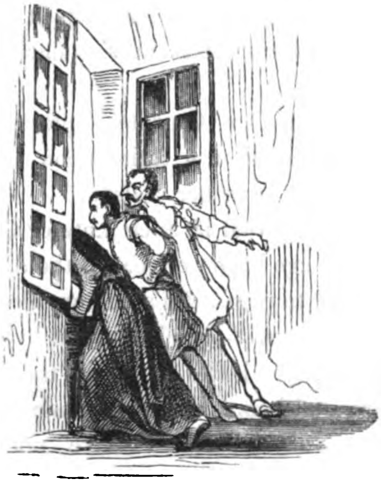
[309] Orlando, Ferragus, Renaud, Agrican, Sacripante, etc.

[310] Medor was wounded and left for dead on the spot, as he went to fetch away the corpse of his master, Daniel d'Almonte. (*Orlando furioso*, canto XXIII.)

[311] The Andalusian poet is Luis Barahona de Soto, the author of *The tears of Angelica* (Las Lágrimas de Angélica), a poem in twelve cantos. Grenada, 1586. The Castilian poet is Lope de Vega, who wrote *The Beauty of Angelica,* (La Hermosura de Angélica), a poem in twenty cantos. Barcelona, 1604.

[312] A few years later, Quevedo made himself the avenger of Angelica's rejected lovers, in his *Orlando burlesco.*



CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NOTABLE QUARREL BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, WITH OTHER PLEASANT OCCURRENCES.

OSING sight, for a short time of Don Quixote, the priest and the barber; the history relates[313] that the outcry, which they heard was raised by the niece and the housekeeper, who were defending the door against Sancho Panza, who was striving to get in to see Don Quixote. "What would the paunch-gutted vagabond have in this house?" cried the housekeeper; "get you to your own, brother; for it is you, and no other, by whom my master is seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways."—"Mistress housekeeper for Satan," answered Sancho, "it is I that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master. It was he who led me this dance, and you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island,

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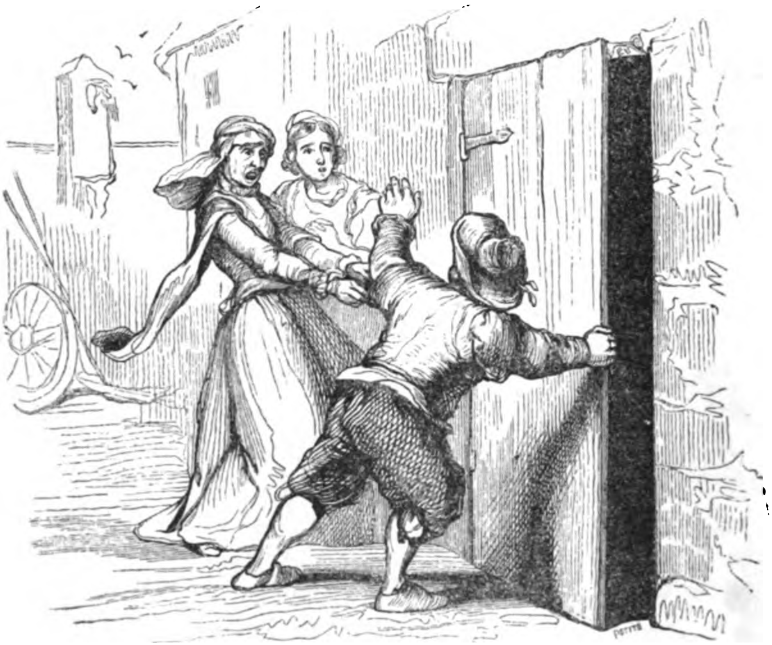
[313] A form in great vogue with the Arabian historians, from whom it was adopted by the ancient Spanish chroniclers; from the latter it was again imitated by the romance writers, whom Cervantes imitated in his turn.



which I still hope for.[314]"—"May evil islands choke thee, accursed Sancho!" answered the niece: "and pray what are islands? Doubtless they are something eatable, glutton, cormorant, that thou art!" "They are not to be eaten," replied Sancho, "but governed, and better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court."—"For all that," said the housekeeper, "you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, bundle of rogueries; get you home, and govern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands or islets."

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[314] The word *insula*, which Don Quixote borrows from romances of chivalry, was, even in Cervantes's time, a very ancient term. An island was called, at that time as at present, *isla*. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the niece and housekeeper do not understand the word. Sancho himself has not a very clear idea of its meaning. So Cervantes's pleasantry, rather forced in English, is perfectly natural in Spanish.

The curate and the barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue between the three; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unseasonable follies, and touch upon some points not very much to his credit, called him to him, and ordered the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered; and the curate and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon his extravagances and intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalry. Therefore the priest said to the barber: "You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight."—"I make no doubt of that," answered the barber: "yet I do not wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world cannot beat it out of his noddle."—"God help them," said the priest; "but let us be upon the watch, and we shall see the drift of this machine of absurdities of such a knight and such a squire, who, one would think, were cast in the same mould, and the madness of the master without the follies of the man would not be worth a farthing."—"True," qooth the barber; "but I should be very glad to know what they are now talking of."—"I lay my life," answered the priest, "the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by and bye, for they are not of a temper to forbear listening."

In the mean while, Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only. When the former had closed the door, he said: "I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune, and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed a hundred times; and herein only have I had the advantage of you."—"And reason good," answered Sancho, "for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves than to their squires."—"You are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "according to the saying: *Quando caput dolet etc.*[315]"—"I understand no other language than my own," replied Sancho. "I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members ache also. Therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant. For this reason, the ill that does or shall affect me must affect you also; and so on the contrary."—"Indeed," quoth Sancho, "it should be so; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in a blanket, my head stood on t'other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all: and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also, in requital, ought to do the like for them." "Would you insinuate now, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it, for I felt more pain then in my mind than you did in your body. But no more of this at present, a time will come when we may set this matter upon its right bottom. In the mean time, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town? what opinion have the common people of me? what think the hidalgoes, the gentlemen? What is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, of my courtesy? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in to revive and restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters, and that without adding to the good, without taking from the bad one tittle. It is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, and proper figure, neither enlarged by adulation, nor diminished out of vain respect. And I would have you, Sancho, learn that, if naked truth could come to the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be deemed as iron in comparison of ours, which would then be esteemed the golden age. Let this advertisement, Sancho, be a caution to you to give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what you know concerning the matters I have enquired about."

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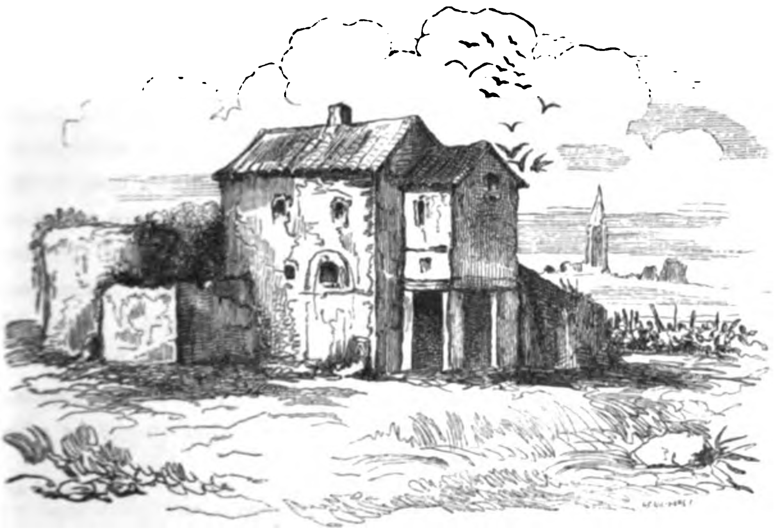
[315] *Quando caput dolet, cætera membra dolent.*

"That I will with all my heart, Sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say, since you will have me show you the naked truth, without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me."—"I will in no wise be angry," replied Don Quixote; "you may speak freely, Sancho, and without circumlocution."—"First and foremost then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for a fool. The hidalgoes say that your worship, not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, have taken upon you the style of *Don* and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, a couple of acres of land, with a tatter behind, and another before. The gentlemen say they would not have the hidalgoes set themselves in opposition to them, especially those squire-like hidalgoes, who black their shoes with smoke, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings



with green silk[316]."—" That," said Don Quixote, " is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my clothes are never patched; a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour than by length of time."

" As to what concerns the valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking," continued Sancho, " there are very different opinions. Some say: mad, but humorous; others: valiant, but unfortunate; others: courteous, but impertinent; and then they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins."—" Thus you see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Very few, perhaps none of the famous men of times past, escaped being calumniated by their malicious contemporaries. Julius Cæsar, the most courageous, the most prudent, the most valiant captain of antiquity, was noted for being ambitious, and somewhat unclean both in his apparel and his manners[317]. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, is said to have had a little smack of the drunkard; Hercules, with all his labours, is censured for being lascivious and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother with being a whimperer. So that, my poor Sancho, amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, those against me may very well pass, if they are no more than you have mentioned."—" Body of my father! there lies the *hic*," cried Sancho. " What, is there yet more behind?" demanded Don Quixote. " The tail remains still to be flayed," answered Sancho; " all hitherto has been tarts and cheesecakes; but if your worship has a mind to know the very bottom of the calumnies people bestow upon you, I will bring one hither presently who shall tell you them all, without missing a tittle. Last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca, having taken the degree of bachelor; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that the history of your worship is already printed in books under the title of the *Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha.* He says also that it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other things which passed between us two only, insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement to think how the historian who wrote them could come to know

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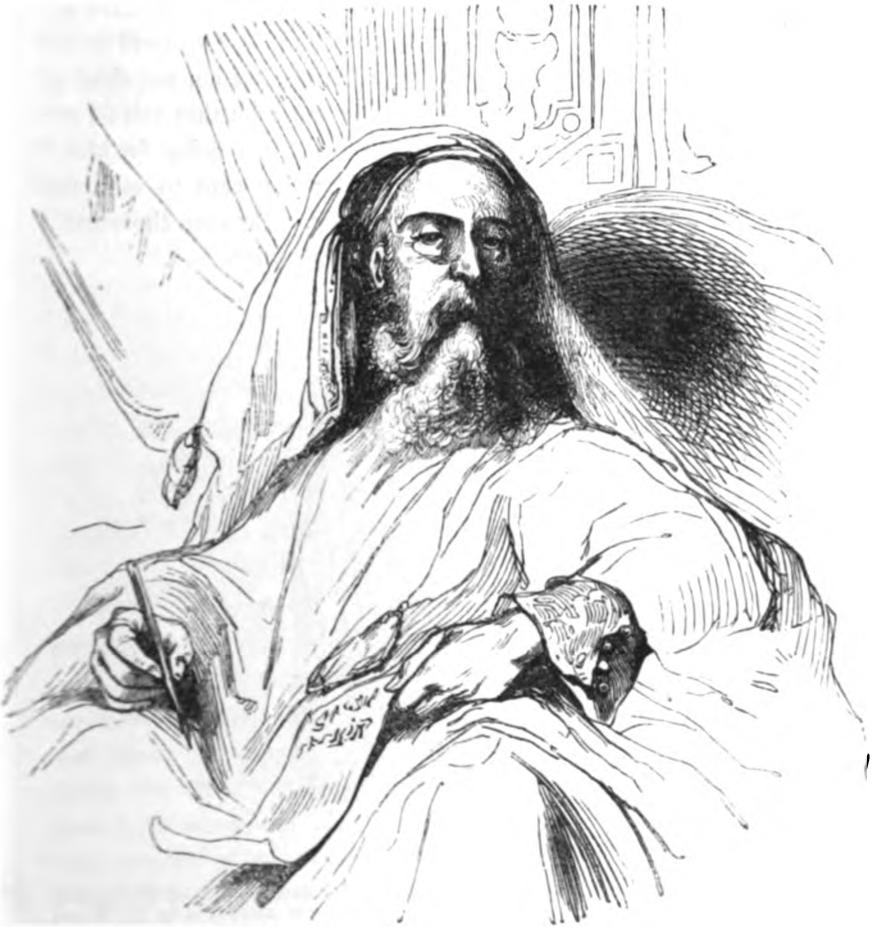
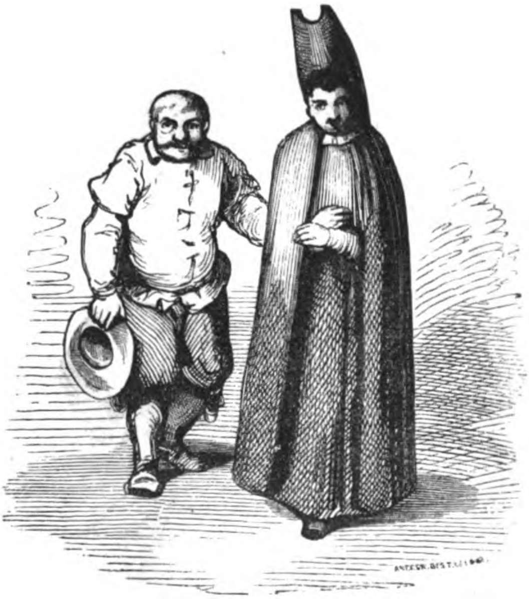
[316] There were at that day several degrees of nobility: *hidalgos*, *cavalleros*, *ricos-hombres*, *titulos*, *grandes*. We have put *gentlemen* instead of *cavaliers*, to avoid the equivoque which the latter word would give rise to, applied to Don Quixote.

Don Diego Clemencin has recovered the list of the nobility who inhabited the town of Argamasilla de Alba, in Cervantes's time. There were half-a-dozen undisputed *hidalgos*, and another half dozen of contestable *hidalgos*.

[317] With regard to manners, Suetonius is in accordance with Don Quixote; but not with respect to the toilet. On the contrary, he reproaches Cæsar for being too foppish.—*Circa corporis curam morosior, ut non solum tonderetur diligenter ac raderetur, sed velleretur etiam, ut quidam exprobraverunt.* cap. 45.



them."—"Depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter. Nothing is hidden from those gentry that they have a mind to write."—"A sage, and an enchanter!" quoth Sancho, "why the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, (for that is his name), says the author of this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena."—"That is a Moorish name," answered Don Quixote. "It may be so," replied Sancho, "for I have heard that your Moors for the most part are lovers of berengenas[318]."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you must mistake the surname of that same Cid, which in Arabic signifies a lord."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "but if your worship will have me bring the bachelor hither, I will fly to fetch him."—"You will do me a singular pleasure, friend," said Don Quixote; "I am surprised at what you have told me, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I am informed of all."—"Then I am going for him," answered Sancho; and leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he returned soon after. Between the worthy trio there then ensued a most pleasant conversation.



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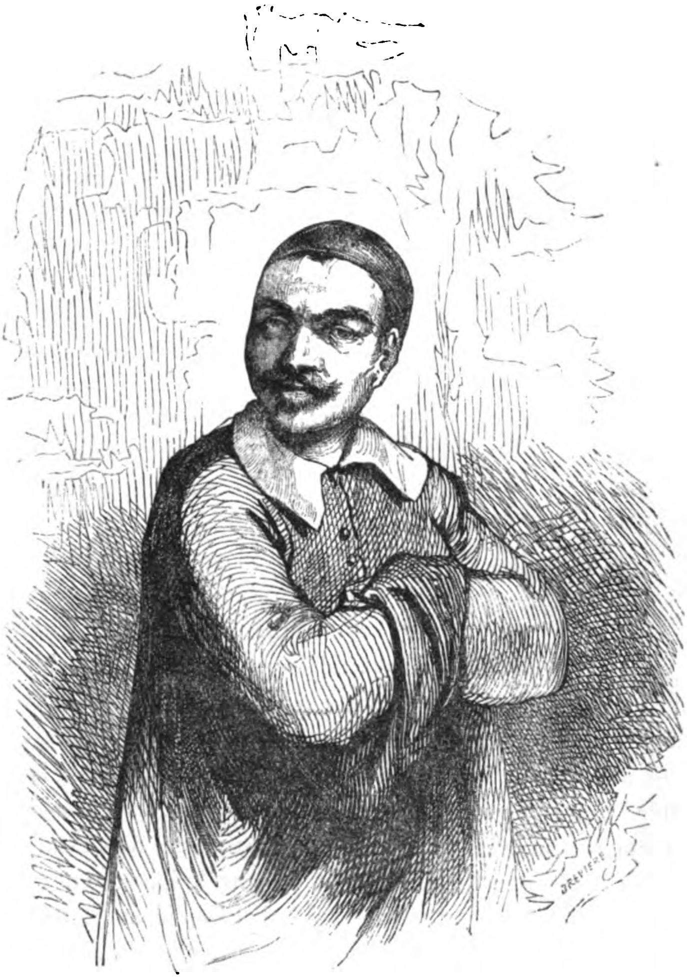
[318] Sancho changes *Ben Engeli* into *Berengena*, the name of a kind of vegetable very plentiful in the kingdom of Valencia, into which it was introduced by the Moors.

CHAPTER III.

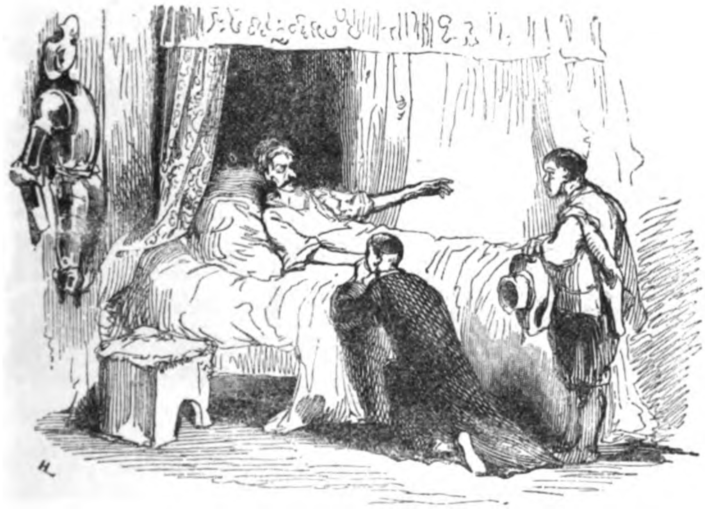
OF THE LUDICROUS CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA AND THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.

DON QUIXOTE, awaited in a very thoughtful mood the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had told him. He could not persuade himself that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade. How could people expect that his high feats of arms should be already in print? However, at last he concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art magic had sent them to the press; if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievement of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written of any squire. Although (he soliloquized) the feats of squires never were written; and if it should prove true that such a history is really extant, since it is the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent and true. This reflection afforded him some comfort; but he lost it again upon considering that the author was a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars and visionaries. He

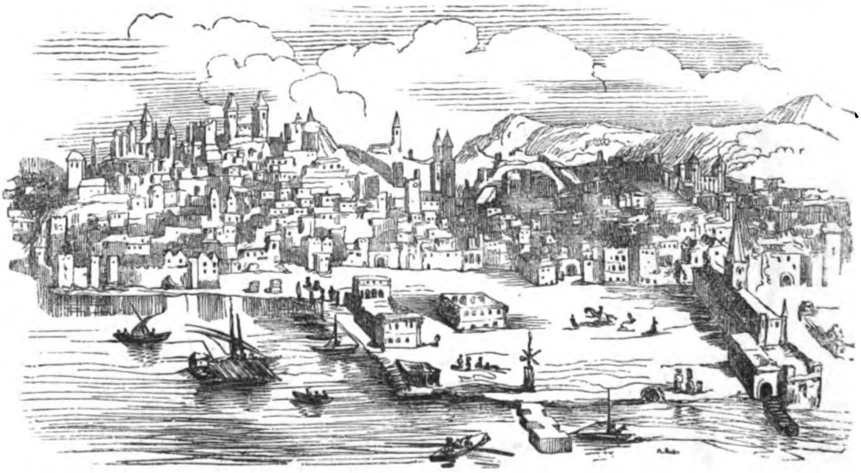


was apprehensive the writer might have treated of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and wished he might find that the historian had faithfully depicted his constancy and the decorum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, damsels of all degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of natural desire. Sancho Panza and Carrasco found him tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations; and Don Quixote received the bachelor with much courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was none of the biggest; he was an arch wag of a very good understanding. He was about twenty-four years of age, of a wan complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour, as he immediately made appear. Directly he saw Don Quixote, he threw himself upon his knees before him and said: " Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's



hand; for by the habit of St. Peter which I wear, though I have yet taken no other degrees towards holy orders but the four first, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that have been or shall be upon the whole circumference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, who has left us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light upon that virtuoso who took care to have them translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all sorts of people!"



Don Quixote made him rise, and said: "It seems then it is true that my history is really extant, and that he who composed it was a Moor and a sage."—"So true it is, Sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe that there are at this very day above twelve thousand books published of that history; witness Lisbon, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, and there is a rumour that it is now printing at Antwerp[319]. For my part, I foresee that no nation nor language will be without a translation of it." Here Don Quixote said: "One of the things which ought to have the highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in every body's mouth and in every body's hand. I say his good name, for if it be the contrary, no death can equal it."—"If fame and good name are to carry it," said the bachelor, "your worship alone bears away the palm from all knights-errant, for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that constancy in adversity, that patient enduring of mischances, that modesty and continence in love, so very platonic, as that between your worship and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."—"I never," interrupted Sancho Panza, "heard my lady Dulcinea called *Donna* before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso. Here the history is already mistaken."—"That objection is of no importance," answered Carrasco. "No, certainly," replied Don Quixote. "But pray tell me, Signor bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history?"—"As to that," answered the bachelor, "there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants; others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers; these to the description of the two armies which afterwards proved to be two flocks of sheep; another cries up that of the dead body which was carrying to be interred at Segovia; one says the setting the galley-slaves at liberty was beyond them all; another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valourous Biscayan." "Pray tell me, Signor bachelor," interrupted Sancho again, "is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rocinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit?"—"The sage," answered Sampson, "has left nothing at the bottom of the inkhorn, he inserts and remarks every thing, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket."—"I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho; "in the air I own I did, and more than I desired."—"In my opinion," quoth Don Quixote, "there is no history in the world that has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry, for such can never be altogether filled with prosperous events."—"For all that," replied the bachelor, "some who have read the history say that they should have been better pleased if the authors thereof had forgot some of those numberless drubbings given to Signor Don Quixote in different encounters."—"Therein," quoth Sancho, "consists the truth of the history."—"They might indeed as well have omitted them," said Don Quixote, "since there is no necessity of recording those actions which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and especially if they redound to the discredit of the hero. In good faith, Æneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as Homer describes him."—"Nothing is more true," replied Sampson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been, but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to or diminishing any thing from the truth."—"Well, if it be so that Signor Moor is in a vein of telling truth," quoth Sancho, "there is no doubt but among my master's rib-roastings mine are to be found also, for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but at the same time they took the dimensions of my whole body. But why should I wonder at that, since, as the self-same master of mine says, the members must partake of the ailments of the head?"—"Sancho, you are a sly wag," answered Don Quixote, "and, in faith, you want not for a memory, when you have a mind to have one."—"Though I had never so much a mind to forget the drubs I have received," quoth Sancho, "the tokens that are still fresh on my ribs would not let me."—"Hold your peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt Signor bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, and tell me what is farther said of me in the aforesaid history."

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[319] "*Nearly a month*," says Cervantes, in the first chapter, "after Don Quixote had returned home, having alighted from the enchanted car, twelve thousand copies of his history were circulating over all Europe, printed in four or five towns, and in several languages." The *Don Quixote* is full of similar blunders. Must they be attributed to negligence, or to sportiveness?

—"And of me too," quoth Sancho, "for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it."—"Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho," interrupted Sampson.—"What! another corrector of hard words!" quoth Sancho. "If this be the trade we shall never have done."—"Let me die, Sancho," answered the bachelor, "if you are not the second person of the history. Nay, there are some who had rather hear you talk than the finest fellow of them all; though there are also some who say you were a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island promised you by Signor Don Quixote, here present."—"There is still sunshine on the wall," quoth Don Quixote, "and when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years give, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now."—"Before God, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if I am not fit to govern an island at my years, I shall not know how to govern it at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it."—"Recommend it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "All will be well, and perhaps better than you think, for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God."—"That is true," added Sampson: "and if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one."—"I have seen governors ere now." quoth Sancho, "who in my opinion do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called your *Lordship*, and eat off silver plates."—"Those are not governors of islands," replied Sampson, "but of other governments more manageable; for those who govern islands must at least understand grammar."—"Grammercy for that," quoth Sancho, "it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter[320]; but leaving the business of governments in the hand of God, who will dispose of me as I may be most instrumental in his service, I say, Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am infinitely pleased that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a manner, that what he says of me is not at all tiresome; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old Christian as I am, the deaf should have heard it."—"That would be working miracles," answered Sampson. "Miracles or no miracles," quoth Sancho, "let every one take heed how they talk or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination."—"One of the faults people charge upon this history," said the bachelor, "is that the author has inserted in it a novel entitled *The Curious Impertinent;* not that it is bad in itself or ill-written, but for having no relation to that place, nor any thing to do with the history of his worship Signor Don Quixote."—"I will lay a wager," replied Sancho, "the son of a dog has made a jumble of fish and flesh together."—"I aver then," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who at random and without any judgment has set himself to write it without rhyme or reason. He is like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered: 'As it may hit.' Sometimes he would paint a cock, after such a guise and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in large capitals, 'This is a cock.' And thus it will fare with my history, which will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible."—"Not at all," answered Sampson; "it is so plain, that there is no difficulty in it. Children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it. In short it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by all sorts of people, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-horse than they cry: 'Yonder goes Rocinante.' But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages; there is not a nobleman's ante-chamber in which you will not find a *Don Quixote*. When one lays it down, another takes it up; one asks for it, another snatches it. In a word, this history is the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment hitherto published; for there is not so much as the least appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely Catholic."—"To write otherwise," said Don Quixote, "had not been to write truth, but lies; and historians who are fond of venting falsehoods, should be burnt like coiners of false

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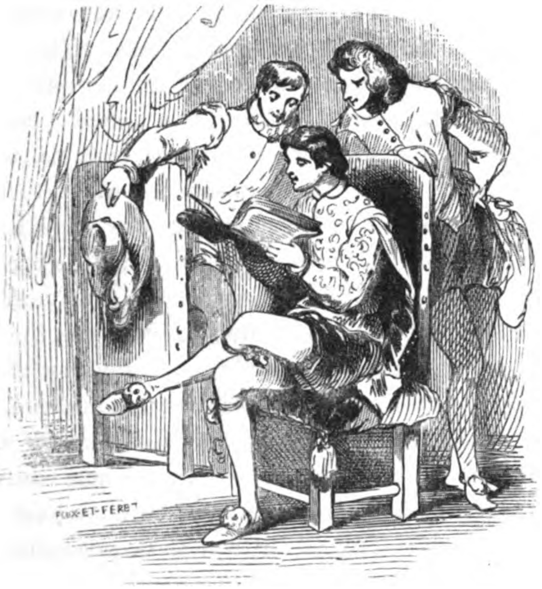
[320] Sancho replies by a jeu de mots on the word *gramatica*, grammar. "With th *grama* (dog's-grass), I should do very well, but with the *tica* I should be at a loss wha to do, for I do not understand it." It is intranslatable.



money[321]. For my part, I cannot imagine what moved the author to introduce novels and foreign relations, my own story affording matter enough. Without doubt we may apply the proverb—'So the belly is filled, it matters not with what.' But in truth, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements alone, he might have compiled a volume as big as all the works of the Tostado[322]. In short, Signor bachelor, what I mean is, that in order to the compiling histories or books of any kind whatever, a man has need of a great deal of judgment and a mature understanding. To talk wittily and write pleasantly are the talents of great genius only. The most difficult character in comedy is that of the fool[323], and he must be no simpleton who plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it, and where truth is, there is God the only source of truth. Notwithstanding which, there are those who compose books and toss them out into the world by the dozen, like fritters."—"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but there is something good in it[324]."—"There is no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but it often happens that they who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press."—"The reason of that," said Sampson, "is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered and the greater the fame of the author, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men famous for their parts, great poets, celebrated historians, are always envied by those who take a pleasure and make it their particular entertainment to censure other men's writings, without ever having published any of their own."—"That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote; "for there are many divines who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects of preachers."—"All this is very true, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "but I wish such critics would be more merciful and less nice; I wish they would not dwell so much upon the motes of the bright sun of the work they censure. Though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*[325], they ought to consider how much he was awake, to give his work as much light and leave as little shade as possible; perhaps those very parts which some men do not taste are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face that has them. Therefore I say that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such a one as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers."—"That which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "has pleased but few."—"Quite the contrary," replied the bachelor; "as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*[326], so infinite is the number of those who have been delighted with that history. Though some have taxed the author's memory as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us who the thief was that stole Sancho's ass; it is only related that he was stolen, and in a very short time after we find Sancho mounted upon the self-same ass, without hearing how he had recovered him[327]. The author is also reproached for omitting to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns he found in the portmanteau upon the Sierra Morena. He never speaks of them more, and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them; for that is one of the most substantial points wanting in the work."

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[321] The crime of uttering counterfeit money was punished with fire as being at once a public theft and a crime of lèse-majesté. (*Partida* VII., tit VII., Cy 9.)

[322] Don Alonzo de Madrigal, bishop of Avila, under John II., is generally styled *el Tostado* (the tanned, the sunburnt). Although he died young, in 1450, he left twenty-four folio volumes of Latin works, and nearly as many in Spanish, without reckoning anonymous works. Thence his name became proverbial in the sense that Don Quixote makes use of it.

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[323] This rôle was successively called *bobo, simple, donaire*, and finally *gracioso*.

[324] This thought is from Pliny the Elder, and is recorded in one of his nephew's letters. (Lib. III., Epistle 5.) Don Diego de Mendoza quotes it in the prologue to his *Lazarillo de Tormès*, and Voltaire has repeated it frequently.

[325] The quotation is not correct. Horace says: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

"Master Sampson," answered Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or to make up accounts, for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be stuck upon St. Lucia's thorn till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of bush. I have it at home, and my dame stays for me; as soon as I have dined I will come back and satisfy your worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of the ass and what became of the hundred crowns." Without waiting for an answer, or speaking one word more, he went to his own house.

Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation, and staid; a couple of pigeons were added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry. Carrasco carried on the humour of his entertainer. The banquet being ended, they took their siesta; Sancho came back, and the conversation was resumed.

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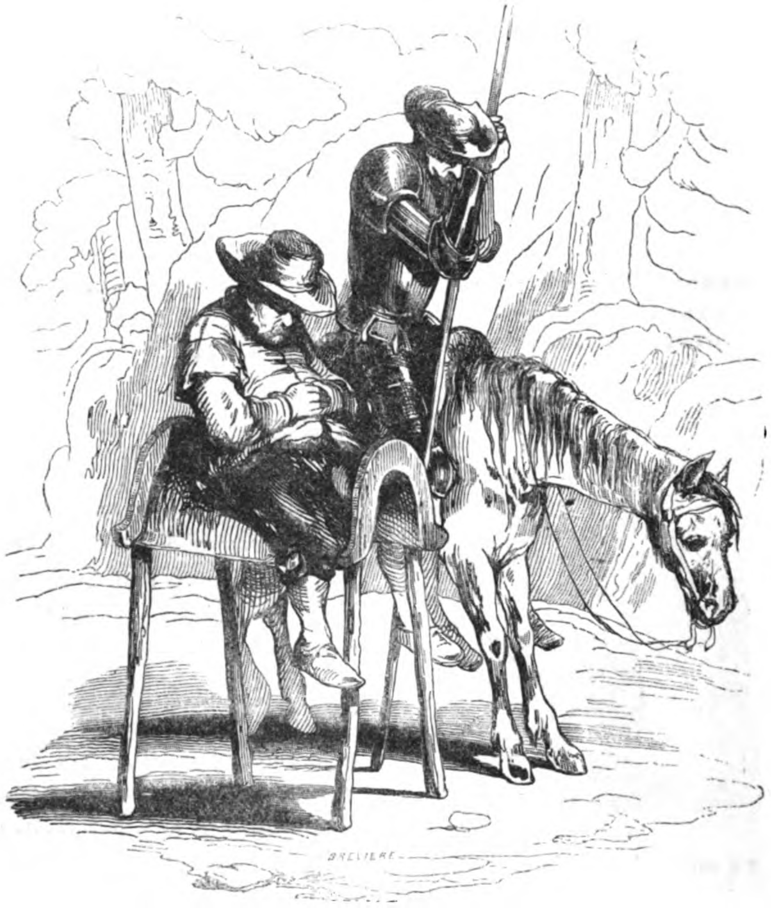
[326] *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. X., verse 15.

[327] Cervantes did not forget to mention the thief; he says positively that it was Ginès de Passamonte, but he forgets the theft itself. Vide note CXXIII., Part I., Book III., Chap. IX., *ante* vol I, page 250.

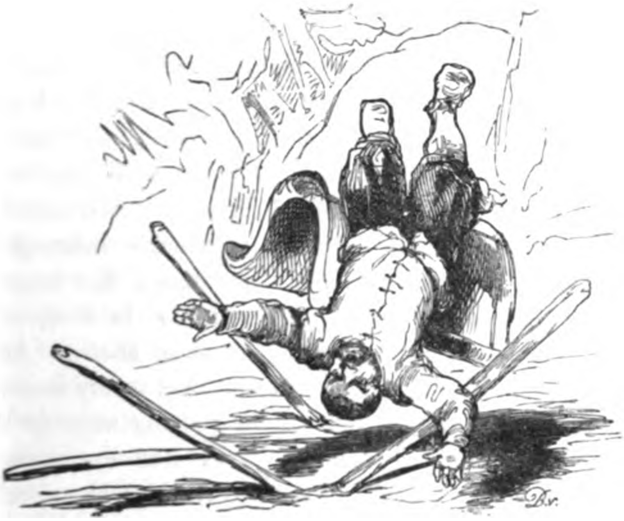
CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN SANCHO PANZA ANSWERS TO THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO'S QUESTIONS AND CLEARS UP HIS DOUBTS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND RECITED.

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and, resuming his former discourse, said, in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when and how the ass was stolen: "That very night when, flying from the holy hermandad, we entered the Sierra Morena, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves and of the dead body that was being carried to Segovia, my master and I got into a thicket, where he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon my beast, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had had four feather beds under us. Especially I, for my part, slept so fast that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me on four stakes which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and leaving me mounted thereon, in this manner got Dapple from under me without my feeling it."—" That is an easy matter, and no new accident," said Don Quixote. " The like happened to Sacripante, at the siege of Albraca, where that famous



robber Brunelo, by the same invention, stole his horse from between his legs [22]."—"The dawn appeared," continued Sancho, "and scarcely had I stretched myself when, the stakes giving way, down



came I to the ground. I looked about for my beast, but saw him not. The tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation that, if the author of our history has not set it down, he may make account he has omitted an excellent thing. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gipsy, that cunning rogue and notorious malefactor Ginès de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain."—"The mistake does not lie in this," replied Sampson, "but in the author's making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives you any account of his being found again."—"To this," said Sancho, "I know not what to answer, unless it be that the historian was mistaken, or it might be owing to the carelessness of the printer."—"It must be so, without doubt," quoth Sampson; "but what became of the hundred crowns? were they laid up, or laid out?"—"I laid them out," quoth Sancho, "for the use and behoof of my own person, of my wife and of my children. They have been the cause of my wife's bearing patiently the journeys and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote; for had I returned, after so long a time, pennyless and without my ass, black would have been my luck. And if you would know anything more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person. And nobody has any thing to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that have been given me in these sallies were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis a piece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them. Let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."—"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to advertise the author of the history that, if he reprints the book, he shall not forget what honest Sancho has told us, which will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work."

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[22] *Orlando furioso*, Canto XXVII.

"Is there any thing else to be corrected in that legend, Signor bachelor?" quoth Don Quixote. "There may be other things," answered Carrasco, "but none of them of like importance with those already mentioned."—"And, peradventure," said Don Quixote, "does the author promise a second part?"—"Yes," answered Sampson; "but he says he has not met with it, nor can he learn who has it; therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or not. For this reason, as well as because some people say: 'Second parts are never good for any thing,' and others: 'There is enough of Don Quixote already,' it is believed there will be no second part. Nevertheless, some good folks who are more jovial than saturnine, cry: 'Let us have more *Quixotades;* let Don Quixote encounter and Sancho Panza talk, and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented."—"And pray how stands the author affected?" demanded Don Quixote. "How!" answered Sampson. "As soon as ever he can find the history he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to press, prompted thereto more by interest than by any motive of praise whatever."—"What! does the author," cried Sancho, "aim at money and profit? If so, it will be a wonder if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste, like a tailor on Easter-eve, for works that are done hastily are never finished with the perfection they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about, for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with mortar to his trowel in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but an hundred other parts. The good man thinks without doubt that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot, while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which we halt. What I can say is that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of good knights-errant."

Sancho had scarcely finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rocinante reached their ears. Don Quixote took them for a most happy omen[229], and resolved to make another sally within three or four days. He imparted his intention to the bachelor, and asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The bachelor replied that he was of opinion he should go directly to the kingdom of Aragon, and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days, there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of Saint George[230], in which he might acquire renown above all the Aragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valourous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "That is what I renounce, Signor Sampson," quoth Sancho; "my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen pears. Body of me! Signor bachelor, you are right: there must be a time to attack and a time to retreat: and it must not be always—*Saint Jago and forward Spain*[331]! And farther I have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself), that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. If it be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing. Above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself; I must not be obliged to any other thing but to look after his clothes and his diet. These duties I will perform for him like a fairy; but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being

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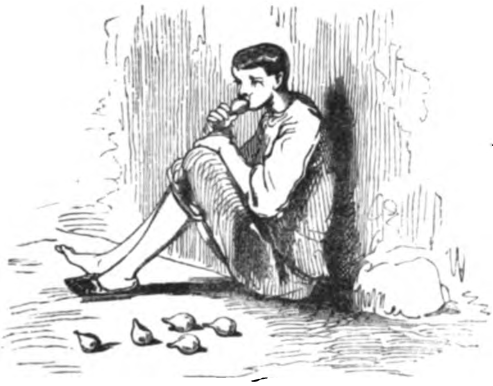
[229] Ever since the neighings of Darius's horse procured his master the crown of Persia, and those of Denis the Tyrant's horse, which promised that of Syracuse, prognostic-makers have always put a favourable interpretation on this augury. It was natural for Don Quixote to draw a similar conclusion from the neighing of Rocinante, which no doubt signified that his accustomed baiting time was passing by unheeded.

[230] Aragon had been under the patronage of Saint George since the victory over the Moors gained by Peter I., at the battle of Alcoraz in 1096. A fraternity of knights was instituted at Saragossa to give jousts in honour of the saint, three times a year. These jousts were called *justas del armes*.



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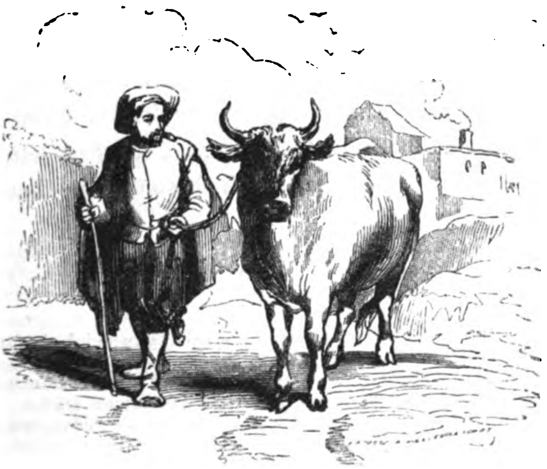
[331] *San Iago y cierra Espana*, an ancient war-cry in use against the Moors.

valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant. If my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, naked was I born, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God. Perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it. How do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me some stumbling block that I may fall over and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die. Yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island or some such thing in my way, I am not such a fool as to refuse it; for it is a saying: 'When they give you a heifer, make



haste with the rope, and when good fortune comes, be sure take her in."

"Brother Sancho," said the bachelor, "you have spoken like a professor. Nevertheless, trust in God and Signor Don Quixote, who will give you not only an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom. I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord."—"Look you, Sancho," quoth Sampson, "honours change manners; it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you."—"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with those whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with the grease of the old Christian[332]. Consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be ungrateful to any body."—"Heaven grant it," said Don Quixote; "we shall see when the government comes, for methinks I have it already in my eye."

This said, the knight desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favour to compose for him some verses by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such manner, that at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might form Dulcinea del Toboso[333]. "Though I am not," answered the bachelor, " one of the famous poets of Spain, who are said to be but three and a half [334], yet will I not fail to compose such a copy of verses. However I am sensible it will be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters [335]. If I make four stanzas of four verses each [336], there will be a letter too much, and if I make them of five, which they call *decimas* or *redondillas*, there will be three letters wanting. Nevertheless, I will try to sink a letter as well as I can, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso shall be included in the four stanzas."—" That must be done at all events," said Don Quixote, " for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe the rhymes were made for her."

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[332] The quality of the old Christian was a kind of nobility, which had also its privileges. In pursuance of the statutes of *Limpieza* (purity of blood), erected in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, recent converts could not be admitted into the clergy, into the public offices, nor even into certain mechanical trades. At Toledo, for instance, no one could become a member of the corporation of stone-cutters until he had proved the *purity of his blood*.

[333] The taste for *acrostics* originated about the fourth century, in Latin poetry; it soon spread into vulgar languages, and became remarkably popular in Spain, where acrostics were applied to the gravest and most important compositions. Thus, for instance, the seven first letters of the *seven Partidas*, the monumental code of Alphonso the Wise, formed the word *Alfonso*. M. Viardot quotes the following octave

They agreed upon this point, and that they should set out eight days afterwards. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valourous purpose. Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as

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as an example of Spanish acrostics: it is by Luis de Tovar, and is to be found in the *Cancionero general Castellano:*

Feroz sin con u*elo y sa*nuda dama,
Remedia el trabajo *a na*die credero
A quien le si*guio mar*tirio tan fiero
No scas *leon o* reina pues t' ama.
Cien males se do*blan ca*da hora en que pene,
Y enti de tal gui*sa bel*dad pues se asienta,
No seas cru*el en a*si dar afrenta
Al que por te a*mar ya* vida no tiene.

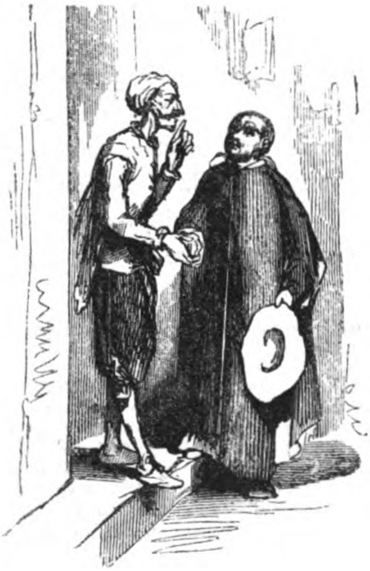
In this singular piece, besides the name of Francina which forms the *acrostic*, there are eight other ladies' names: *Eloisa*, *Ana*, *Guiomar*, *Leonor*, *Blanca*, *Isabel*, *Elena*, *Maria*.

[334] Commentators have endeavoured to find out who these three poets that Spain possessed could be, supposing that Cervantes designated himself a half poet. Don Gregorio Mayans holds that they are Alonzo de Ercilla, Juan Rufo and Cristoval Viruès, authors of three poems severally entituled *Auraucana*, *Austriada* and *Monserrate*. (Vide the notes to Chap. VI., Book I., first part.) In his *Journey to Parnassus*, Cervantes makes Apollo distribute nine crowns. The three that he sends to Naples are evidently for Quevedo and the two brothers Leonardo de Argensola; the three that he reserves for Spain, for three *divine* poets, are probably destined for Francisco de Figuéroa, Francisco de Aldana, and Hernando de Herrèra, who all three received that surname, but for different reasons.

[335] *Dulcinea del Toboso.*

[336] *Castellanas de à cuatro versos.*

opportunity offered: on that, they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

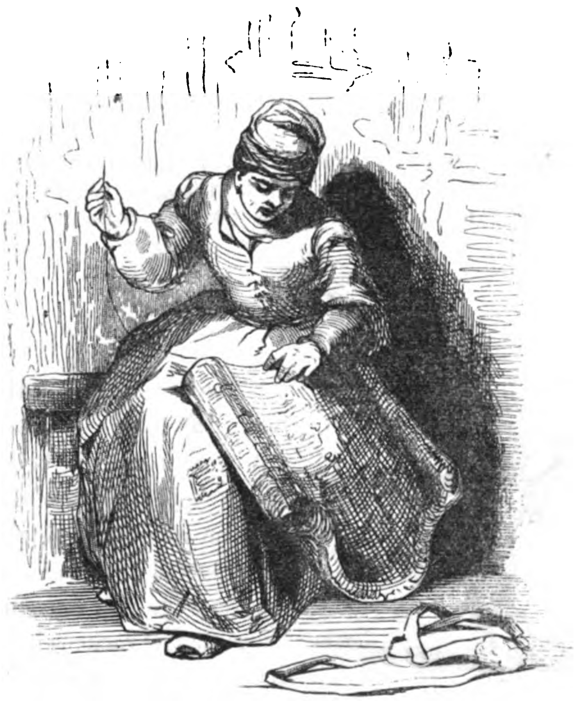


CHAPTER V.

OF THE WISE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY OF COMMUNICATION.

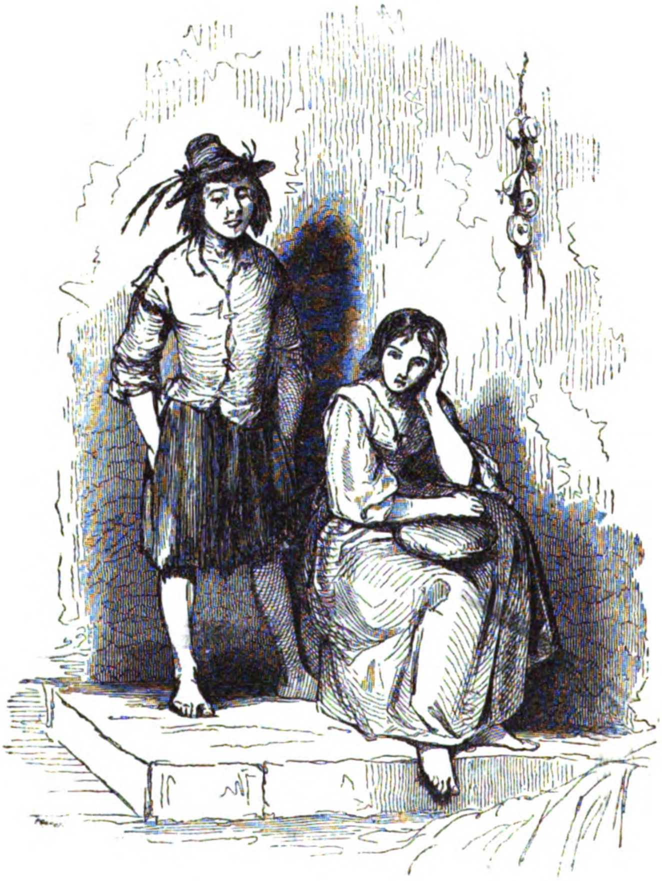
ENTERING upon this fifth chapter the translator commences by stating it to be his belief that it is apocryphal, because in it Sancho talks in another style than could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtle things that he reckons it impossible that they could come from him. Nevertheless he adds, he would not omit translating them, to fulfil the duty of his office. He then proceeds as follows:

Sancho came home so gay, so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him: "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you are so merry?"—"Wife," answered Sancho, "if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be."—"Husband," replied she, "I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying you should be glad, if it were God's will you were not so much pleased; 'for silly as I am,' I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho; "I am thus merry because I am resolved to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I am to accompany him, for so my destiny will have it; besides, I am pleased with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns like those we have spent, though it grieves me that I must part from you and my children. If



God would be pleased to give me bread, dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin (which he might do at a small expense, by only willing it so),—it is plain my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you. Thus I said right when I said I should be glad if it were God's will I were not so well pleased."—"Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner that nobody understands you."—"It is enough that God understands me, wife," answered Sancho; "he is the understander of all things, and so much for that. But do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of the donkey these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms. Double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling, for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a set-to with giants, andriaques, fiery dragons, vampires, goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings and bleatings; all which would be only tarts and cheesecakes if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors."—"I believe indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing; therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap."—"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot."—"Not so, my dear husband," quoth Teresa; "let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb, without a government have you lived hitherto, and without a government will you go, or be carried to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government, and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me and your children.

Consider that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to bring him up to the church; consider also that Mary Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her, for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government; and indeed, indeed, better a daughter but indifferently married than well kept."—"In good faith," answered Sancho, "if God be so good to me that I get any thing like a government, I will match



Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her your ladyship."—"Not so, Sancho," answered Tereza: "the best way is to marry her to her equal. If instead of pattens you put her on clogs, and instead of her russet stuff petticoat you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk; if instead of plain Marica and thou, you make her Donna Maria and your ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding."—"Peace, fool," quoth Sancho, "all the business is to practise two or three years. After that, the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her as if they were made for her; and if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady come what will of it."—"Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Teresa, "and seek not to raise yourself higher. Remember rather the proverb: 'Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house*.' It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary Sancha, to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat and I know not what! No, not while I live, husband: I have not brought up my child to be so used. Do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care. There is Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho's son, a lusty, hale young man: we know him very well, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl; she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye, and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all. Do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her nor she understand herself."—"Hark you, cursed beast, wife for Barrabas," replied Sancho; "why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grand-children that may be styled your lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard the old folks say: 'He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay.' It would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her, Let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that now blows. (This kind of language, and what Sancho says farther on, made the translator of this history pronounce this chapter apocryphal). Do you not think, animal," continued Sancho, " that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancho to whom I please? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions,

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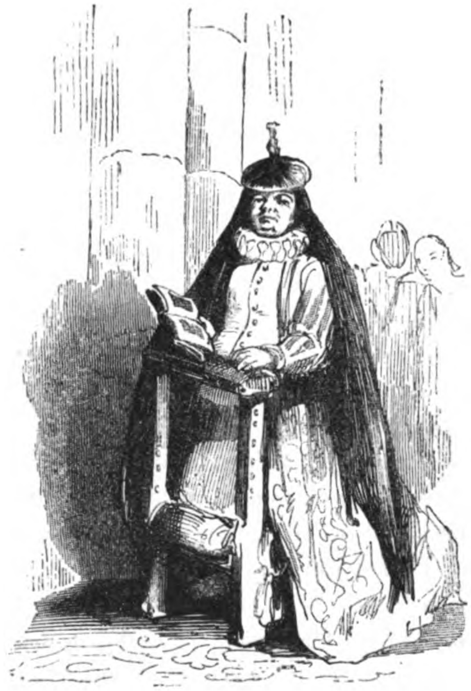
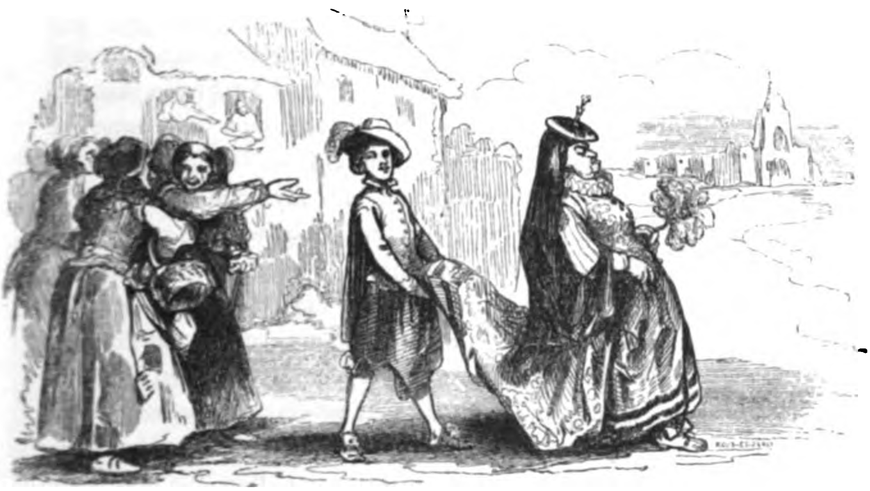
* This is a literal version of the Spanish proverb, the meaning of which, I suppose is: "Match your daughter with your neighbour's son."



carpets and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. If not, continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without increase or diminution, like a figure in the hangings!

Let us have no more of this, for Sanchica shall be a countess in spite of your teeth."—"For all that, husband," answered Teresa, "I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But do as you please; make her a duchess or a princess, I can however tell you it shall never be with my good-will or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the addition or garniture of Donna; my father's name was Cascajo, and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though by good rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo; but the laws follow still the prince's will, and I am contented with this name without the additional weight of *Donna*, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it. No, I would not have people, when they see me decked out like a countess or governess, immediately say: 'Look how stately madam hog-feeder moves! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head instead of a veil, and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and her nose in the air, as if we did not know her.' If God keep me in my seven or my five senses, or as many as I have, I do not intend to



expose myself after this manner. Go you, brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please; as for my girl and I, by the bones of my mother, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town.

> The wife that deserves a good name,
> Stays at home as if she were lame;
> And the maid must still be a doing,
> That hopes to see men come a wooing.

You and your Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us with our ill fortunes, which Heaven will remedy for us, if we deserve it; and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had."—"Certainly," replied Sancho, "you must have some familiar demon in that body of yours. The devil take thee, woman! What a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, the embroideries, or the proverbs, to do with what I am saying? Hark you, fool and ignorant (for so I may call you, since you understand not what I say, and are flying from good fortune.) Had I told you that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca[337], you would be in the right not to come into my opinion; but if, in less than the twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a *Don* and a ladyship, and raise you from the straw to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than there are Almohadas in all Morocco[338], why will you not consent and do what I desire?"—"Would you know why, husband?" answered Teresa; "it is because of the proverb: 'He that covers thee discovers thee.' All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix them upon the rich; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees."—" Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, " and listen to what I am going to say to you; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life, and I do not now speak out of my own head; all that I intend to say are sentences of the good father, the preacher who held forth to us last Lent in this village. If I remember aright, he said that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear and exist in our minds much better and with greater force than things past (all these reasonings of Sancho furnish another argument to persuade the translator that this chapter is apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on, saying): hence it proceeds that, when we see any person finely dressed and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are as it were compelled to shew him respect; and, although memory in that instant recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances under which we have seen him, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, they no longer exist, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native meanness prove well-behaved, liberal and courteous to every body, and does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting only the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure."—" I do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa; " do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say" ......—" Resolved you should say, wife," interrupted Sancho, " and not revolved."—" Set not yourself to dispute with me," answered Teresa; " I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say then, that if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government, for it is fitting that sons should inherit and learn their fathers' calling."—" When I have a government," quoth Sancho, " I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want, for there are always people enough to lend governors money when they have it not; but be sure to clothe the boy so that he may not look like what he is, but what he is to be."—"Send you money," retorted Teresa, "and I will equip him as fine as a little angel."—"We are agreed then," quoth Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess."—"The day that I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave. But I say again, you may do as you please, for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they ever such blockheads." Thereupon she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried.

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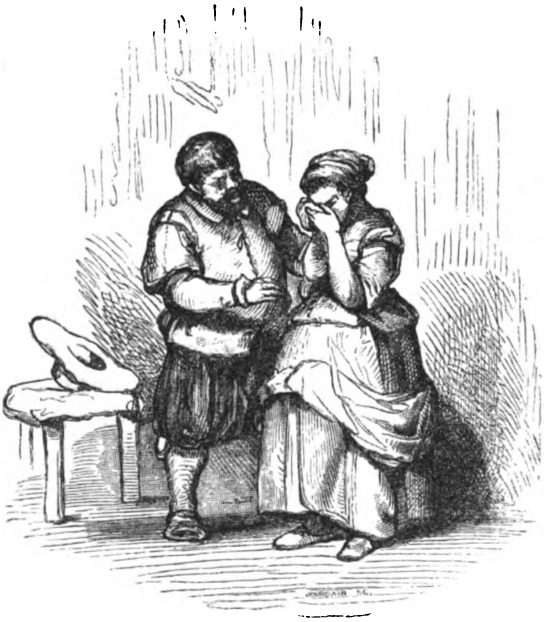
[337] Several ancient *romances*, very popular among the people, recount the history of the Infanta Donna Urraca, who, having received nothing at the distribution of the crown property made by Ferdinand, the first king of Castile, among his three sons Alfonso, Sancho and Garcia (1066), assumed the pilgrim's staff, and threatened her father to quit Spain. Ferdinand gave her the town of Zamora.

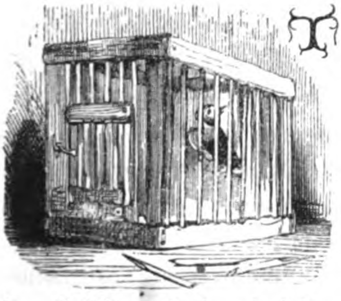
[338] Jeu de mots between *almohadas*, cushions, and *Almohades*, the name of the sect and of the dynasty which succeeded that of the Almoravides, in the twelfth century.

Sancho, to comfort her, promised that, though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as possibly he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote and put things in order for their departure.



CHAPTER VI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.



The housekeeper and niece of Don Quixote were not idle while Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo were holding the foregoing impertinent conversation. Collecting from a thousand symptoms that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means to divert him from so foolish a design; but all they could say was but preaching in the desert, and hammering cold iron.

Among many other various reasonings which passed between them, the housekeeper said: "Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales, like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call mis-adventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the king, to put a stop to it." Don Quixote replied: "Mistress housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I know not, and what his majesty will answer, as little. I only know that if I were king, I would dispense with answering that infinity of impertinent memorials which are every day presented to him. One of the greatest fatigues a king undergoes, is being obliged to hear and answer every body; therefore I should be loth my concerns should give him any trouble."—"Pray, Sir," replied the housekeeper, "are there not knights in his majesty's court?"—"Yes," answered Don Quixote, "there are many; it is fitting there should be a good number in attendance to adorn the court and to support the dignity of majesty."—"Would it not then be better," replied she, "that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord at court?"—"Look you, friend," answered Don Quixote, "all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can nor ought all courtiers to be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us. In fact, the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments or crossing their thresholds, traverse the whole globe in a map, without a farthing expense, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst. But we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to sun and cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback. Not only do we know our enemies in picture, but in their proper persons. We attack them at every turn, and upon every occasion, without standing upon trifles, without studying all the laws of duelling: such as whether the adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword, whether he carries about him any relics, or wears any secret coat of mail, whether the sun be duly divided or not, and other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do[339]. You must know, moreover, that your true knight-errant must be affrighted in no wise, though he should espy ten giants whose heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk upon two prodigious towers instead of legs, with arms like the mainmasts of huge and mighty ships of war, each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house. On the contrary with a genteel air and an undaunted heart, he should encounter, assail and if possible overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which is said to be harder than adamant, and though, instead of swords they should bring trenchant sabres of Damascus steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice. All this I have said, mistress housekeeper, to shew you the difference between some knights and others. It were to be wished that every prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of knights-errant, since as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms[346]."

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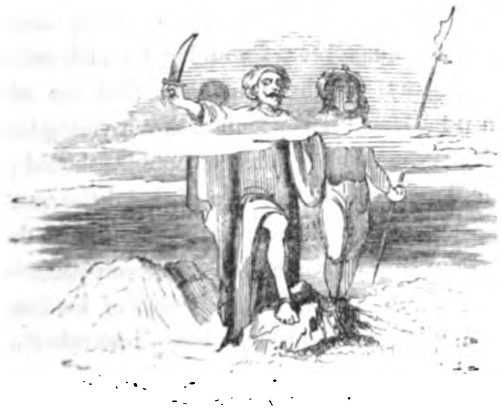
[339] In Ducange, under the words *duellum* and *campiones*, may be seen all the laws relating to duelling to which Don Quixote alludes, and the oath that the Pragmatic Sanction of Philip the Fair, passed in 1306, compelled the knights to take previous to commencing the combat.



"Ah! dear Sir," said the niece, "be assured that what you tell us of knights-errant is all invention and lies. If their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each of them a san-benito[341], or some badge whereby they may be known to be infamous and destructive of good manners."—"By the God in whom I live," said Don Quixote, "were you not my niece directly, as being my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring with it! How! is it possible, that a young baggage who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said if he had heard of such a thing? But for that matter, I am sure he would have forgiven you, for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time, and the most devoted champion of damsels. But some other might have heard you, from whom you might not have come off so well; for all are not courteous and good-natured; some are lewd and uncivil; neither are all they who call themselves knights really such at bottom; some are of gold, others of alchymy, and though all appear to be knights, yet they all cannot abide the touchstone of truth. Mean fellows there are who lose their breath in straining to appear knights, and topping knights there are who one would think die with desire to be thought mean men. The former raise themselves by their ambition or by their virtues; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices. One had need of a good discernment to distinguish between these two kinds of knights, so near in their names and so distant in their actions[342]."

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[346] Palmerin d'Olive, Don Florindo, Primaleon, Tristan de Leonais, Tirante the White, etc.

"Holy virgin!" cried the niece, "that your worship should be so knowing that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit, or hold forth any where in the streets; and yet give in to so blind a vagary, so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade the world that you are valiant, now you are old, that you are strong, when, alas! you are infirm, and that you are able to make crooked things straight, though stooping yourself under the weight of years, and above all, that you are a knight when you are really none; for, though hidalgoes may be knighted, poor ones, like you, seldom are."—"You are much in the right, niece, in what you say," answered Don Quixote, "and I could tell you such things concerning lineages as would surprise you; but, because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Hear me, my dear friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four sorts: first, those who, having had low beginnings, have gone on extending and dilating themselves till they have arrived at a prodigious grandeur; secondly, those who, having had great beginnings, have preserved and continue to preserve them in the same condition they were in at first; thirdly, those who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in a small point like a pyramid, having gone on diminishing and decreasing continually, till they have come almost to nothing, like the point of the pyramid, which is, in respect to its base, next to nothing; lastly, those (and they are the most numerous), who having had neither a good beginning nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who having had a mean beginning have risen to greatness and still preserve it, we have an example in the Ottoman family, which, from a poor shepherd its founder [343], is arrived at the height we now see it at. Of the second sort of genealogies, which began great and preserve themselves without augmentation, examples may be fetched from sundry hereditary princes, who contain themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without enlarging or contracting them. Of those who began great and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances, for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the infinite number of princes, monarchs and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Barbarians, all these families and their founders have ended in a point and next to nothing, since it would be impossible now to find any of their descendants, or if one should find them, it would be in a low and abject condition. Of the lineages of the common sort, I have nothing to say, only that they serve to swell the number of the living[344], without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From all that I have said, I would have you infer, my dear children, that the confusion there is among genealogies is very great, and that those only appear great and illustrious which show themselves such by the virtue, riches and liberality of their possessors. I say virtue, riches and liberality, because the great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious, and the rich man who is not liberal is but a covetous beggar; in effect, the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. The knight who is poor, has no other way of showing himself to be one but that of virtue; by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind and obliging, not proud, not arrogant, no murmurer; and above all charitable, for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he shall discover as much generosity as he who bestows large alms by sound of bell; and there is no one who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues, though he knows him not, but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed, it would be a miracle were it otherwise; and as praise was always the reward of virtue, the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honours; the one by the way of letters, the other by that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar, and was born, as appears by my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars. Thus I am as it were forced into that track, that road I must take in spite of the whole world; it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves in persuading me not to attempt what Heaven requires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and above all what my inclination leads me to: for, aware as I am of the innumerable toils attending on knight-errantry, I know also the numberless

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[341] The garment worn by criminals condemned by the Holy Office. It was a kind of short mantel or yellow scapulary, with an emblazoned red cross. *San-Benito* is an abbreviation of *saco bendito*, sacred hair-cloth.

[342] In this tirade and in the rest of the chapter, Don Quixote mixes and confounds, under the common name of *cavalleros*, knights and gentlemen.

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[343] Othman, the original founder of the Turkish empire, in the fourteenth century, was, it is said, first a shepherd and then a bandit.

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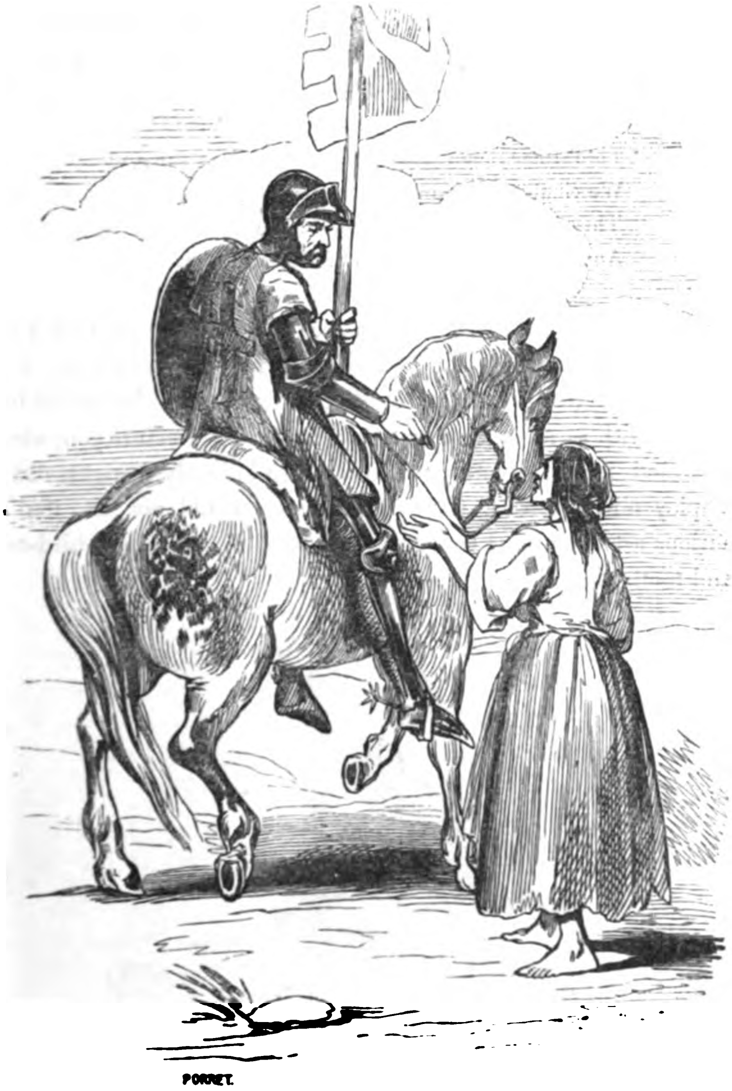
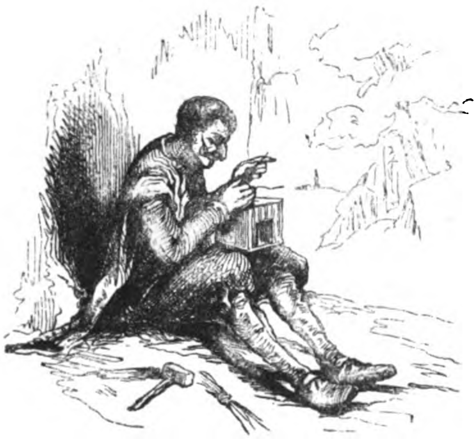
[344] Horace had said:
Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati. (Lib. I. Epist. II.)



advantages obtained thereby. I know that the path of virtue is straight and narrow, that the road of vice is broad and spacious. I know that their ends and resting-places are different, for the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death, while the narrow and intricate path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not the life that has an end, but that which is eternal. Finally, I know, as our great Castilian poet[345] expresses it, that

> ' Thro' these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,
> We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame;
> They miss the road, who quit the rugged way,
> And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray.'"

"Ah! woe is me!" cried the niece; "what! my uncle is a poet too? he knows every thing, nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage."—"I assure you, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."



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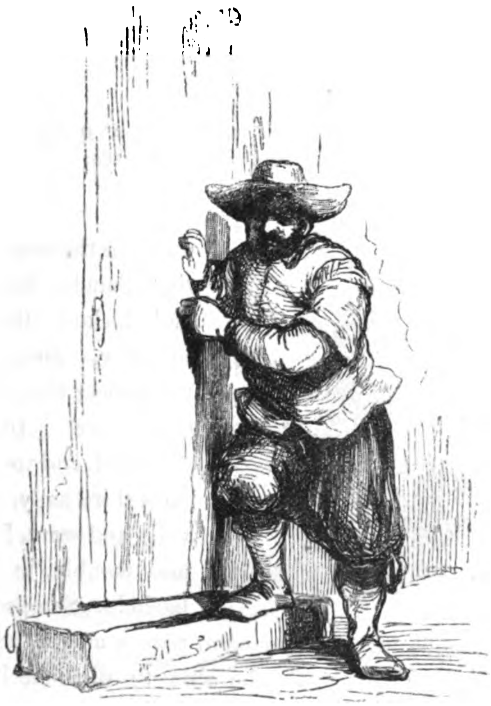
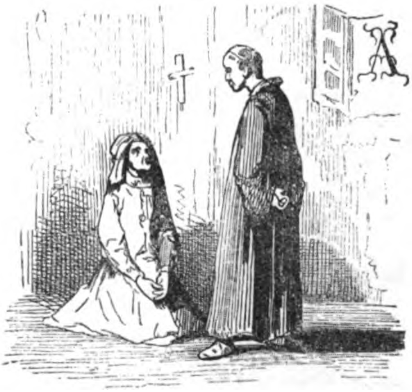
[345] Garcilaso de la Vega. The verses quoted by Don Quixote are in the elegy addressed to the duke of Alba on the death of his brother Don Bernardino of Toledo.

At this juncture there was a loud knocking heard at the door, and upon one of the women asking who was there, Sancho Panza answered: "It is I." The housekeeper no sooner heard his voice than she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms; and shutting themselves up together in the knight's chamber, they held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.



CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, WITH OTHER FAMOUS PASSAGES.



As soon as the housekeeper saw that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, she at once began to suspect the drift of their conference. Imagining that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and went, full of anxiety and trouble, in quest of the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, thinking that as he was a well-spoken person and a new acquaintance of her master, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose, she found him walking to and fro in the court-yard of his house, and directly she espied him, she fell down at his feet in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. When Carrasco beheld her in such sorrowful and desolate guise, he said: "What is the matter, mistress housekeeper? what has befallen you? You look as if your heart were at your mouth."—" Nothing at all, dear master Sampson," quoth she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth."—"How breaking forth, madam?" demanded Sampson. "Has he broken a hole in any part of his body?"—"No," answered she, "he is only breaking forth at the door of his madness; I mean, Signor bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time), to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures[*], though I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to a mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted. The poor soul was so changed that he could not be known by the mother that bore him; feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above fifty dozen eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, also my hens, that will not let me lie."—"I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor, "for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. In short then, mistress housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster, only what is feared Signor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do?"—"No, Sir," answered she. "Be in no pain then," replied the bachelor, "but go home, in Heaven's name, and get me something warm for breakfast, and, by the way, repeat Saint Apollonia's orison, if you know it; I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders."—"Dear me!" replied the housekeeper; "the orison of Saint Apollonia, say you? that might do something if my master's distemper lay in his teeth, but, alas! it lies in his brain[346]."—"I know what I say, mistress housekeeper," replied Sampson; "get you home, and do not stand disputing with me, for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bacheloring beyond that." The housekeeper accordingly jogged homewards, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest to consult with him about what will be detailed in due time.

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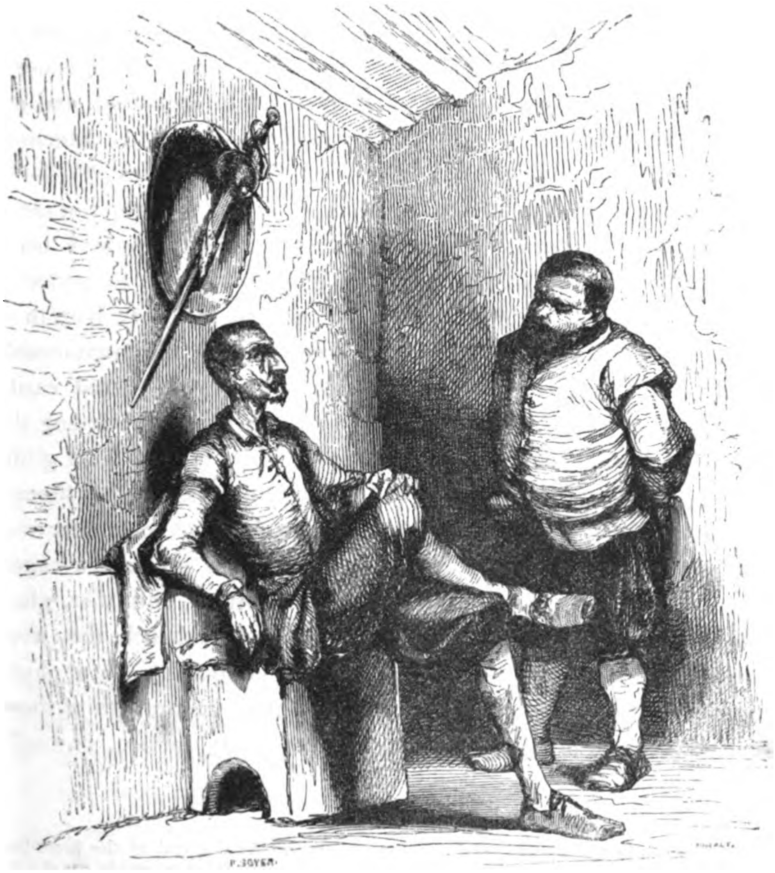
[*] *Venturas.* A play upon the word *ventura,* which means both good-luck and adventures.

[346] The orison of Saint Apollonia (*Santa Apolonia*), was one of the *ensalmos* or magic spells to cure sickness, very popular in Cervantes's time. A Spanish writer, Don Francisco Patricio Berguizas, has gathered the words of this orison from the mouths of some old women of Esquivias. It is in short verses, like a *seguidilla*, and the following is a literal translation of it. "Apollonia was at the gate of Heaven, and the virgin Mary passed that way.—'Say, Apollonia, what are you about? Are you asleep, or watching?'—'My lady, I neither sleep nor watch, I am dying with a pain in my teeth.'—'By the star of Venus and the setting sun, by the Most Holy Sacrament which I bore in my womb, may no pain in your teeth, neither front nor back (*muela ni diente*), ever afflict you from this time henceforward'."

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master: "Sir, I have now reluced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me."—"Reduced, you should say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not reluced."—"Once or twice already," answered Sancho, "if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning, and if you do not understand me, to say; 'Sancho,' or 'Devil, I understand you not.' And if I do not explain myself, you may correct me, for I am very fossil."—"I do not understand you now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for I know not the meaning of fossil."—"Very fossil," answered Sancho, "means I am so much so."—"I understand less now," replied Don Quixote. "Why if you do not understand me," answered Sancho, "I know not how to express it; I know no more, God help me!"—"O! now I have it," exclaimed Don Quixote; "you mean you are so docile, so pliant and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you."—"I will lay a wager," cried Sancho, "you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly, only you had a mind to confound me by leading me into two hundred blunders more."—"That may be," replied Don Quixote; "but, in short, what says Teresa?"—"Teresa," quoth Sancho, "says fast bind, fast find, and that we must have less talking and more doing, that he who shuffles is not he who cuts, that one performance is worth two promises. And I say that though there is but little in woman's advice, he that will not take it is not over-wise."—"I say so too," replied Don Quixote; "proceed, friend Sancho; you talk admirably to-day."—"The case is," resumed Sancho, "as your worship very well knows, that we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to morrow, that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep, and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste, and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voice and report, and according to what is told us from the pulpit." "All this is true," said Don Quixote; "but I do not perceive



what you would be at."—"What I would be at," returned Sancho, "is that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate. I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never. God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much, for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out (which I neither believe nor expect) that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted marks for pounds."—"Friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "a good rat for a good cat [347]."—"I understand you," quoth Sancho, "and I will lay a wager you mean a good cat for a good rat; but it matters not what words I used, since your worship knew my meaning."—"Yes, and so perfectly too," returned Don Quixote, "that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent among the histories of knights-errant to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly; but, though I have read all or most of those histories, I do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island or something equivalent, or at least received a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, in God's name do so; but if you think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off its hinges, you are grievously mistaken. Therefore, friend Sancho, go home and make known my intention to your wife Teresa. If she be willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, *bene quidem;* if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants no bait, it will never want pigeons.

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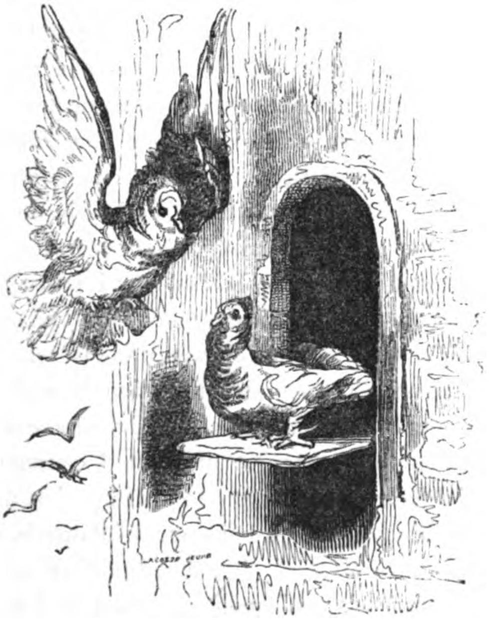
[347] There is in the original an intranslatable *grace*. At the end of the preceding phrase, Sancho says, instead of *rata por cantidad* (in due proportion, marks for pounds), *gata por cantidad*. Don Quixote, playing on the words, makes answer: "Sometimes a cat (*gata*) is as good as a rat (*rata*)." And Sancho replies: "I will lay a wager I should have said *rata* instead of *gata*; but it matters not .... etc.



And take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, the Lord have you in his keeping and make you a saint, for I shall never want a squire, more obedient, more diligent, and above all less selfish and less talkative than you are."

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged, for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he remained thus pensive and pondering, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece and the housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he would make use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote as he did the time before, exalted his voice and said: "O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, that the person or persons who shall obstruct or disappoint your third sally may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever accomplish what they so ardently wish!" And, turning to the housekeeper he said: "Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of Saint Apollonia; I know that it is the precise determination of the celestial orbs that Signor Don Quixote shall once more pursue his glorious and uncommon designs. I should greatly burden my conscience did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm, and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest by his delay he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of orphans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain and are annexed to the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow. If any thing be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Thereupon Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said: "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough and to spare? Take notice who it is that offers himself to be one; who but the unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant. But God will not permit that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. No, let the new Sampson abide in and become an honour to his country, and at the same time reverence the grey hairs of his ancient parents; I will make shift without any squire whatever, since Sancho vouchsafes not to go along with me."—"I do vouchsafe," cried Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears; "oh! no, it shall never be said of me, dear master, that the bread is eaten and the company broken up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas from whom I am descended were; besides, I know and am well assured by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife; for when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops off a tub as she drives at her purpose until she hath gained it. But in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man every where else, I cannot deny that I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will. Therefore there is no more to be done, excepting that your worship give orders about your will and its codicil in such manner that it cannot be rebuked [348], and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Signor Sampson, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your worship to make a third sally, may not suffer. As for me, I again offer myself to serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant in past or present times."

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's style and manner of talking; for, though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous as he is therein described. But when he heard him now talk of will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most solemn coxcombs of the age. He said to himself that two such fools as master and man were never before seen in the world.

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[348] The original has the word *revolcar* (to hunt the wild boar), instead of *revocar*.

In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other; with the approbation and good liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed that their departure should take place at the end of three days, which time they required to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, for Don Quixote said he must by all means carry one with him. Sampson offered to borrow for him one belonging to a friend of his, who, he said, he was sure would not deny it him, though, sooth to say, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by the tarnish and rust.

The curses which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor were as loud as they were deep and innumerable. They tore their hair, scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion[349], lamented the approaching departure as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter; all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand. In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; then Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body but the bachelor, who would needs bear

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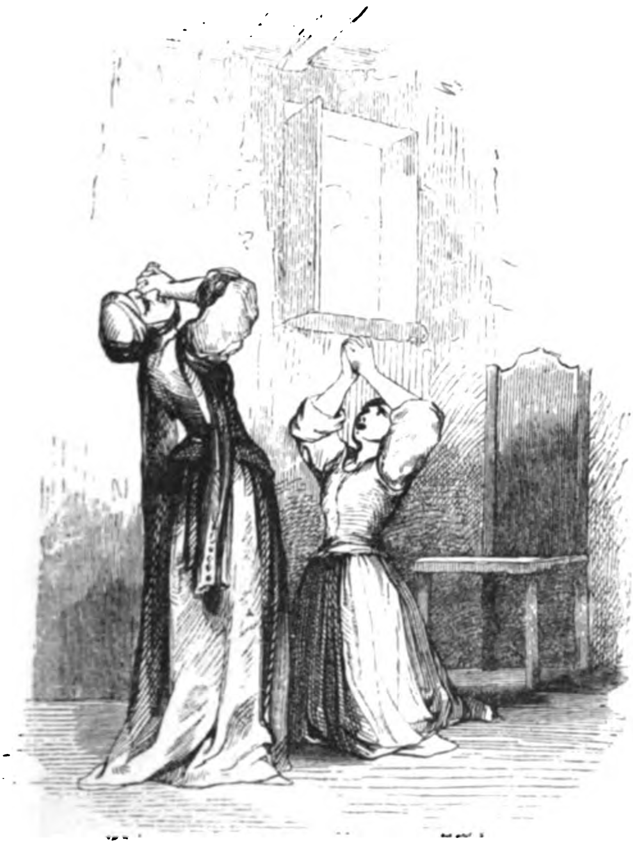
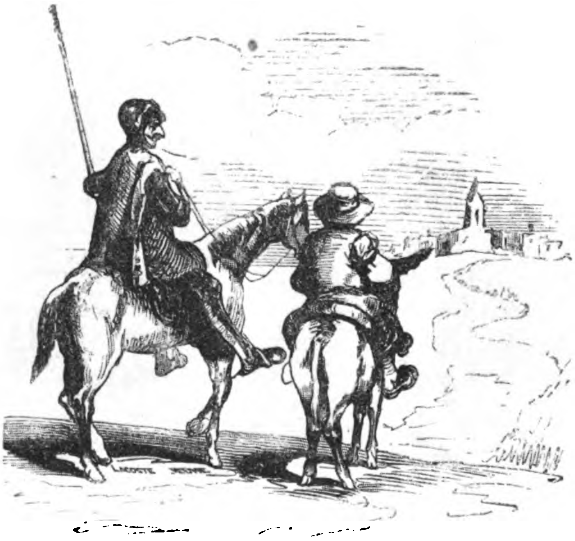
[349] The custom of hiring mourners at funerals, which appears to have become obsolete in Cervantes's time, was very ancient in Spain. We find in the *Partidas* (tit. IV. ley 100), regulations against the excesses and depredations committed at the ceremonies of the church by these mourners, called *lloraderas*, *planideras*, and *endechaderas*. We find also, in the *romance* of the Cid, in which that hero makes his will (No. 96) *item*: "I command that no *planideras* be hired to bewail my death; my Ximene's tears will be enough, without purchasing others."



them company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rocinante, and Sancho upon his old donkey, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote having promised he would, Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way toward the great city of Toboso.



CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE AS HE WAS GOING TO VISIT HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

BLESSED and praised be the almighty Allah!" cries Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter; "blessed and praised be Allah!" he repeats thrice. He then goes on to state that he is moved to express these benedictions in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again, since the readers of their delightful history may make account that, from this moment, the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quixote and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which begin now upon the road to Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel. And this is no very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises. He then proceeds as follows:

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themselves; and scarcely had Sampson bid them adieu, when Rocinante began to neigh, and the donkey to bray most melodiously, which was held by both knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen. But, if the truth must be told, the brayings of the ass exceeded the neighings of the steed, whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to surpass that of his master: but whether or not he drew this inference from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it not being known whether he was versed in it, the history saying nothing of the matter. Only he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors, for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe or a broken rib; and, in faith, though he was a simpleton, he was not much out of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: " Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the blessing and the good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure; for nothing in this world inspires knights-errant with so much valour as the finding themselves favoured by their mistresses."—" I believe it," answered Sancho, " but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your worship to come to the speech of her, or to obtain an interview with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard in which I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter that brought the news of the follies and extravagancies your worship was playing in the heart of the Sierra Morena."—" Did you fancy them to be pales, Sancho!" returned Don Quixote; "pales over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty! Impossible! you must mean galleries, arcades, or corridors of some rich and royal palace."—" All that may be," answered Sancho; "but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory."—" However let us go thither, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden; however small a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding and fortify my heart that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour."—"In truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays. The reason must doubtless be that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dus that flew out of it overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it." "What! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "do you persist in saying and believing that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat, a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off. Oh! Sancho, how completely have you forgotten our poet's[350] verses, in which he depicts the labours of those four nymphs in their crystal mansions who raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow to work those rich stuffs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. In this manner must my lady have been employed when you saw her, were it not that the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure. In that history said to be published of my exploits, if peradventure its author were some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true history. O envy! root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of all virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them; but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour and rage."—"That is what I say too," replied Sancho, "and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, that my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave. But the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. If I had nothing else to boast of but believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy catholic Roman church holds and believes, and being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But, let them say what they will; naked was I born, naked I am, I neither lose nor win; and so my name be but in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."—"That, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "is just like what happened to a famous poet of our times, who had written an ill-natured satire against all the court-ladies. A certain lady, who was not expressly named in it, so that it was doubtful whether she were implied in it or not, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire and put her in the supplement, or woe be to him. The poet complied, and set her down for such a one as duennas will not name; the lady was perfectly satisfied with the fame of being infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd who, only that his name might live in future ages, set fire to the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. Notwithstanding that it was ordered by public edict that nobody should name or mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain to the end he proposed, yet still it is known he was called

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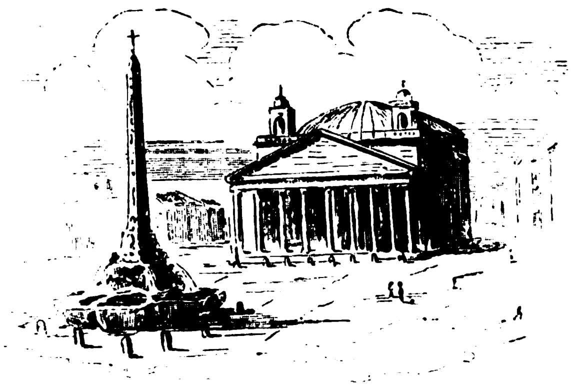
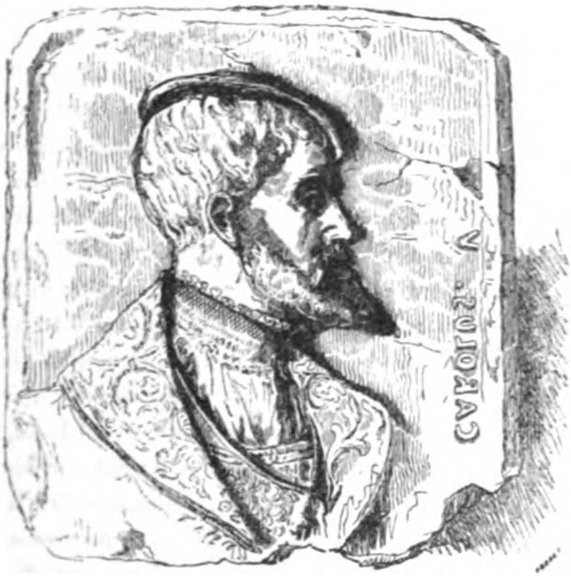
[350] Garcilaso de la Vega. The verses are in his third eclogue:

De cuatro ninfas, que del Tajo amado
Salieron juntas, à cantar me ofresco, etc.



Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to what happened to the great emperor Charles V., with a Roman knight. The emperor had a mind to see the famous temple of the Rotunda, which by the ancients was called the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, and now by a better name, the church of All Saints[231]. It is one of the most entire edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and the one which most preserves the fame of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the form of a cupola, is very spacious, and very lightsome, though it has but one window, or rather a round opening at top. The emperor thence surveyed the inside of the structure; a Roman gentleman, who stood by his side, pointing out and explaining to him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable piece of architecture. When they were come down from the skylight, the gentleman said to the emperor: 'Sacred Sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your



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[231] The Pantheon, built by Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, and consecrated to *avenging Jupiter.*

majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me.'—'I thank you,' answered the emperor, 'for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, nor come into my presence.' After these words the emperor bestowed some great favour upon the gentleman. What I mean, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What think you cast Horatius Cocles down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? what burnt the arm and hand of Mutius Scœvola? what impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf that opened itself in the midst of Rome? what made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages?[352] and, in more modern examples, what scuttled the ships and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, the valiant Spaniards conducted by the most courteous Cortez in the new world? All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were, and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as an earnest of that immortality their noble deeds deserve. However, we christian and catholic knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame, acquired in this present and transitory world. For, let such renown last ever so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the christian religion which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride; we must overcome envy by generosity and good-nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lasciviousness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by going about all parts of the world, seeking occasions which may make us, besides good christians, renowned knights. These, Sancho, are the means of obtaining those extremes of praise which a good name brings along with it."

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[352] Cervantes is wrong. Suetonius, in accordance with Plutarch, says, on the contrary, that it was a favourable omen that prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, and to say: *The die is cast.* (*Vita Cæsaris*, cap. 31 et 32.)

"All that your worship has hitherto told me," replied Sancho, "I very well understand. But I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which is this moment come into my mind."—"Resolve, you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Out with it, then, in God's name, and I will answer as far as I know."—"Pray tell me, Sir," proceeded Sancho, "those Julys and Augusts[353] and all those feat-doing knights you spoke of, that are dead, where are they now?"—"The gentiles," answered Don Quixote, "are doubtless in hell; the christians, if they were good christians, are either in purgatory or in Heaven."—"Very well," quoth Sancho; "but let us know now whether the sepulchres in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs and eyes made of wax. If not with these, pray with what are they adorned?"

Don Quixote answered: "The sepulchres of the heathen were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a pyramid of stone of a prodigious size, which is now called the obelisk of St. Peter[354]. The sepulchre of the emperor Adrian was a castle as large as an extensive village, called *Moles Hadriani,* and is now the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any others of the gentiles, were hung about with winding sheets, or other offerings or signs, to denote the sanctity of the persons there buried."—"That is what I am coming too," said Sancho: "pray tell me now which is the more

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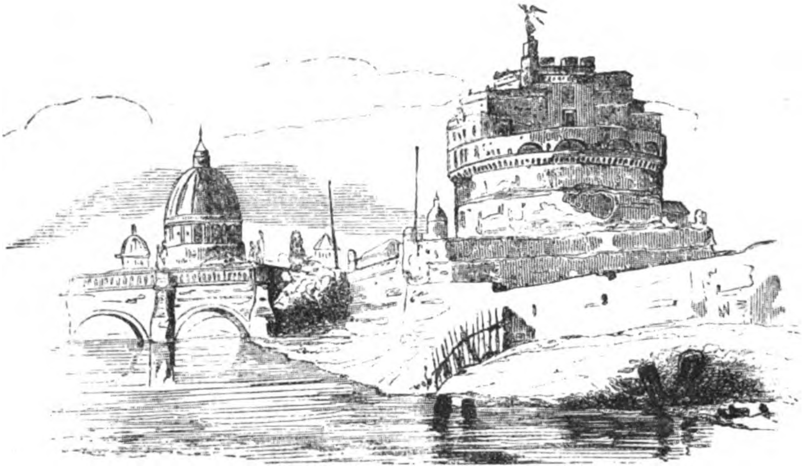
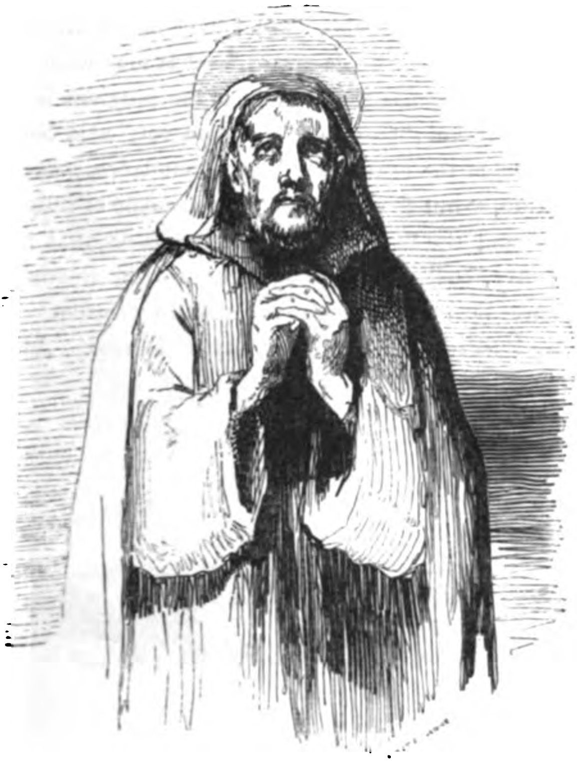
[353] Jeu de mots, very witty coming from Sancho, on the name of *Julio*, which signifies both Julius and July, and the word *Augusto*, Augustus, which slightly altered, *agosto*, means August.

[354] This is the Egyptian obelisk, placed in the centre of the colonnade of St. Peter, by order of Pope Sixtus V., in 1586. Cervantes, who had seen the obelisk at the place it formerly occupied, wrongly supposes that it was destined to receive the ashes of Cæsar. It had been brought to Rome in the reign of the emperor Caligula. (*Pliny*, book XVI. chap. 40.)



difficult, to raise a dead man to life, or to slay a giant."—" The answer is very obvious," answered Don Quixote; " to raise a dead man."—" There I have caught you," quoth Sancho. " His fame, then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk and cures the sick; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, whose chapels are crowded with devotees adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater, both in this world and the next, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have."—" I grant it," answered Don Quixote. " Then," continued Sancho, " the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes and legs, whereby they increased people's devotion and spread their christian fame. Kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders[335]; they kiss bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them."—"What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you have been saying?" asked Don Quixote. "I would infer," said Sancho, "that we had better turn saints immediately; we shall then attain more promptly to that renown we aim at. Pray take notice, Sir, that yesterday, or the day before (for it is so little a while ago that I may so speak), a couple of poor bare-footed friars[336] were beatified or canonized, whose iron chains wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves, people now



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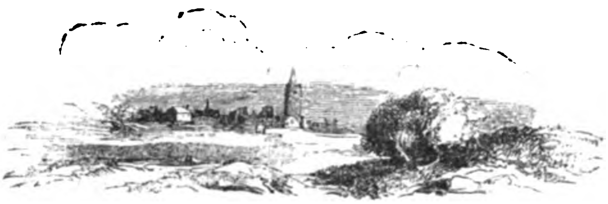
[335] Cervantes might have seen, when he was eighteen years old, the pompous reception given by king Philip II., in November 1565, to the relics of Saint Eugeneus, of which Charles IX. had made him a present.

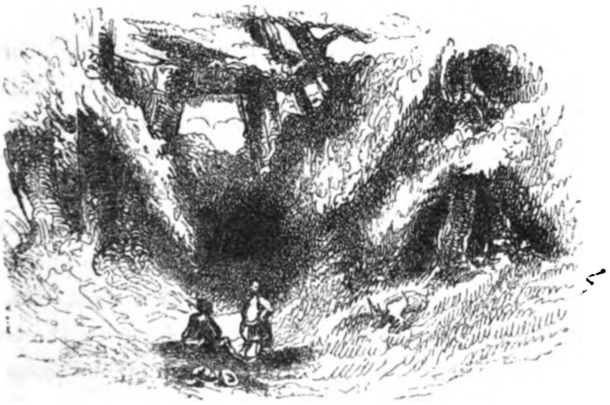
[336] Doubtless Saint Diego of Alcala, canonized by Sixtus V., in 1588, and Saint Peter of Alcantara, who died in 1562.

reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss, and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God preserve! So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the very meanest order, than the most valiant knight-errant: a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, vampires or andriaques." —"I confess," answered Don Quixote, "all this is just as you say; but we cannot be all friars, and many and various are the ways by which God conducts his elect to Heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession; and some knights are now saints in glory." —"True," answered Sancho, "but I have heard say there are more friars in Heaven than knights-errant."—"It may well be so," replied Don Quixote, "because the number of the religious is much greater than that of the knights-errant."—"And yet," said Sancho, "there are abundance of the errant sort."—"Abundance, indeed," answered Don Quixote, "but few who deserve the name of knights."

In these and the like discourses they passed that night and the following day, without any accident worth relating, at which circumstance Don Quixote was not a little grieved. In short, the second day they descried the great city of Toboso. At the sight of



it, Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, any more than his master; so that they were both equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her, and Sancho knew not what to do when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about night-fall. Till that hour came, they tarried among some oak trees near the town; and the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befel them that were things indeed.



CHAPTER IX.

WHICH RELATES WHAT WILL BE FOUND IN IT.

It was midnight[387], or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their thicket, entered Toboso. The village was all hushed in silence, for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one, though Sancho heartily wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might hide his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed, which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All these the enamoured knight took for ill omens. Nevertheless, he said to Sancho: "Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace, it may be we shall find her awake."—"To what palace, body of the sun?" cried Sancho; "the palace I saw her highness in was but a very little house."—"She must have been retired at that time," replied Don Quixote, "to some small apartment of her alcazar[358], to amuse herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses."—"Since your worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be an

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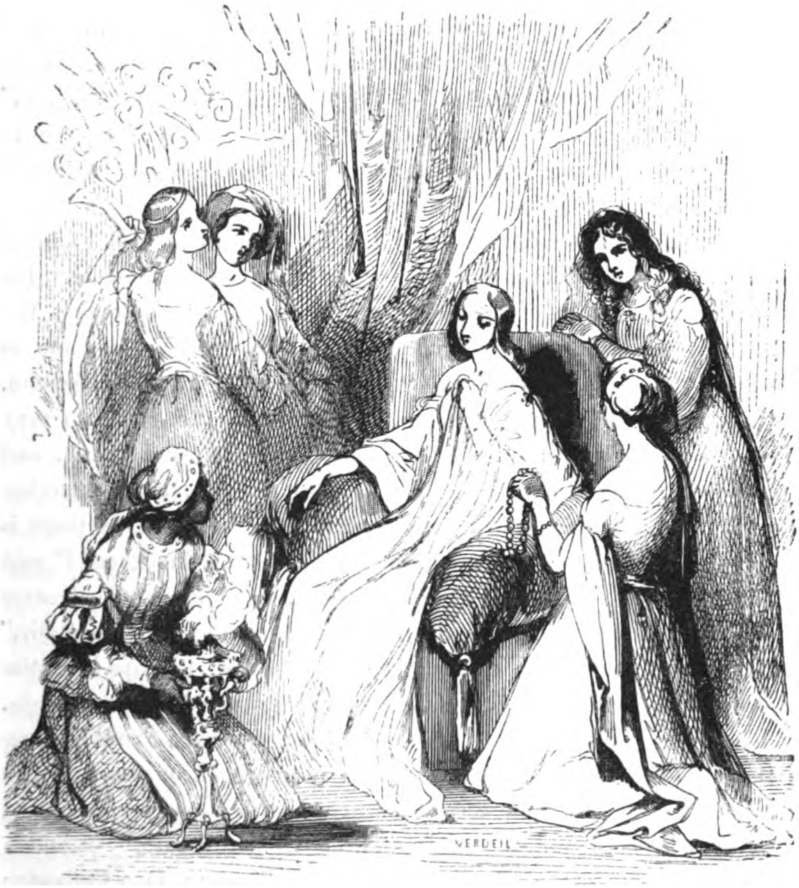
[387] Media noche era por filo, etc.

This is the first verse of an old *romance*, that of count Claros de Montalvan, which is to be found in the Antwerp collection.



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[358] The name of the Arabian palaces (*al-kasr*). This word, in Spanish, conveys a still loftier idea than the word *palacio*.

alcazar, is this an hour to find the gates open? Is it fit we should stand thundering at the door till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you we are going to a house of evil reputation, like your gallants, who knock and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late?"—"First, to make one thing sure, let us find this alcazar," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell you what is fit to be done. Look, Sancho, either my eyes deceive me, or that great dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's alcazar."—"Then lead on, yourself, Sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk which cast the dark shade. He perceived it was a large steeple, and immediately knew that the building was no alcazar but the parish church. "We are come to the church, Sancho," said he. "I find we are," answered Sancho, "and pray God we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley where there is no thoroughfare."—"A curse light on thee, thou blockhead!" said Don Quixote. "Where have you found, simpleton, that alcazars and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; perhaps it is the fashion in Toboso to build palaces and great edifices in alleys. Therefore I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me; in one nook or other I may chance pop on this same alcazar, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs for confounding and bewildering us at this rate."—"Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters," quoth Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the handle after the bucket."—"I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but with what patience can I bear to think that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times?"—"You will put me out of all patience, Sancho," cried Don Quixote. "Come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?"—"I hear it now," answered Sancho, "and I say that since your worship has never seen her, no more have I."—"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for at least you told me some time ago that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you."—"Do not insist upon that, Sir," answered Sancho; "let me tell you that the sight of her and the answer I brought, were both by hearsay too, for I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I am able to box the moon."—"Sancho, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote, "there are times for jesting, and times when jests are very unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, you must therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?"

While our two adventurers were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules; and, by the noise made by a ploughshare in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman who had risen before day and was going to his work: nor were they mistaken. The ploughman came singing the *romance* of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles[139]. "Let me die, Sancho," cried Don Quixote directly he heard the voice, "if we shall have any good luck to-night. Do you not hear what this peasant is singing?"—"Yes, I do," answered Sancho; "but what is the defeat of Roncesvalles to our purpose? he might as well have sung the *romance* of Calaïnos[140]; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business."

By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don

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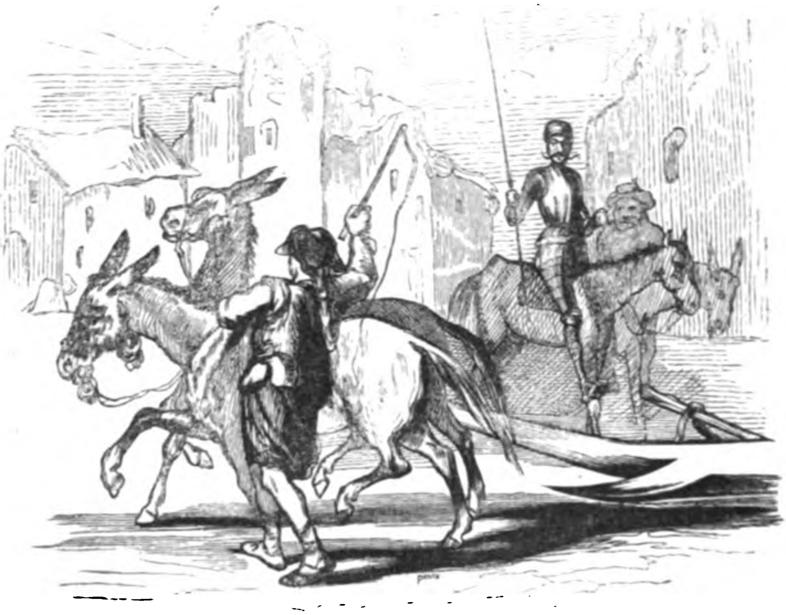
[139] Mala la hovistes, Franceses,
La caza de Roncesvalles, etc.

The first stanza of a very ancient and very popular *romance*, to be found in the *Cancionero* of Antwerp.

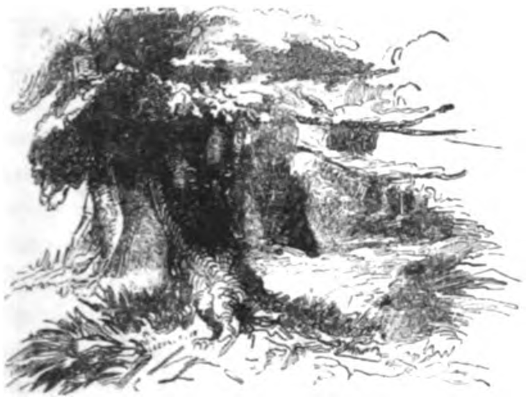
[140] Another *romance* of the same epoch, and preserved in the same collection.

Quixote said to him: "Good morrow, honest friend; can you inform me whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," answered the passenger, "I am a stranger here; I have been but a few days in this village, and serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground. But in yon house over the way live the parish-priest and the sexton of the place; both or either of them can give your worship an account of this same lady-princess, for they have a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this village, but several great ladies, each of whom might certainly be a princess in her own house."—"One of these, then," quoth Don Quixote, "must be she I am enquiring after."—"Not unlikely," answered the ploughman; "but God speed you well, for the dawn begins to appear." And whipping on his mules, he staid for no more questions.



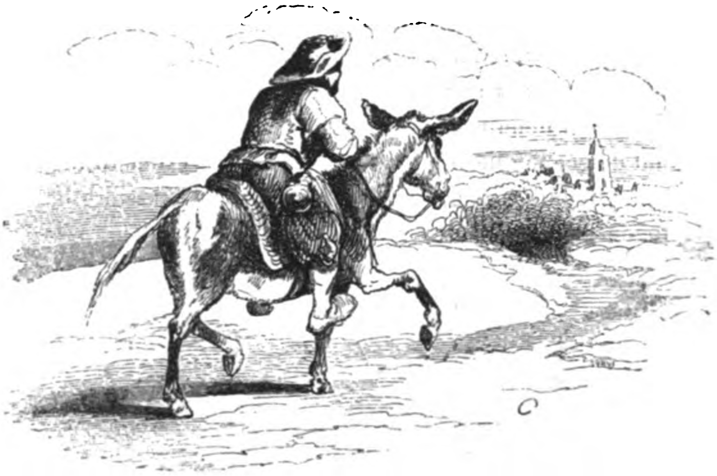
Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: "Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street. It will be better to retire out of the city, and for your worship to shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts. I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this palace or alcazar of my lady's. I shall have ill-luck if I do not find it; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where and how your worship is waiting for her orders and directions for you to see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation."—"Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "you have uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words. The counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily. Come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert; afterwards, as you say, you shall return to seek, see and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours."

Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sierra Morena, pretending it came from Dulcinea. Therefore he made haste to be gone, which they did instantly, and, about two miles



from the place, they found a little wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter, while Sancho returned to the city to speak to

Dulcinea. But in his embassy, there befell him certain things which require attention and fresh credit.



CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS NARRATED THE CUNNING USED BY THE INDUSTRIOUS SANCHO IN ENCHANTING THE LADY DULCINEA, WITH OTHER EVENTS NO LESS RIDICULOUS THAN TRUE.

ENTERING upon the narrative of the events contained in this chapter, the author of this grand history says he had a mind to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, because herein Don Quixote's madness exceeds all bounds, and rises to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond the greatest extravagance. However, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set every thing down exactly as it occurred, without adding to or diminishing a tittle from the truth of the history, and not regarding the objections that might be made against his veracity. He had reason, for truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood as oil does above water.

Resuming therefore the thread of his narration, the historian says that as soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the grove, oak-wood, or forest near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. "Go then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are about to seek, thou happiest of all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget how she receives you; whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy, whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name. Whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance you find her seated on the rich estrado* of her dignity; if she be standing, mark whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous; whether she lifts her hands to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered. Lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions; for, by your relating them to me just as they transpired, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers, when their loves are the subject, the external actions and gestures are the most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend; better fortune than mine be your guide, and may better success than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe."

"I will gó and return quickly," answered Sancho. "In the mean time, good Sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut. Reflect on the common saying that a good heart breaks bad luck, and that where there is no bacon there are no hooks to hang it on. It is also said: where we least think it, there starts the hare. This I say because, though we could not find the alcazar or palace of my lady Dulcinea last night, now that it is daylight I reckon to meet with it when I least think of it; and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her."—"Verily, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray Heaven send me better luck in obtaining my wishes."

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* The floor raised at the upper end of the rooms of state in Spain, where the ladies sit upon cushions to receive visits.

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his donkey, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations. There we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he had scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and seating himself at the foot of a tree, he began to talk to himself, and say: "Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?"—"No, verily."—"Then what are you going to seek?"—"Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven together."—"Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?"—"Where? in the grand city of Toboso."—"Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand?"—"Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry and meat to the thirsty."—"All this is very well; and do you know her house, Sancho?"—"My master says it must be some royal palace, or stately alcazar."—"And have you ever seen her?"—"Neither I, nor my master have ever seen her."—"And do you think it would be right or advisable that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin?"—"Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider that I am commanded, and that *being but a messenger, my friend, you are not in fault*[361]."—"Trust not to that, Sancho, for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish that nobody can touch them. God's my life! if they smoke us, woe be to us."—"But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should ask for my lord at court, or the bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil and nobody else has put me upon this business."

This monologue Sancho held with himself, and the result was to return to it again: "Well," said he to himself, "there is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass, in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed, and in truth I come very little behind him; nay, I am madder than he, since I follow and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb: Shew me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art; or: Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. Hence then, he being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white and white for black—as appeared plainly when he said the windmills were long armed giants, the monks' mules dromedaries, the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune—it will not be very difficult to make him believe that a country wench,—the first I light upon,—is the lady Dulcinea. Should he not believe it, I will swear to it; if he swears, I will out-swear him; and if he persists, I will persist more than he: in this manner my hand shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him. Perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those that he says bear him a spite, has changed his lady's form to do him mischief and harm."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his

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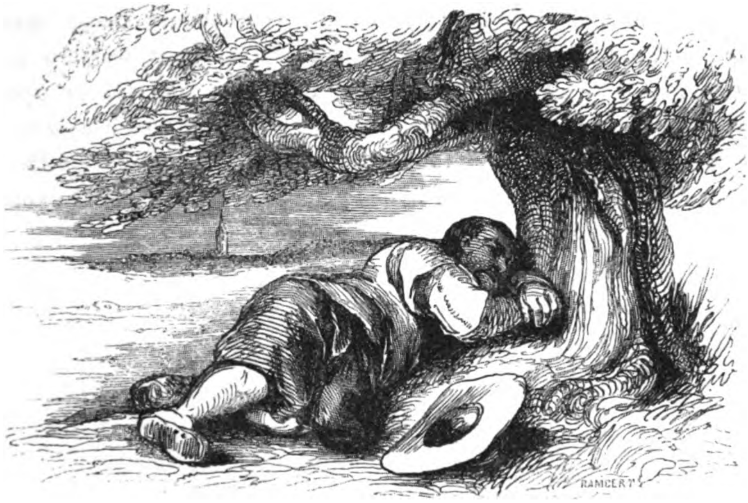
[361] Mensagero sois, amigo,
Non mereccis culpa, non.

A distich of an old *romance* by Bernard del Carpio, frequently since repeated in several other *romances*, and very popular at the present day.



business as good as half done. He stretched himself at his ease under a tree, and remained there until towards evening, that Don Quixote might think he had spent so much time in going to and returning from Toboso. Every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his donkey he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso, mounted on three young asses, whether male or female the author declares not; but it is more probable they were she-asses, that being the ordinary mounting of country-women, though as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide it. In short, as soon as Sancho espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found heaving a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. As soon as the knight saw him, he said: "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone[362]?"—"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on."—"By this," resumed Don Quixote, "you should bring good news."—"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do but to clap spurs to Rocinante, and get out upon the plain to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who with a couple of her damsels is coming to pay your worship a visit."—"Holy Virgin! what is it you say, friend Sancho?" cried Don Quixote.

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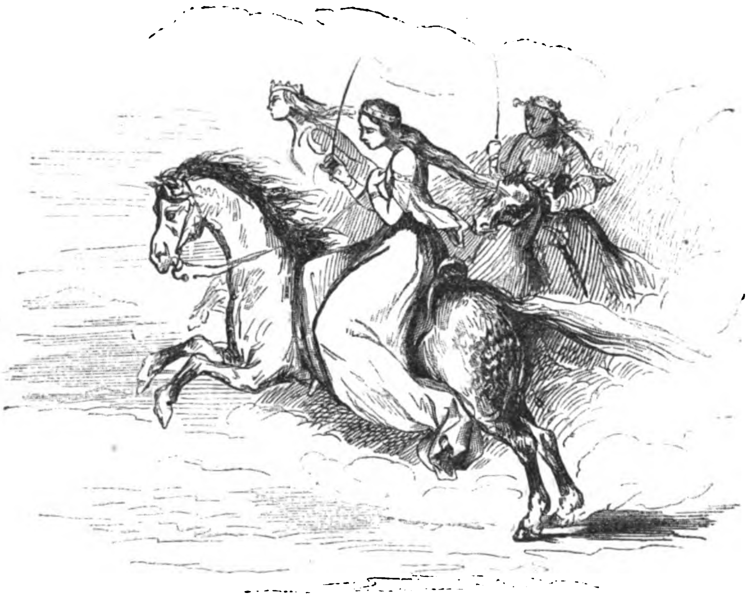
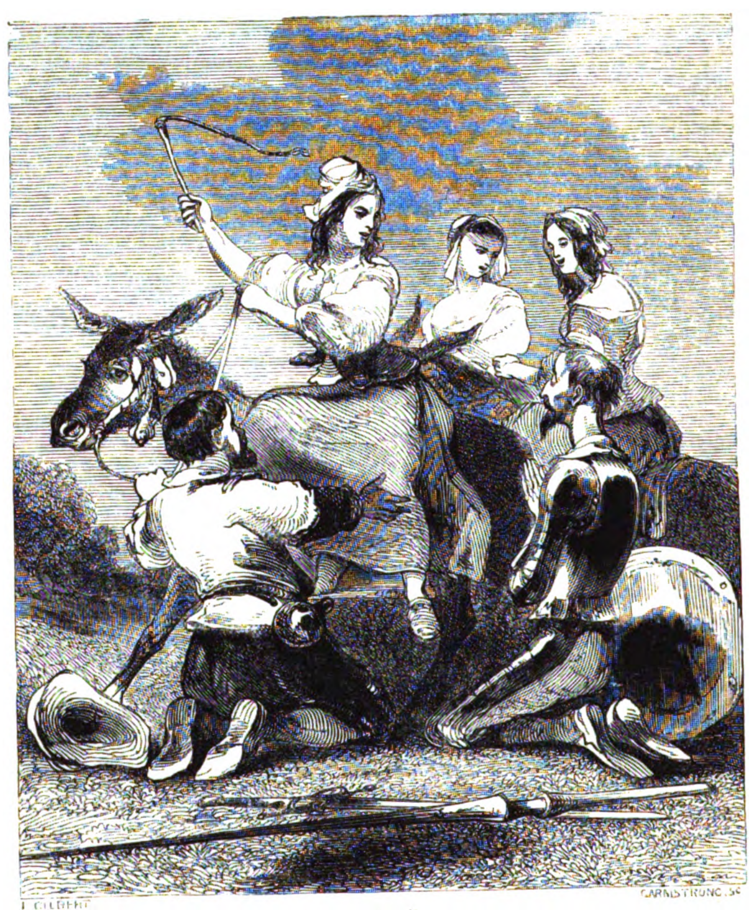
[362] *O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo!* (Pliny, cap. VI., lib. II.)



"Ah! I conjure you not to impose on my real sorrow by counterfeit joy."—"What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship and being detected the next moment? Come, Sir, spur forward, and you will see the princess our mistress arrayed and adorned like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold, all strings of pearls, all diamonds, rubies, cloth of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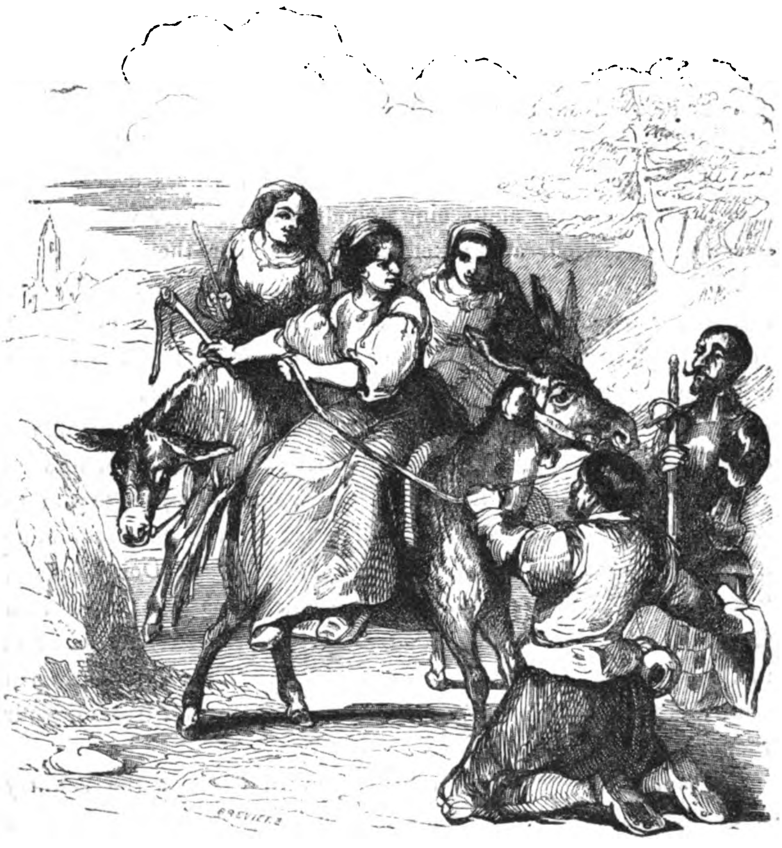
tissue above ten hands deep. Their tresses are loose about their shoulders, like so many sunbeams playing with the wind. And what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfries, the finest one can lay eyes on."—"Palfreys, you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "There is no great difference, I think," answered Sancho, "between belfries and palfreys; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress, the princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one's senses."—"Let us go, son Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "and as a reward for this news, as unexpected as good, I promise you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common."—"I stick to the colts," answered Sancho, "for it is not very certain that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much."

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three village girls very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road towards Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho whether they were come out of the city when he left them. "Out of the city!" cried Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day?"—"I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses."—"Now Heaven keep me from the devil!" said Sancho; "is it possible that three belfries, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, I will pluck off this beard of mine if it be so."—"I tell you, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are he or she-asses as that I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza. At least such they seem to me."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not a word, but rub those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand."

So saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from his donkey, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter; then, bending both knees to the ground, he cried: "Queen, princess and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder, turned into stone, in total disorder, pale and breathless to find himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the forlorn and errant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*"

Don Quixote now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho,



and with staring and disturbed eyes looked wistfully at her whom Sancho called queen and lady. And as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough, for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed, he was confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees. But she who was stopped, broke silence, and in an angry tone, said: "Get out of the road and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste."—"O princess! O universal lady of Toboso!" answered Sancho, "does not your magnificent heart relent to see kneeling before your sublime presence the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this, said: "Stand still, while I curry thy hide, my father-in-law's ass[363]. Look how these small gentry come to make a jest of us country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring. Get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well."—"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, when he heard this, "for I now perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh[364]. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee! though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture and these bended knees before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you."—"Marry come up," answered the wench, "with your idle gibberish! Get you gone once more, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you."

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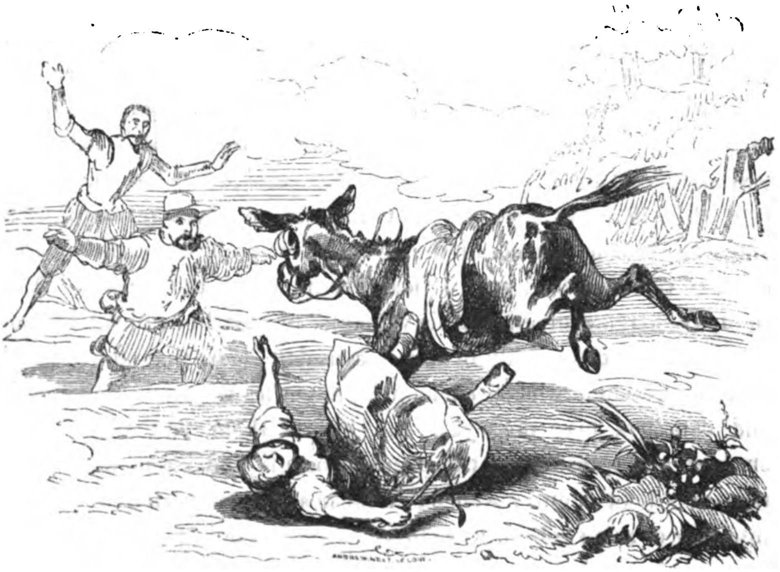
[363] *Xo, que te estrego, burra de mi suegro*, a very ancient proverbial expression, in village dialect.

[364] In this phrase there are several half verses borrowed from Garcilaso de la Vega, whom Don Quixote prided himself on knowing by heart.

Sancho moved off and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her belfry with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; but the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell to kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground.



Don Quixote ran to help his enchanted lady up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel that was got under the ass's belly. The pannel being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his mistress in his arms and set her upon her donkey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble: retiring three or four steps, she took a little run, and clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. Whereupon Sancho said: "By Saint Roque, madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount; she springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass, and, in faith, her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind." And so it really was; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, they all made after her, and began to gallop towards Toboso without looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them as far as he could with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: "Sancho, what think you of all this? How am I persecuted by enchanters! take notice how far their malice and the grudge they bear me extend, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Oh, surely I was born to be an example of the unhappy, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill fortune are aimed and levelled. Observe, moreover, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed figure of that country wench; at the same time robbing her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes; for I must tell you, Sancho, that when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey —as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but a she-ass—she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlick as almost knocked me down and poisoned my very soul."—"O scoundrels!" cried Sancho, in a loud voice; "O barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! Oh! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines to smoke! Much ye know, much ye can, and much evil ye do. It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hidden beneath that coarse disguise; though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too, by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it like threads of gold, above a span long."—"Besides that mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence there is between the moles of the face and those of the body[365], Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side with that on her face. But hairs of the length you mention are somewhat of the longest for moles."—"Yet I can assure your worship," answered Sancho, "that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her."—"I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote, "for Nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect; therefore had she an hundred moles like those you speak of, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars[366]. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle or a pillion?"—"It was a side-saddle[367]," answered Sancho, "with a field-covering worth half a kingdom for the exceeding richness of it."—"And why could not I see all this, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote. "Oh! I say it again, and I will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men!"

The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. Finally, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city[368]. But before their arrival there befell them things, so numerous, so surprising and so novel, that they deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.

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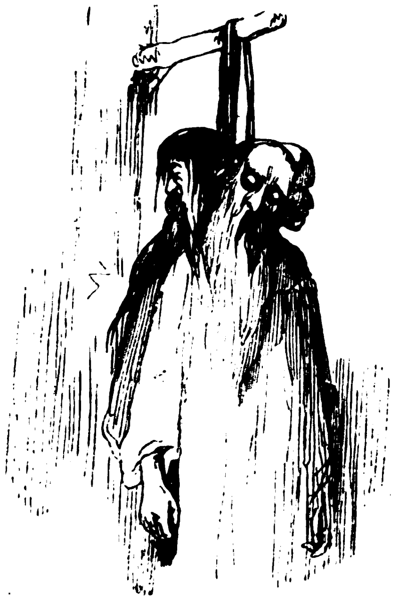
[365] "Physiognomists," says Covarrubias (*Tesoro de la lengua castellana*, under the word *lunar*), "draw conclusions from these signs, and principally from those of the face giving their proportion to the other parts of the body. All this is childishness......."

[366] In the original, the quibble is on the word *lunares* (signs, moles), and *lunas* (moons).

[367] *Silla á la gineta.* The Arabian saddle, with two high mountings or saddle-bows, one before and the other behind.

[368] It appears that Cervantes intended in fact to conduct his hero to the jousts at Saragossa; but when he saw that the plagiary Avellaneda had made him assist at those tournaments, he altered his mind, as will be seen in chap. LIX.



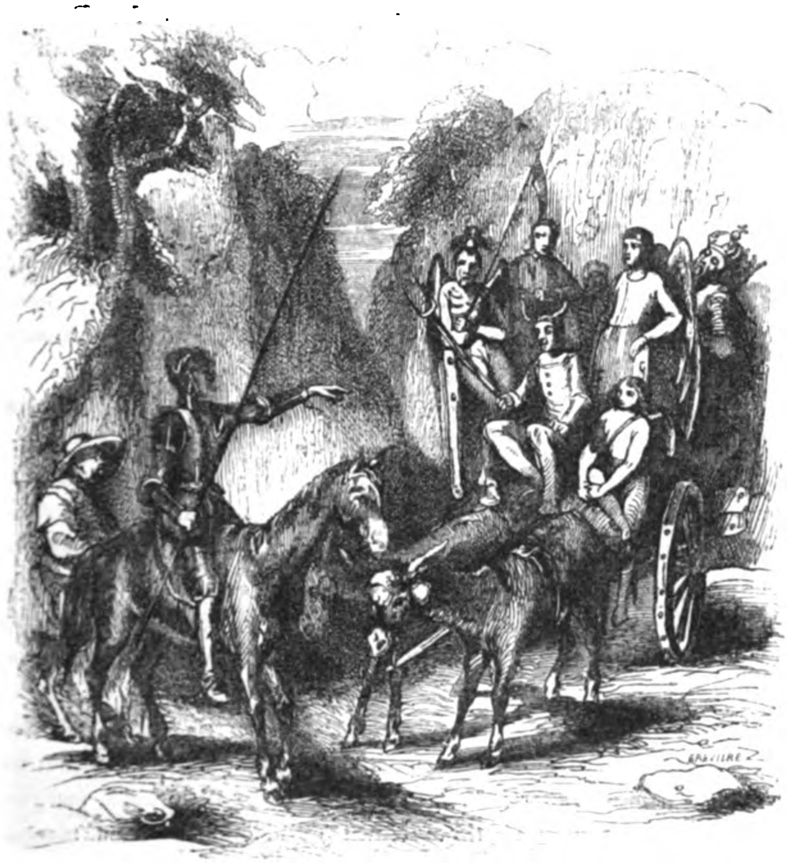
CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE WITH THE WAIN OR CART OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.

Don Quixote went on his way exceedingly pensive to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench; nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. These meditations so distracted him that, without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rocinante's neck, who, finding the liberty thus given to him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded.

Sancho recalled his master to himself: "Sir," said he, "sorrow was not made for beasts, but men; nevertheless, if men give too much way to it, they become beasts. Come, cheer up, Sir; recollect yourself, and gather up Rocinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What the devil is the matter? What dejection is this? Are we here or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice; "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone. Yes, they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me."—"I say so, too," answered Sancho; "who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow."—"Well may you say so, Sancho, you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty, since the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight, nor to conceal her perfections from you; against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its venom directed. Nevertheless, I have just hit upon one thing, Sancho: you certainly could not give me a true description of her beauty; for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl, and eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a fish than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows that serve for eyebrows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes and apply them to her teeth, for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me as much as her deformity did your worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarcely any thing to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture or knavery. One thing, dear Sir, troubles me more than all the rest: it is the question, what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea? Where the devil shall this poor giant or miserable vanquished knight be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about like fools for my lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they would no more know her than they would my father."—"Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants who shall present themselves before her. I will make the experiment with one or two of the first I shall overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business."—"I assure you, Sir," replied Sancho, "that I mightily approve of what your worship has said. By means of this trial, we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire. If she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers. But so that the lady Dulcinea have health and contentment, we, for our parts, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physician for these and greater maladies."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart, which suddenly came in sight from behind a corner of the road before him, laden with the strangest and most varied figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules and served for carter was a frightful demon. The cart was open to the sky, without either canvass or wicker awning. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death himself, with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god called Cupid, not blind-folded, but with his bow, quiver and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed; only he had no morion, nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances, all which, appearing of a sudden, did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frighten Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure. With this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the cart, and cried in a loud and menacing voice: "Carter, coachman or devil, or whatever you are, delay not



to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry than any cart now in fashion." The devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: "Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo the Bad's[300] company. This morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the divine piece called the *Cortès of Death*[370], and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us. The latter being very near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. This lad here acts Death, that other an angel, yonder woman, our author's[371] wife, a queen, that other a soldier, he an emperor, and I a devil; and I am one of the principal personages of the sacramental performance, for in this company I play all the chief parts. If your worship would know any more of us, you have only to ask me; I will answer you most punctually, for, being a devil, I know every thing."

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[300] *Angulo el mala.* This Angulo, born in Toledo, about 1550, was famous among those directors of strolling troops who composed the farces performed by their companies, and who were called *autores.* Cervantes likewise makes mention of him in the *Dialogue of the Dogs:* "Travelling from door to door," says Berganza, "we came to the residence of a play writer, who was called, if I remember right, Angulo el malo, to distinguish him from the other Angulo, not an *autor*, but a player, the most talented that ever performed on our boards."

"Upon the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself; and I say now that if one would be undeceived, it is absolutely necessary to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good people; go and act your play, and if there be any thing in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it readily and with a good will, having been from my youth a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations[372]."

While they were thus conversing, fortune so ordered it that there came up one of the company habited as a court jester, his clothes being hung round with abundance of little bells, carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with his stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells; which fantastic apparition so startled Rocinante that,

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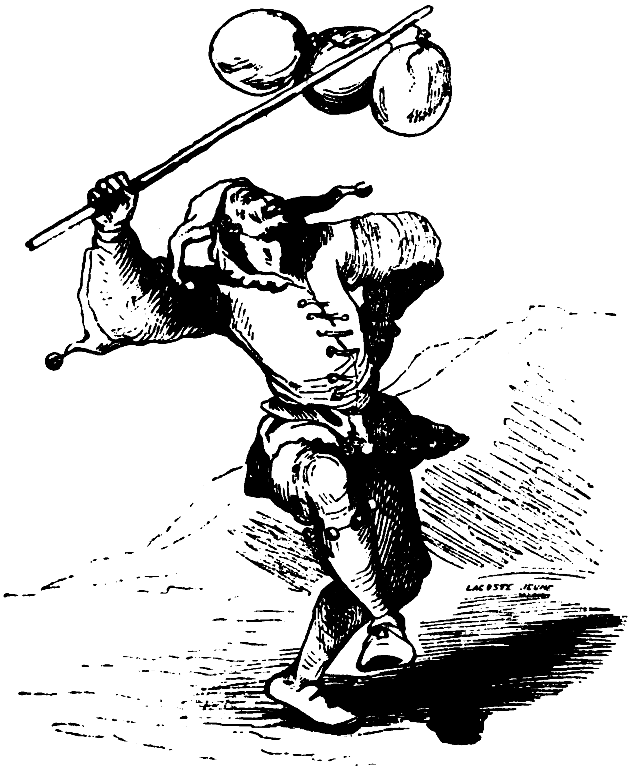
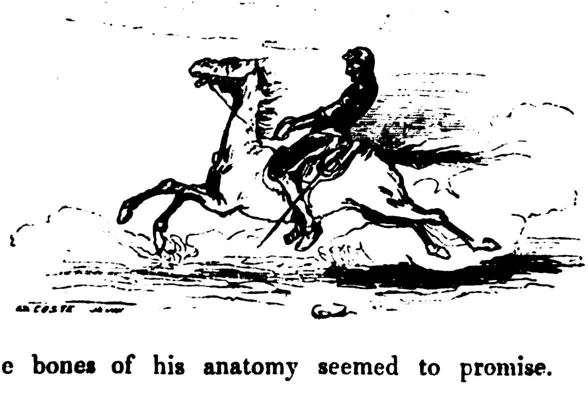
[370] It was doubtless one of these religious pieces, called *autos sacramentales*, that were principally performed during Corpus Christi week. Temporary wooden stages were erected, on the occasion of that festival, in the streets, and the players, drawn in chariots with their dresses, went to perform from one stage to another. Hence this was called, in the green-room jargon of the day, *to go the chariots* (*hacer los carros*).

[371] *Autor*. This word is not derived from the Latin *auctor*, but from the Spanish *auto*, act, representation.

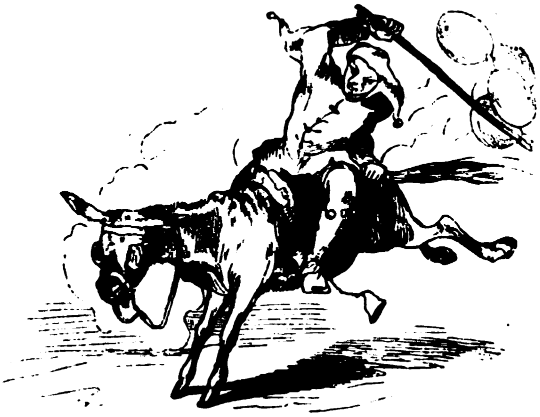
[372] The original has, the *Caratula* and the *Farandula*, two troops of players of Cervantes' time.

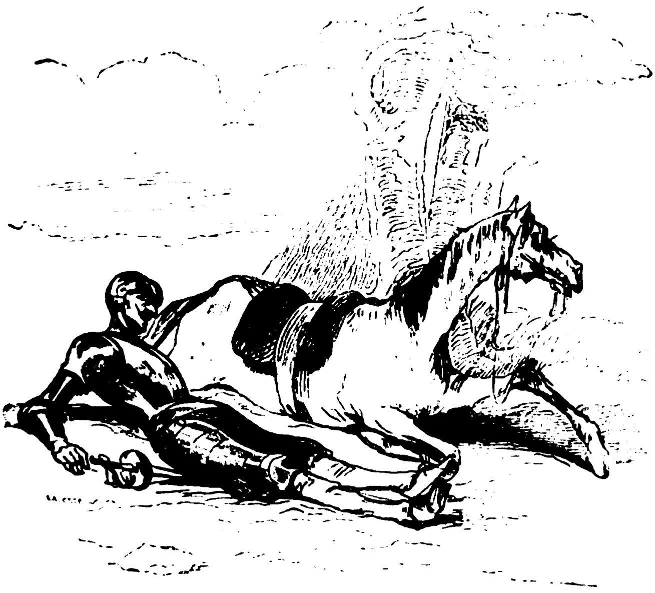


taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he began running about the field at a greater pace



than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from his donkey and ran to help him. By the time he was come up to Don Quixote, the latter was already on the ground, and close by him Rocinante, who had fallen with his master: the usual end and upshot of Rocinante's frolics and adventurings. Scarcely had Sancho quitted his beast to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village where they were going to act. Sancho beheld his donkey's career and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first. However, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eye rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation, he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; helping him to get upon Rocinante: "Sir," said he, "the devil has run away with the ass."—"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. "He





with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in one of the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall give satisfaction for the loss of your donkey."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste; moderate your anger, Sir. It seems to me that the devil has already abandoned my beast and is gone his way." Sancho was right, for the devil, having fallen with the ass, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rocinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself."—"Good your worship," cried Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know that, seeing they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them; every body protects, assists and esteems them, especially if they are royal and titled troops of comedians[373], all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princes."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag of his prowess, though all human kind favoured him. So saying, he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and calling aloud, he said: "Hold, stop a little, merry Sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote's cries were so loud that the players heard them, and judged of his design by his words. In an instant, out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil and the angel, nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. The knight, seeing them posted in such order, with arms uplifted ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rocinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture of attacking that well formed brigade: "It is mere madness, Sir," cried he, "to attempt such an enterprise. Pray consider there is no fencing against a flail, nor defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage for one man alone to encounter an army where emperors fight in person, and assisted by good and bad angels. If this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured that among all those who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings and emperors, there is not one knight-errant."—"Now, indeed," cried Don Quixote, "you have hit a point, Sancho, which only can and ought to make me change my resolution. I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any persons who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your donkey; and I will hence encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions."—"There is no need, Sir, to be revenged on any body, for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries. Besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life."—"Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures: for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones."

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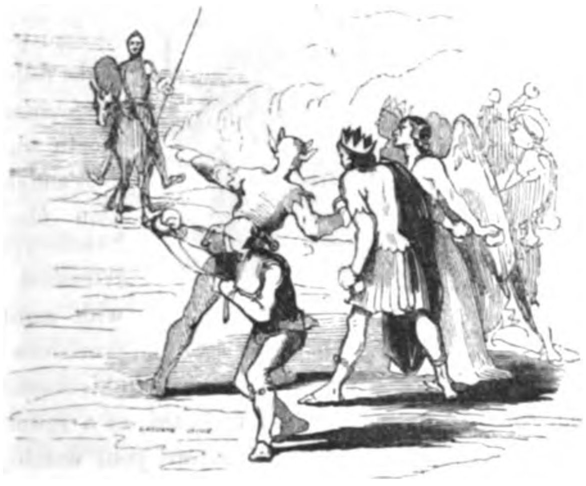
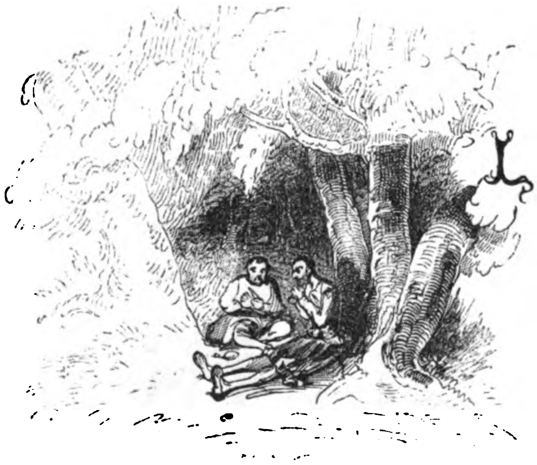
[373] Phillip III. had ordained, in consequence of the excesses committed by these troops of strollers, that they should be compelled to provide themselves with a licence granted by the court of Castile. This licence they denominated their *title* (*titulo*), as if it had been a charter of nobility.

Thereupon he wheeled Rocinante about, Sancho remounted his ass, and Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart and pursued their way. Such was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of the cart of Death; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there chanced an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.



CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BRAVE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.



LEFT by the players to themselves, Don Quixote and his squire passed the night following the rencounter with Death under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by the donkey. During supper, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, what a fool should I have been had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, in preference to the three ass-colts! Verily, verily, a

sparrow in the hand is better than a pheasant vulture upon the wing."—"However, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the emperor's crown of gold, and Cupid's painted wings, for I would have plucked them off against the grain and put them into your possession."—"The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors," answered Sancho, "never were of pure gold, but of tinsel or copper."—"It is true," replied Don Quixote; "nor would it be fit that the decorations of a play should be real; it is right they should be counterfeit, and mere show, as comedy itself is. Speaking of comedy, I would have you value and take it into favour, also the actors and authors: for they are all instruments of much benefit and good to the commonwealth, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life. There are no comparisons which more truly present to us what we are and what we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me, have you not seen a play acted in which kings, emperors, popes, lords and ladies, are introduced, besides divers other personages: one acts the pimp, another the cheat, this the merchant, that the soldier, one a designing fool, another a foolish lover; and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level?" —"Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. "Then the very same thing," added Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, whereon some play the part of emperors, others of popes, in short, all the parts that can be introduced in a comedy. But in the conclusion, that is, at the end of our life, Death strips us of the robes, which make the difference, and we remain upon a level and equal in the grave."—"A brave comparison!" exclaimed Sancho, "but not so new (for I have heard of it many and different times) as that of the game of chess: while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is ended, they are all huddled together, mixed and put into a bag, which is just like being buried after we are dead."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are every day growing less simple, and more discreet."—"And good reason why," answered Sancho; "for some of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me, even as lands, that are naturally barren and dry, by manuring and cultivating come to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation is the manure laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the cultivation the time I have been in your service and in your company. By that, I hope to produce fruits like blessings, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good-breeding which your worship has sown in my shallow understanding."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's affected speeches, that appearing to him to be true, which his squire had said of his improvement; for every now and then Sancho surprised him by his manner of talking; though almost every time he attempted to speak in imitation of the courtier, he terminated his discourse by falling headlong from the height of his simplicity into the depth of his ignorance. He displayed most elegance and memory when he made use of proverbs, whether applicable or not to what he was discoursing about, as will be seen and observed in the progress of this history.

In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night. At last Sancho had a mind to let down the curtains of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep; so unrigging his donkey, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rocinante's back, it being the express command of his master that he should continue saddled all the time they kept the field or did not sleep under a roof: for it was an ancient established custom religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rocinante the same liberty he had given his donkey, the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that there is a tradition handed down from father to son, that the author of this authentic history compiled particular chapters upon that subject; but to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic an history, he suppressed them. Sometimes, however, waving this precaution, he writes that as soon as the two beasts came together they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rocinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, or at least so long as they were let alone or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. The author, it is said, compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes. Hence it appears that the author wished to display to the admiration of all people how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals really was, to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence it has been said: "A friend cannot find a friend: reeds become darts[374];" and the proverb; "From a friend to a friend with a flea in your ear[375]." Let no one think, moreover, that the author was at all out of the way when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men, for men have received divers wholesome instructions and many lessons of importance from beasts: for instance, the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses[376].

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[374] No hay amigo para amigo;
Las canas se vuelven lanzas.

This distich is from the *romance* of the Abencerrages and the Zegris, in the novel of Ginés Perez de Hita, entitled the *History of the Civil Wars of Grenada*.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. He was soon awakened by a noise behind him; and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen whence the noise proceeded. Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other: "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require." To say this and to lay himself along on the ground was the work of an instant; and, throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise. From this manifest token Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant. Going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with difficulty waked him, he said in a low voice: "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."—"God send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "pray, Sir, where may her ladyship madam adventure be?"—"Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying along, who in my opinion, does not seem to be over-pleased, for I

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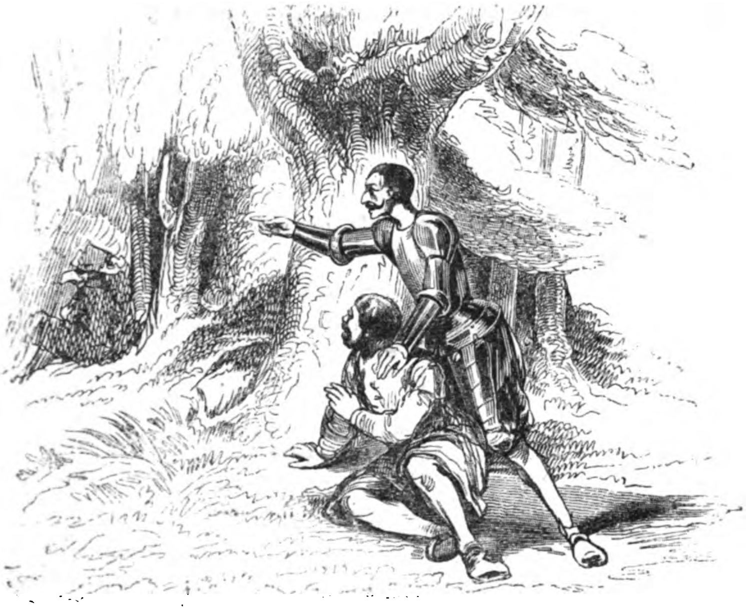
[375] In the original: "From a friend to a friend, the bug in the eye." This proverb would not have been understood, and we have followed M. Viardot's example in substituting an English expression which conveys the same sense with more perspicuity.

[376] In the whole of this passage, Cervantes only copies Pliny the naturalist, who says expressly that men learned vigilance from cranes (l. X. c. 23), from ants prudence (l. XI. c. 30), from elephants modesty (l. VIII. c. 5), fidelity from the horse (l. VIII. c. 40), from the dog the vomit (l. XXIX. c. 4), and gratitude (l. VIII. c. 40). Only the invention which Cervantes gives to the stork, Pliny attributes to the ibis of Egypt. He says likewise that blood-letting and many other remedies have been taught by animals. On the strength of the Roman naturalist's assertions, this ridiculous nonsense was long solemnly repeated in the schools.



saw him throw himself off his horse and stretch himself on the ground with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell."—"But by what do you gather," quoth Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"—"I will not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus. But hearken; methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and, by his spitting and clearing his throat, he should be preparing himself to sing."—"In good faith, so it is," answered Sancho, "and he must be some knight or other in love."—"There are no knights-errant not in love," said Don Quixote; "but let us listen to him, and by the thread we shall guess at the bottom of his thoughts, if he sings, for out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh[377]." Sancho would have replied to his master, but the Knight of the Grove's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, hindered him. They both listened attentively, and overheard the following

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[377] Saint Matthew, c. XII. v. 34.

SONNET.

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill,
Prescribe the law I must observe;
My heart, obedient to your will,
Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,
The stifled anguish seals my fate;
But if your ears would drink my woe,
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Tho' contraries my heart compose,
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,
And soft as yielding wax that flows,
To you, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for ev'ry stamp prepar'd;
Imprint what characters you choose;
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

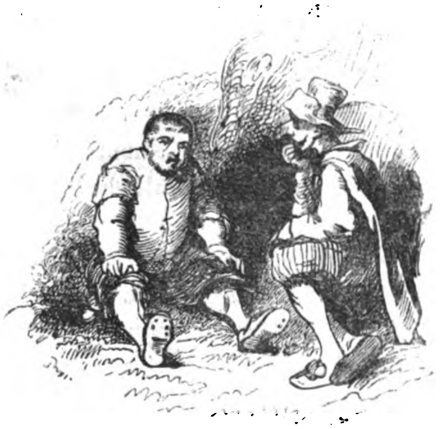
With a deep *Ah!* which seemed to proceed from the very pit of his stomach, the Knight of the Grove ended his song; after some pause, in a mournful and plaintive voice, he said: "O most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, serenissimi Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual pilgrimages, and in rough and laborious toils? Is it not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La Mancha too?"—"Not so," cried Don Quixote at this pass, "for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I nor ought I to confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves;

but let us listen; perhaps he will make some farther declaration."—"Ay, marry will he," replied Sancho, "for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come."

But it was not so; the Knight of the Grove over-hearing somebody talk near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but, assuming a standing posture, said in an audible and courteous voice: "Who goes there? what are ye? are ye, by chance, of the number of the happy or the afflicted?"—"Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither to me, then," answered the Knight of the Grove, "and make account that you come to sorrow and affliction itself." Don Quixote, on receiving so soft and civil an answer, went up to him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing knight laid hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying: "Sit down here, Sir knight, for, to know, that you are such, and one of those who profess knight-errantry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude and the night-dew, the natural beds and proper stations of knights-errant." Don Quixote answered: "A knight I am of the profession you say, and though sorrows, disgraces and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet they have not chased away the compassion I feel for other men's misfortunes. From what you sung just now, I gathered that yours are of the amorous kind, I mean occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair you named in your complaint."

While the two knights were thus discoursing, they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if, at day-break, they were not to break one another's heads. "Peradventure you are in love, Sir knight," said he of the Grove to Don Quixote. "By misadventure I am," answered Don Quixote; "though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters."—"That is true," replied the Knight of the Grove, "provided that disdains do not disturb our reason and understanding; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge."—"I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No, verily," added Sancho, who stood close by, "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a pat of butter."—"Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Grove. "He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," replied the Knight of the Grove, "who durst presume to talk where his lord was talking. At least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking."—"In faith," quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as. . . . . and perhaps . . . . . but let that rest; stirring will only make it worse."

The Knight of the Grove's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said: "Gossip, let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind, leaving these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other. I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho, "and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the talkative squires." Hereupon the two squires withdrew, and between them there passed a dialogue as pleasant as that of their masters was grave and serious.



CHAPTER XIII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE, WITH THE WISE, NEW, AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

SEPARATING from their masters, as mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, the squires retired a little apart to relate the story of their lives, leaving their masters to relate that of their loves. But the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters. It says that when the squires had attained a short distance, he of the Grove said to Sancho: "It is a toilsome life we lead, Sir, we who are squires to knights-errant. In good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows [378], which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents." "It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies, for who endures more heat and cold than the miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, farther, it would not be quite so bad did but we eat at all, for, according to the proverb, good fare lessens care. But it now and then happens that we pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air."—"All this may be endured," rejoined the squire of the Grove, "with the hopes we entertain of reward; for if the knight-errant whom the squire serves be not over and above unlucky, he must in a short time find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island or some petty earldom."—"I," replied Sancho, "have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of an island, and he is so noble and so generous that he has promised it a thousand times."—"I," said the squire of the Grove, "should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one."—"Ho, ho!" cried Sancho, "then your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way[379], and so has it in his power to bestow these sorts of rewards on his faithful squires? Mine is a mere layman, though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop. He wisely rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an emperor, and I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments. To say the truth, Sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters."—"Truly, you are under a great mistake," responded the

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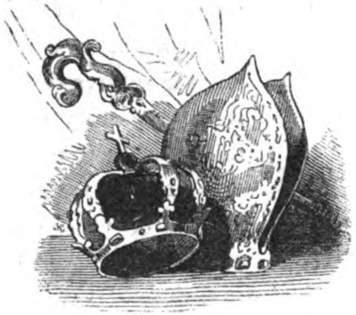
[378] "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." (Gen. c. III. 19.)



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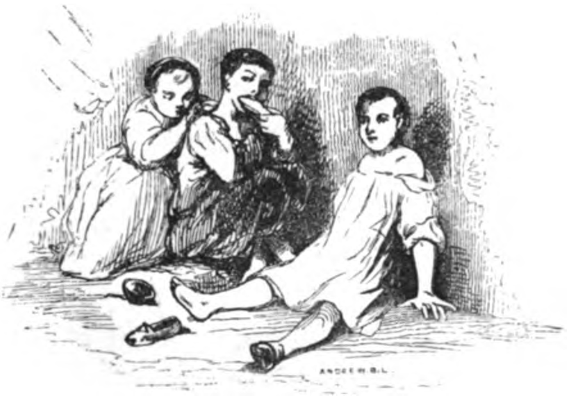
[379] In the twelfth century, there was in Spain a crowd of prelates at the head of the army, for instance, the celebrated Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada, archbishop, general and historian. In the war of the *Comuneros*, in 1520, there was a whole battalion formed of priests, commanded by the bishop of Zamora.

squire of the Grove, "for all insular governments are not so inviting. Some are crabbed, some poor, some unpleasant; in short, the best and most desirable of them carries with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight to whose lot it falls must unavoidably undergo. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed service, to retire home to our houses and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds and his fishing-rod to divert himself withal in his own village?"—"I want nothing of all this," rejoined Sancho. "It is true indeed I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master's steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would

swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, Sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them; besides, sporting is the more pleasant when it is at other people's charge." "Really and truly, Signor squire," answered he of the Grove, "I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, to get me home again to our village, and bring up my children, for I have three, like three oriental pearls."—"And



I have two," added Sancho, "fit to be presented to the pope himself in person, especially a girl that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother."—"And pray what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess," demanded the squire of the Grove. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho. "But she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter."—"These are qualifications," said the squire of the Grove, "not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the Green Grove. Ah, the wanton young slut! how buxom must the jade be!"—"She is no wanton," interrupted Sancho, somewhat angrily, "nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, Heaven willing, whilst I live. And pray speak more civilly, for such language is unbecoming a person educated as you have been among knights-errant, who are courtesy itself."—"How little, Signor squire, do you understand what belongs to praising!" cried he of the Grove. "Do you not know that when a knight at a bull-feast gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any one does a thing well, the common people usually cry; 'Oh, the son of a w—! how cleverly he did it[380].' And what seems to carry reproach with it, is indeed a notable commendation! I would have you renounce those sons or daughters whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion."—"I do renounce them," answered Sancho, "in this sense, and, by the same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the wantons and jades you please, for all they do or say are perfections worthy of such praises. In order that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin, that is, from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats which I found one day in the midst of the Sierra Morena; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks at every step I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince. While this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight, become supportable and easy to me."—"For this reason," answered the squire of the Grove, "it is said that covetousness bursts the bag; and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in this world than my master, who is one of those meant by the saying: 'Other folks' burdens break the ass's back;' in effect, that another knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that, which when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth."—"By the way, is he in love?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the squire of the Grove, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world; but that is not the foot he halts on at present; he has some other crotchets of more consequence in his pate, and we shall hear more of them anon[381]."—"There is no road so even," replied Sancho, "but it has some stumbling places or ruts in it; in other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles full; and madness will have more followers than discretion. But if the common saying be true, that it is some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own."—"Crack-brained but valiant," rejoined the squire of the Grove, "and more knavish than crack-brained or valiant."—"Mine is not so," cried Sancho. "I can assure you he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher, and knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all, and bears no malice. A child may persuade him it is night at noon-day. For this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagances."—"For all that, brother and Signor," responded the squire of the Grove, "if the blind lead the blind,

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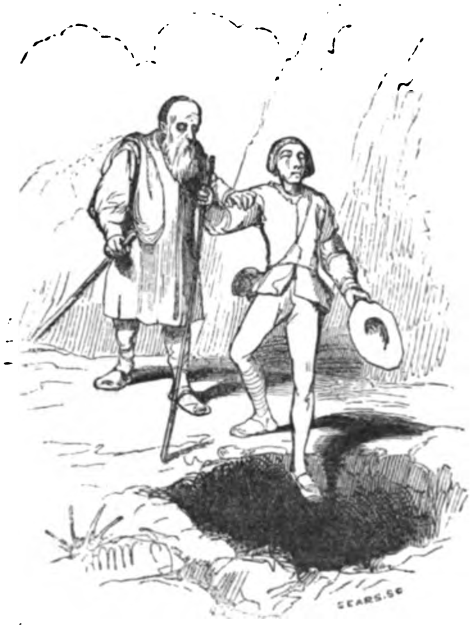
[380] In the original there is an expression too coarse to be written, since the days of Rabelais, and which was then so common in Spain that it was become merely a simple exclamation.



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[381] This phrase contains a jeu de mots on the adjective *cruda*, which means crude and

both are in danger of falling into the pit[382]. We had better turn us fairly about and go back to our homes; for they who seek adventures do not always meet with good ones."

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then very huskily, the squire of the Grove, who saw and observed it, said: "Methinks we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths. But I have brought hanging at my saddle-bow that which will loosen them." With that he arose, and returned almost immediately, with a large skin of wine and a pasty half a yard long. This is no exaggeration, for it was of a tame rabbit so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. So he cried: "And do you carry all this about with you?"—"Why what did you think?" answered the other; "did you take me for a bread and water squire? Oh! I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse than a general has with him upon a march."

Sancho fell to without staying to be entreated, swallowing mouthfuls in the dark: "Your worship," said he, "is indeed a trusty and loyal squire, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates, which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it. Not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, with nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, so hard that you might knock out a giant's brains with it, and to bear it company, four dozen of carobes,* and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts, thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild herbs."

"By my faith, brother," replied the squire of the Grove, "I have no stomach for wild pears, nor sweet thistles, nor mountain roots. Let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and

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cruel, and a not very clear allusion, at least in English, to the disguise and the feigned history of his knight.

[382] Saint Matthew, c. XV. v. 14.

* A pod so called in La Mancha, with a flat pulse in it, which green or ripe is harsh, but sweet and pleasant after it is dried.

this skin hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will. Such is my reverence for it, and so much the love I bear it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand kisses and a thousand hugs."

So saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, gazed at the stars for a quarter of an hour. When he had done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, cried: "O wicked rogue! how catholic it is!"—"You see now," quoth the squire of the Grove, hearing Sancho's exclamation, "how you have commended this wine in calling it wicked."—"I confess my error," answered Sancho, "and see plainly that it is no discredit to any body to be abused, when it comes under the notion of praising. But tell me, Sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?"[383]—"You have a distinguishing palate," cried the squire of the Grove; "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head."—"Trust me for that," rejoined Sancho; "depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, Signor squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines, that let me but smell to any, I hit upon the country, the kind, the flavour, how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to the wine? But no wonder, for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages; in proof whereof, there happened to them what I am going to relate to you. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron, the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on, the wine was sold off, and at rinsing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, Sir, whether one of such a race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters."[384]—"Therefore I say," added the squire of the Grove, "let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheesecakes. Take my advice, and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will."—"No, I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa," returned Sancho, "and then we shall all understand one another."

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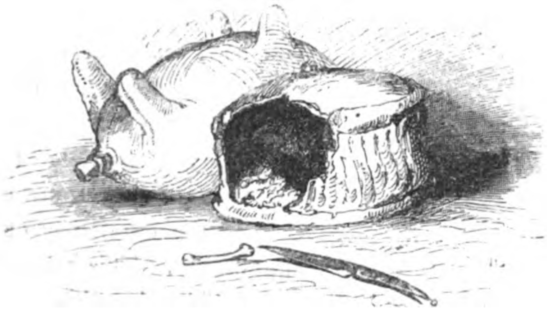
[383] In the novel of the *Licentiate Vidriéra*, Cervantes likewise quotes, among the most famous wines, that of *the more imperial than royal city* [*Real Ciudad*], *the saloon of the god of mirth.*

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues and allay their thirst; for to quench it was impossible. Thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty skin, with their meat half chewed, fell fast asleep, where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Grove and him of the Sorrowful Figure.



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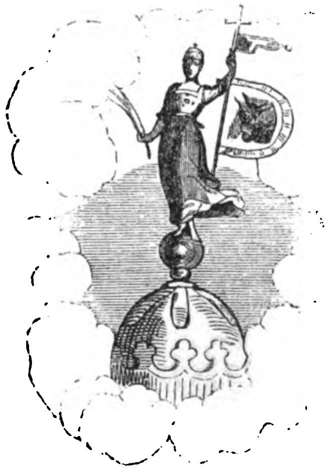
[384] This history pleased Cervantes, for he had already related it in his interlude, *la Eleccion de los Alcaldes de Daganzo*, in which the regidor Algarroba makes of it the title of the candidate Juan Berrocal to the choice of the municipal electors.

> En mi casa probo, los dios pasados,
> Una tinaja, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE.



PLENTY of words were exchanged between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Grove; among other discourses, the history informs us that the latter said to the former: "In short, Sir knight, I would have you to know that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia;[385] peerless I call her, not so much on account of her stature as the excellency of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of, repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his step-mother, in many and various perils, promising me, at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes. But she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that

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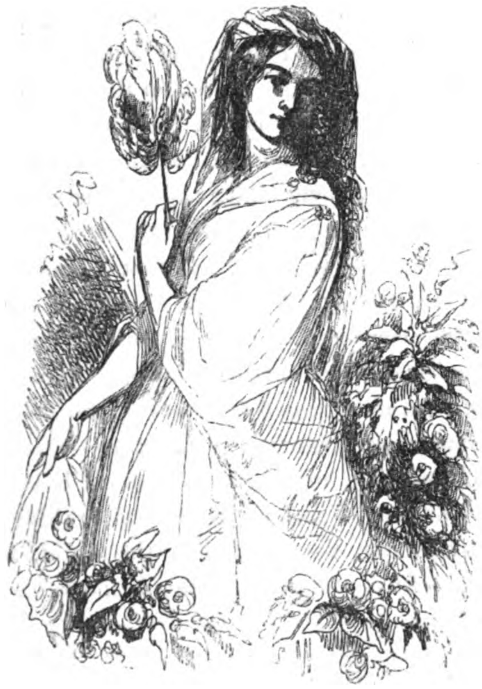
[385] Vandalia is andalusia. The ancient Bætica took this name when the Vandals established themselves there in the fifth century; and of *Vandulia* or *Vandalicia*, the Arabs, who have no *v* in their alphabet, made Andalusia.



they are become without number, nor can I guess which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda, who is stout and strong, being made of brass, and, without stirring from her place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world[386]. I came, I saw, I conquered; I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point (for it chanced that for more than a whole week no wind blew but the north). Another time she sent me to weigh the ancient stones of the formidable bulls of Guisando,[387] an enterprise fitter for a porter than for a knight. At another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into the cavern of Cabra —an unheard-of and dreadful attempt!—and to bring her a particular relation of what is contained in that obscure and profound abyss.[388] I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of that abyss; and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead! and her commands and disdains alive, O how alive! In short, she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, oblige all the knights I shall find wandering about that kingdom to confess that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant and the most completely enamoured knight in the world. In obedience to this command, I have already traversed half Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have dared to contradict me; but what I am most proud of, is having vanquished in single combat the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea del Toboso. I make account that in this conquest alone I have vanquished all the knights in the world, for that Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, his fame, his honour are transferred to my person, as the poet sings: 'The victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished[200].' Thus, the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already placed to my account."

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[386] The *Giralda* is a large bronze statue, meant, according to some, for Truth, according to others, for Victory, which serves for a weathercock on the top of the high Arabian tower of the cathedral of Seville. Its name comes from *girar*, to turn. This statue is fourteen feet high, and weighs thirty-six hundredweight. In its left hand it holds a triumphal palm branch, and in its right a flag, which indicates the direction of the wind. It was raised in 1568 to the summit of the tower, which had formerly been an Arabian observatory, and was converted into a steeple for the cathedral at the time of the conquest of Ferdinand, in 1248.

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[387] *Los Toros de Guisando*, is the name given to four blocks of grey stone, nearly shapeless, which lie in the middle of a vineyard belonging to the convent of the Hiéronymites of Guisando, in the province of Avila. These blocks, which lie side by side, and turned towards the west, are about four feet and a half in length, about three feet in height, and a foot and a half in thickness. The bulls of Guisando are famous in the history of Spain, because in that place was concluded the treaty in which Henry IV., after his deposition by the cortès of Avila, acknowledged his sister, Isabella the Catholic, the heiress to the throne, to the exclusion of his daughter Jane, called the *Beltraneja*.

In many other parts of Spain, as Segovia, Toro, Ledesma, Banos, Torralva, other large blocks of stone, bearing a rude resemblance to bulls or wild boars, are to be met with. These ancient monuments are by some supposed to be the work of the Carthaginians; but all the efforts of learned antiquarians to throw light on their origin have hitherto been unsuccessful.

[388] On one of the summits of the *Sierra de Cabrera*, in the province of Cordova, is situated a large opening, possibly the crater of an extinct volcano, which the inhabitants call the *Mouth of Hell*. In the year 1683, some one effected a descent into this cavern by means of pulleys, to fetch out the corpse of a man who had been assassinated. From this man's account, it has been conjectured that the cavern of Cabra is nearly five hundred and thirty-seven feet (143 *varas*) in depth.

Don Quixote was thunderstruck to hear the Knight of the Grove, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie. The words *you lie* were at the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie with his own mouth. Therefore he said very calmly: "Sir knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I somewhat doubt. It might indeed have been somebody resembling him, though there are very few such."—"Why not?" replied he of the Grove; "by the canopy of Heaven, I swear that I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit. He is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachios. He wages war under the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and his squire is a country fellow called Sancho Panza. He oppresses the back, and governs the reins of a famous steed called Rocinante, and finally he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonza Lorenzo, like mine, who because her name was Casildea, and being of Andalusia, I now distinguish by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it."—"Be not in a passion, Sir knight,' said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You are to know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is, as it were, my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I cannot but think it must be himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be that, having many enchanters his enemies—one especially who is continually persecuting him—some one or other of them may have assumed his shape and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. For confirmation hereof, you must know that these cursed enchanters, his enemies, but two days ago transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean country wench. In like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. But if all this be not sufficient to justify the truth of what I advance, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." So saying, he rose, and, grasping his sword, awaited what resolution the Knight of the Grove would take.

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[200] The two verses quoted by Cervantes, are taken, with a slight alteration, from the *Araucana* of Alonzo de Ercilla:

> Pues no es el vencedor mas estimado
> Des aquello en que el vencido es reputado.

The archpriest of Hita had said, in the fourteenth century:

> El vencedor ha honra del precio del vencido,
> Su loor es alanto cuanto es el debatido.

The latter very calmly answered: "A good pay-master is in pain for no pawn; he who could once vanquish you when transformed, Signor Don Quixote, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may be witness of our exploits. The condition of our combat shall be that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to."—"I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact," answered Don Quixote.

Thereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which sleep had seized them. They awakened them, and ordered them to get ready their steeds, for, at sun-rise, they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat. At this news, Sancho was dreadfully terrified, and ready to swoon with apprehension for his master's safety, remembering what he had heard the squire of the Grove tell of his master's valour. But the two squires, without speaking a word, went to look after their cattle, and found them altogether; for the three horses and Sancho's ass had already found one another out.

By the way, the squire of the Grove said to Sancho; "You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms folded, while their godsons are fighting.[300] This I say to give you notice that, while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another."—"This custom, Signor squire," answered Sancho, "may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of, but among the squires of knights-errant, no, not in thought; at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet I will not comply with it. I will rather pay the penalty imposed upon peaceable squires, which I dare say cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax,[301] and I prefer to pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in tents to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight, is my having no sword, for I never wore one in my life."—"I know a remedy for that," said the squire of the Grove: "I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and we will have a bout of bag blows with equal weapons."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho, "for such a battle will rather dust our jackets than wound our persons."—"It must not be quite so, neither," returned the other: "lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight. Thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage."—"Body of my father!" cried Sancho, "what sable fur, and what bottoms of carded cotton he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles nor beat our bones to powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, Sir, I shall not fight. Let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world; but let us drink and live, for time takes care to carry away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness."—"For all that," replied the squire of the Grove, "we must fight, if it be but for half an hour."—"No, no," answered Sancho; "I shall not be so discourteous nor so ungrateful as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman of whose bread and wine I have once partaken. Besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting, without anger or provocation?"—"If that be all," suggested the squire of the Grove, "I will provide a sufficient remedy. Before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship and fairly give you three or four good cuffs which shall lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse."—"Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it. I will cut a good cudgel, and, before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let any body handle my face. Let every one take heed to the arrow; though the safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep, for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool and come home shorn themselves. God in all times blessed the peace-makers and cursed the wranglers; and if a cat, pursued and pent up in a room, turns into a lion, Heaven knows what I, that am a man, may turn into. Therefore, from henceforward I intimate to your worship, Signor squire, that all the damage and mischief that shall result from our quarrel must be placed to your account."—"It is well," replied the squire of the Grove, "God will send us day-light, and we shall then see what will come of it."

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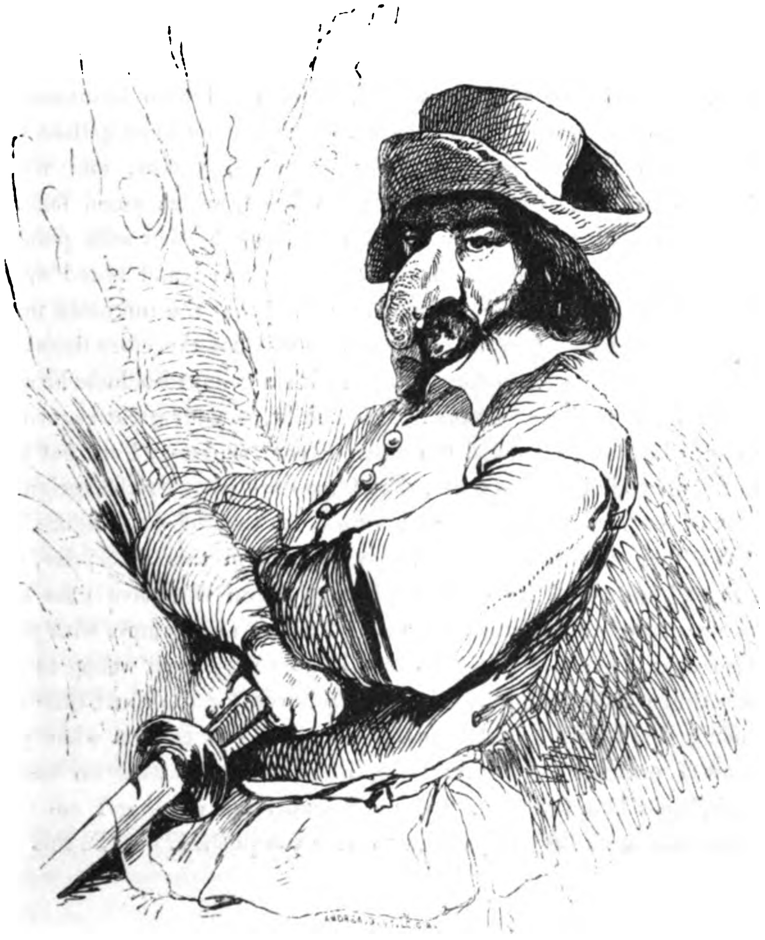
[300] In Spain, the seconds or witnesses in duels are called the *godfathers*.

[301] This was the fine generally imposed on the members of a club or society, who absented themselves on meeting-days.

At this moment, a thousand sorts of enamelled birds began to chirp in the trees, and in a variety of joyous songs, seemed to welcome the blooming Aurora, who began now to discover the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east. She shook from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, and in that delicious liquor bathed the herbs, which also seemed to shed and rain little globules of diamond. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods were cheered, and the meads put on their gayest verdure.

But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to see and distinguish objects, when the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was the squire of the Grove's nose, which



was so large, so enormous, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. In a word, it is said to have been of an excessive size, hawked in the middle, full of warts and carbuncles of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness of this monstrous nose so horribly disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to encounter the hobgoblin.

Don Quixote likewise viewed his antagonist; but the latter had his helmet on and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face; but he observed him to be a strong-made man, and not very tall. Over his armour the unknown wore a kind of surtout or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with innumerable mirrors in the shape of little moons, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved about his helmet; his lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very long and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed and noted every thing, judging by all he saw and remarked that the unknown must needs be of great strength. However he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the Knight of the Mirrors: "Sir knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir knight," answered he of the Mirrors, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I do not now comply with your desires, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia to delay, even for the short time the raising my beaver would take up, to make you confess what you know I pretend to."—"At least, while we are getting on horseback," said Don Quixote, "you may easily tell whether I am that same Don Quixote you pretend to have vanquished."—"To this we answer[illegible]," returned the Knight of the Mirrors, "that you are as like that very knight I vanquished as one egg is to another; but since you affirm that you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive whether you be or not the same person."—"That is sufficient," answered Don Quixote, "to make me believe you are deceived; however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see that I am not the Don Quixote you imagine you have vanquished."

Cutting thus short the discourse, they mounted their horses, and Don Quixote wheeled Rocinante about to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent, and the Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces when he heard himself called to by his adversary, so meeting each other half way, the Knight of the Mirrors said: "Take notice, Sir knight, that the condition of our combat is that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed nor derogate from the laws of chivalry."—"That is understood," answered the Knight of the Mirrors.

At this juncture, the squire with his strange nose presented himself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, inasmuch that he looked upon him to be some monster, or strange man, such as are not common now in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with the long-nosed monster, fearing lest one gentle wipe with that snout across his face should put an end to their battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow or by fear. Therefore he ran after his master, holding by the back guard of Rocinante's saddle, and when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said; "I beseech your worship, dear Sir, before you

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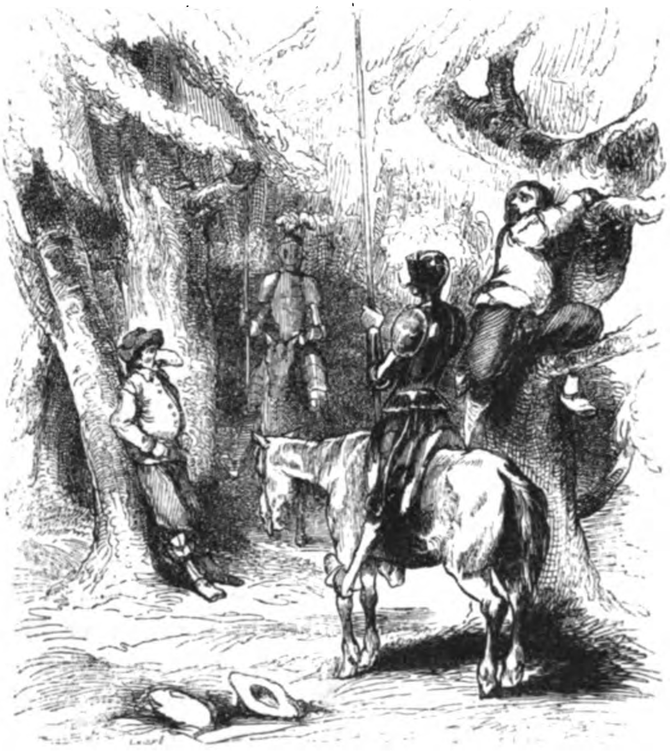
[illegible] *A esto vos respondemos*, the ancient form of the answers made by the Kings of Castile to the petition of the Cortès. This explains the termination of the phrase, which is also in the style of a formula.

turn about to engage, to be so kind as to help me up into this cork-tree, whence I can see more to my liking than from the ground the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight."—"I believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you have a mind to climb and mount a scaffold in order to see the bull-fights without danger."—"To tell you the truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him."—"In effect," said Don Quixote, "it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself. Therefore come, and I will help you up."



While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and, believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet or any other signal[303], he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rocinante; then, at his best speed, which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy. But seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career, for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rocinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like a gallop, for at all others a downright trot was all that could be got out of him[304]. With this unwonted fury Don Quixote darted forward to the spot where the Knight of the Mirrors stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he made a full stand in his career. At this favourable juncture Don Quixote found his adversary, embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance, which latter he was apparently unable to set in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety, and without the least danger, attacked the Knight of the Mirrors with such force that, not a little against the latter's will, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper. Such was the weight of his fall, that the unknown knight lay motionless without any signs of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in haste ran to his master. The latter, having

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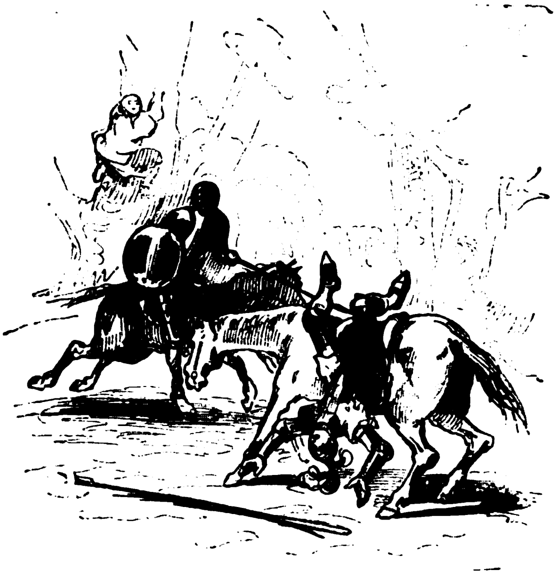
[303] Senza che tromba ò segno altro accenasse.

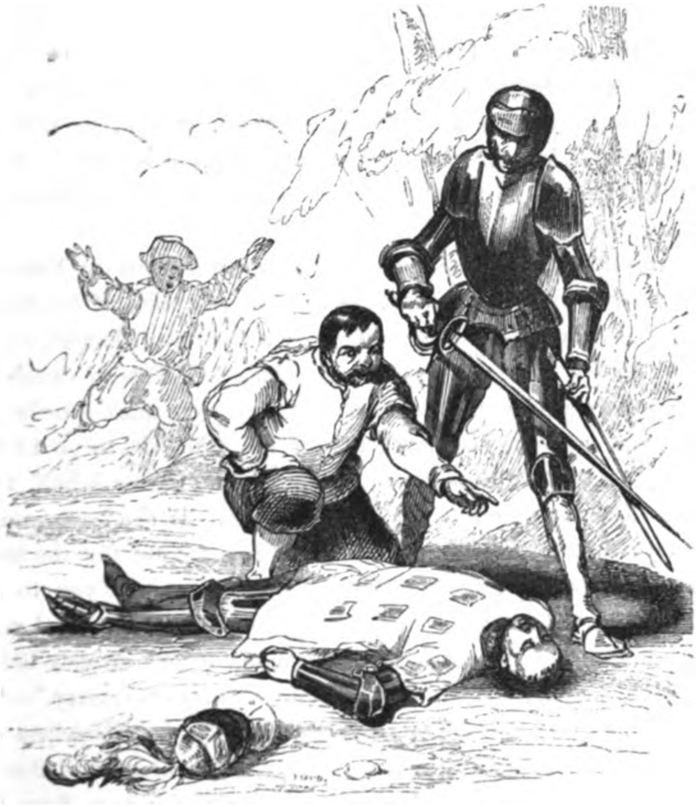
says Ariosto, in the description of the combat between Gradasse and Renaud, for the sword Durindane and the horse Bayard. (Canto XXXIII. str. LXXIX.)

[304] Hence doubtless Boileau took occasion for his epigram:

Tel fut ce roi des bons chevaux,
Rossinante, la fleur des coursiers d'Ibérie,
Qui, trottant jour et nuit et par monts et par vaux,
Galopa, dit l'histoire, une fois en sa vie.



alighted from Rocinante, had sprung upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead, and to give him air, if perchance he was alive, he saw........but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy and picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco. As soon as he saw him, he cried aloud: "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see but not believe. Make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho approached, and, seeing the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. Meanwhile the unhorsed cavalier shewed no signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote: "I am of opinion, Sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies."—"You do not say amiss," quoth Don Quixote, "for the fewer our enemies are the



better." While he was drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the Knight of the Mirrors drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful. "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote," cried he aloud, "have a care what you are about to do. The man who lies at your feet is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho, seeing him without his former ugliness, said to him: "And the nose, what has become of it?" To which the squire answered: "I have it here in my pocket." And putting in his hand, he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished of the fashion we have already described. Sancho, eying him more and more, cried in a tone of admiration: "Blessed Virgin defend me! is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour and gossip?"—"What if I be?" answered the noseless squire; yes, Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza; and I will inform you presently what conduits, lies, and wiles brought me hither; in the mean time, beg and entreat your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or kill the Knight of the Mirrors now at his feet, for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, and said: "You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia. Farther, you must promise, if you escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit. If she leave you at your own disposal, you shall return and find me out (for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide to conduct you to my presence), to tell me what shall have passed between her and you: these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry."—"I confess," returned the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed though clean locks of Casildea. I promise to go, and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me."—"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not, and could not be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him; even as I do confess and believe that you, though in appearance the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, in order to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest."—"I confess, judge of, and allow every thing as you believe, judge of, and allow," answered the disjointed knight. "But suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, for it has left me sorely bruised."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, assisted by his squire, Tom Cecial, from whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him questions, to which, the answers proved that he was really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But Sancho was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes.

Finally, master and man remained under this mistake; while the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, much out of humour, and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where the former might sear-cloth himself, and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them to give an account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his frightful-nosed squire were[395].

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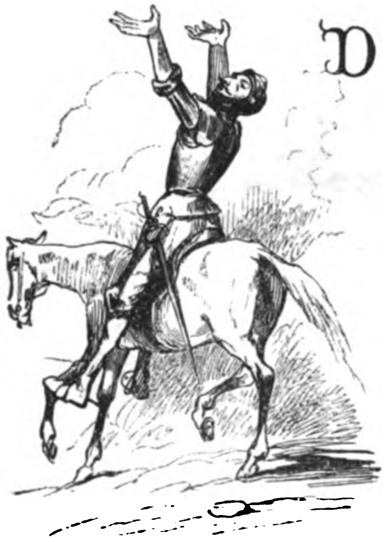
[395] Throughout this adventure, so happily parodied upon all those of knight-errantry, Cervantes makes a liberal use of the riches and latitude of his native language, which, besides furnishing many synonymes for almost every word, allows the coinage of new terms. To express the large-nosed squire, he has *narigudo*, *narigante*, *narizado*; and after the nose has fallen from its place, he calls the squire *desnarigado*. We have been unable to apply any expressions analogous to these ludicrous terms.

CHAPTER XV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE WERE.

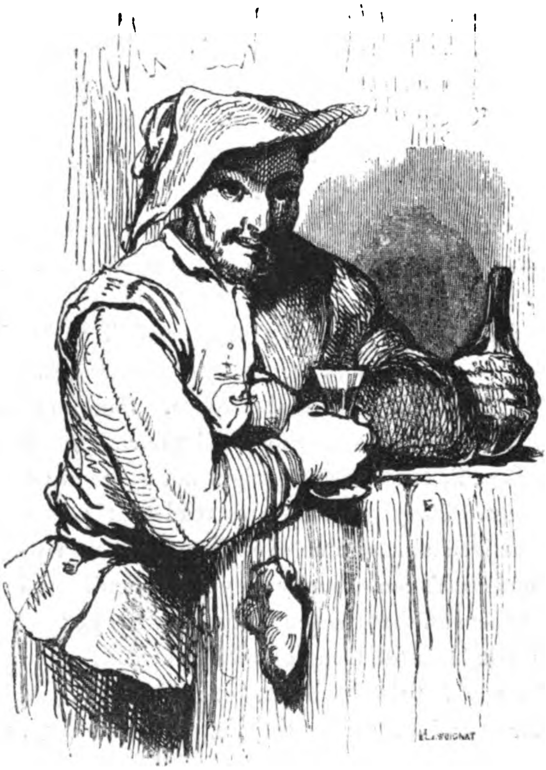


DON QUIXOTE departed, exceedingly content, elated and glorious at having gained the victory over so valiant a knight, as he imagined him of the Mirrors to be, from whose knightly word he hoped to learn whether the enchantment of his mistress continued; the said knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of forfeiting his spurs, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and the Knight of the Mirrors another; for the latter, at least for the present, thought only of finding a place where he might plaster himself, as has been already said. The history then goes on to tell us that, when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the priest and the barber had first consulted to devise the means of persuading Don Quixote to stay peaceably and contentedly at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures. The result of this deliberation was a decision by general vote, the measure having been proposed by Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that Sampson should also sally forth like a knight-errant; that he should encounter him in fight (for an opportunity could not long be wanting) and vanquish him, which would be a matter of facile accomplishment, it having been previously covenanted and agreed that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; that finally, Don Quixote being thus conquered, the bachelor-knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it for two years, or till he had further orders from him. It was plain Don Quixote, when once overcome, would readily comply with these conditions, not to contravene or infringe upon the laws of chivalry; and it might then so fall out that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady.

Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's gossip and neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself as described, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face, in order that he might not be known by his gossip when they met. They took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. Finally they lighted on them in the wood, where befell them all that the prudent reader has just been perusing; and, had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion that the bachelor was not the bachelor, Signor bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests where he thought to find birds.

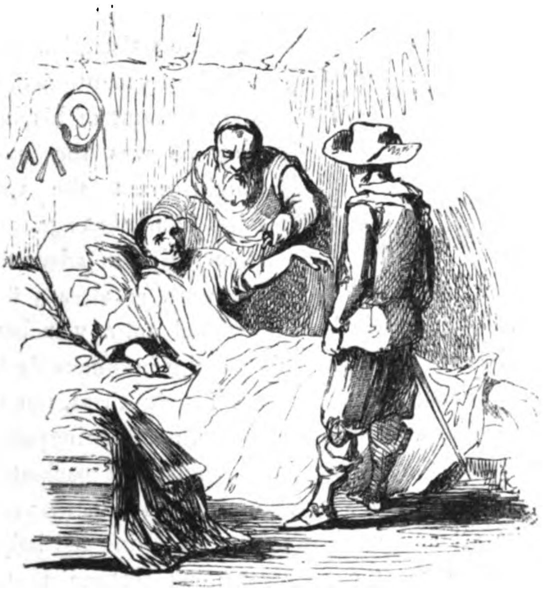
Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor: "For certain, Signor

Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise; he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?"—"The difference between these two sorts of madmen," answered Carrasco, "is, that he who cannot help being mad will always be so, and he who plays the fool on purpose may give over when he thinks fit."—"If it be so," returned Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I had a mind



to be your worship's squire, and now also I have a mind to be so no longer, and to get me home to my house." "It is fit you should," answered Sampson; "but to think that I will return to mine until I have soundly banged that Don Quixote, is to be greatly mistaken: and it is not now the desire to cure him of his madness that prompts me to seek him, but a desire to be revenged on him; for the pain of my ribs will not allow me to entertain more charitable considerations."

Thus the two went on discoursing till they came to a village, where they luckily met with an algebrist[396], who cured the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial went back, and left him, but the bachelor staid behind meditating revenge, and the history, which will speak of him again in due time, returns to rejoice at present with Don Quixote.



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[396] The word *algebrista* comes from *algebrar*, which, according to Covarrubias means, in the old language, *the art of resetting broken bones*. The inscription *algebrista y sangrador* may still be seen on the sign-boards of some barber-surgeons.

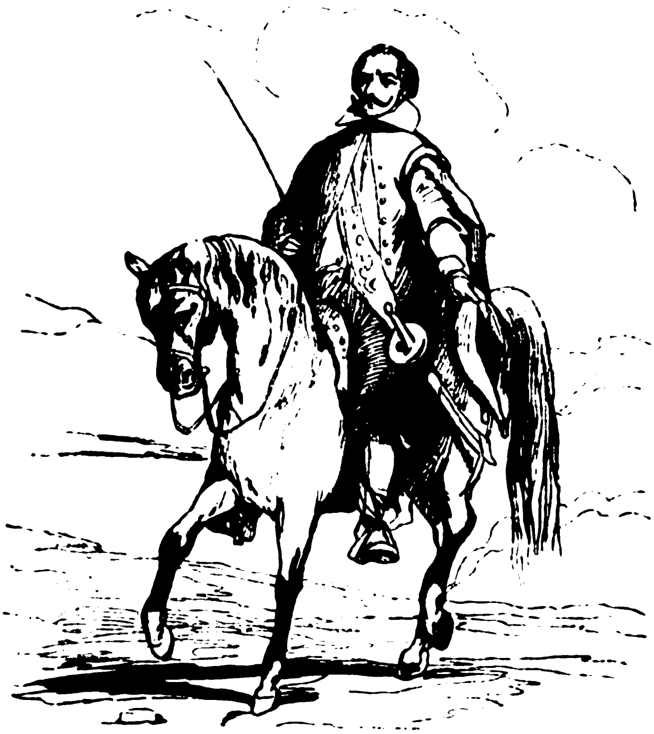
CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

Don Quixote pursued his journey with the satisfaction and self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He looked upon all the adventures which should befall him from that time forward as already finished and brought to a happy conclusion; he valued not any enchantments or enchanters; he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received during the progress of his chivalries, nor the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the boldness and shower of pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers. In short, he said to himself that could he but hit upon the art and method of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the greatest good fortune that the most successful knight-errant of past ages ever did or could attain to. He was wholly taken up with these agreeable thoughts when Sancho said to him: "Is it not strange, Sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and immeasurable nose of my gossip, Tom

Cecial?"—"And do you really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire, Tom Cecial, your gossip?"—"I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho: "I only know that the marks he gave me of my house, wife and children could be given me by nobody else but himself. And his face, when his nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it thousands and thousands of times in our village, next door to my house; the tone of the voice was also the very same."—"Come," replied Don Quixote, "let us reason a little upon this business: how can any one imagine that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant-wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? am I his rival? or does he make profession of arms as envying the fame I have acquired by them?"—"What then shall we say, Sir," answered Sancho, "to that knight being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial, my gossip? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble?"—"The whole is artifice," answered Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians who persecute me; foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, they contrived that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, to moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by this means he might escape with his life, who by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. In proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair, since not two days ago you beheld with your own eyes the surprising beauty of the peerless Dulcinea in its highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes and a bad smell in her mouth. If the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, we need not wonder if he have done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your gossip, in order to snatch the glory of the victory out of my own hands. Nevertheless I comfort myself, for, after all, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy."—"God knows the truth," answered Sancho, who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions; but he durst make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very handsome flea-bitten mare. He was clad in a fine green cloth gaban[397], faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a montera of the same. The mare's furniture was all of the field



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[397] The gaban was a short close cloak, with sleeves and hood, worn over all in travelling.

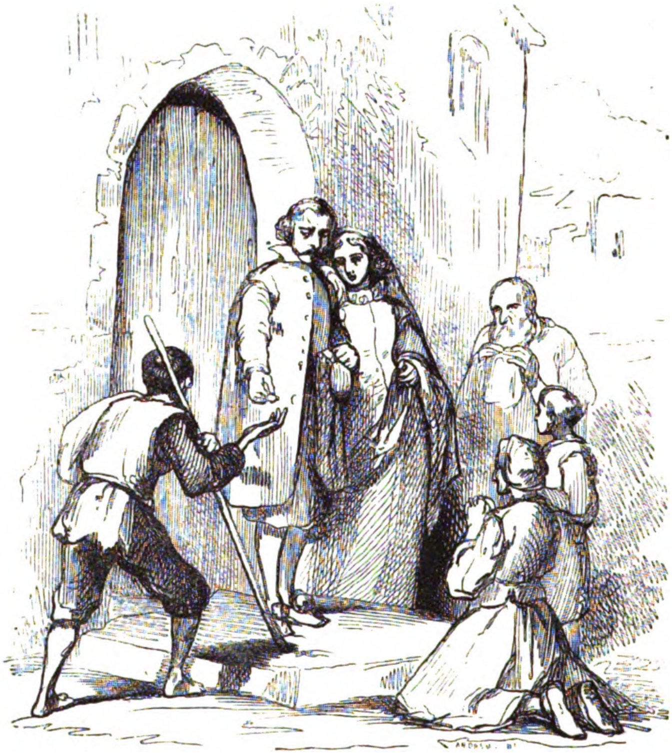
ginet-fashion, violet and green. The horseman wore a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold; and his buskins were wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, was passing on; but Don Quixote called to him: "Courteous Sir, if you are going our way and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour if we might join company."—"Truly, Sir," answered he with the mare, "I had not kept off but for fear your horse should prove unruly in the company of my mare."—"Sir," hereupon cried Sancho, "if that be all, you may safely hold in your mare, for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world. He never did a naughty thing in his life, upon these occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it seven-fold. I say again that your worship may stop if you please, for were she served up betwixt two dishes, he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face."

The traveller checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a cloak-bag at the pommel of his ass's pannel. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; he had but few grey hairs; his nose was aquiline; his aspect between merry and serious; in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he thought of Don Quixote was that he had never seen such a figure before. He was astounded at the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour and his deportment; the whole forming such an odd figure as had not been seen in that country for many years past. Don Quixote remarked how the traveller surveyed him, and read his desire in his surprise. Being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing everybody, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him by saying: "This figure of mine, which your worship sees, is so new, so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, that I do not wonder that you are surprised at it. But you will cease to be so when I tell you that I am one of those knights whom people call seekers of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long deceased chivalry, and, for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding minors and orphans, the natural and proper office of knights-errant. Thus, by many valorous and Christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand more, if Heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in a few words, or in one only, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.* And, though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations, but this is to be understood when nobody else is present to do it for me. Thus, worthy Sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am and the profession I follow."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and the man in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply. However, after a long pause, he said: "Sir knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me in seeing you, for, supposing, as you say, that my knowing who you are might have removed it, yet it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there be knights-errant at present in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I never could have thought there was any body now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans; nor should

I yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for this history, which your worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements, must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights-errant with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals and the prejudice and discredit of good histories."—"There is a great deal to be said," answered Don Quixote, "upon the question whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not."—"Why, is there any one," answered the man in green, "that has the least suspicion that those histories are not false?"—"I have," returned Don Quixote; "but no more of this at present, and if we travel any time together, I hope in God to convince you, Sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those who take it for granted that these histories are not true."

From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect he must be a madman, and waited for a farther confirmation of his suspicion; but before they fell into any other discourse, Don Quixote desired him to say who he was, since he had just given some account of his own condition and life. The man in the green gaban answered: "I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am an hidalgo, native of a village where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children and my friends. My diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor grey-hounds; I content myself with some decoy-partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion. Books of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising; though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends; more frequently I invite them. My table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I enquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain glory, those enemies which so slily get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance; I devote myself particularly to our blessed Lady, and I always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."



Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the hidalgo's life and employments. All which appearing to him to be good and holy, and thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his donkey, and running hastily, laid hold of the gentleman's right stirrup; then, with a devout heart, and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. The hidalgo observing his actions: "What mean you, brother?" said he. "What kisses are these?"—"Pray, let me kiss on," answered Sancho, "for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life."—"I am no saint," answered the hidalgo, "but a great sinner. You, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity demonstrates." Sancho went off, and got again upon his pannel, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh astonishment in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked the latter how many children he had, telling him that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed the supreme happiness, was in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends and many good children. "I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the hidalgo, "have one son; and if I had him not, I should perhaps think myself happier than I am, not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years old: his six last he has spent at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages; but, when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over head and ears in poetry (if that may be called a science), that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which I would have had him study, nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age in which our kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature[300], for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Iliad; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be indecent or not; whether such a verse in Virgil is to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with the books of the aforesaid poets, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal and Tibullus, for as to modern rhymers, he makes no great account of them; though, notwithstanding the antipathy he seems to have to Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely taken up with making a gloss upon four verses sent him from Salamanca, which, I think, were designed for the subject of a literary joust."—"Children, Sir," answered Don Quixote, "are pieces of the bowels of their parents; whether good or bad, they must therefore be loved and cherished as parts of ourselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in good principles and Christian discipline, that when they are grown up, they may be the staff of their parents' age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right; though I think there is no harm in advising them. When there is no need of studying *de pane lucrando*, the student being so happy as to have bread by inheritance, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius is most inclined; and though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, it is not at least one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, Signor hidalgo, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give lustre to them all. But this amiable virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces[199]. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue, that he who knows how to manage her will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in licentious satires or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal, though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies; but she must not be

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[300] We have only to imagine Cervantes in poverty, and neglected,—we do not say by Christian charity, but by ignorance and meanness,—to perceive in this phrase, from his pen, a bitter irony. The reader has seen, in note 177, what sense the word *letters* has in Spanish.

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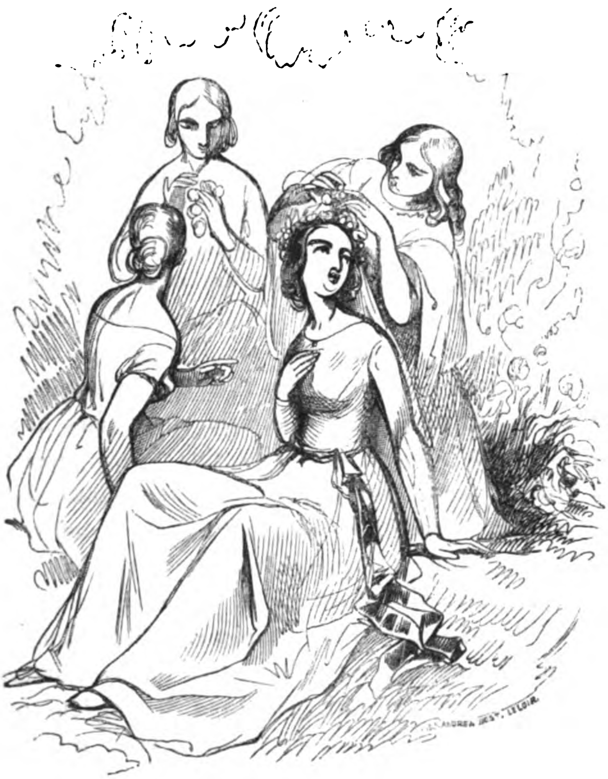
[199] Cervantes had already said, in his novel *the Gitanilla of Madrid*: "Poetry is a charming nymph, chaste, modest, discreet, intelligent, reserved. . . . . She is the friend of solitude; the running streams delight her, the meadows soothe her, the trees refresh her soul, the flowers gladden her heart; finally, she charms and instructs all who make her their friend."



meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, Sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone; all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought and must be taken into the number of the vulgar. He therefore who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and will make his name to be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, Sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this: the great Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman[400]. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in with their mother's milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues to express the sublimity of their conceptions. This being so, it is fit the custom should take place in all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry; rather the poets who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences which might adorn, enliven and assist their natural genius. Even in this there may be a mistake; for it is a true opinion that the poet is born one[401]; the meaning of which is that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and with this talent given him by Heaven, without farther study or art, composes things which verify the saying: *Est Deus in nobis*, etc.[402] Not, I must add, but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet and have the advantage of him who has no other title to it but the knowledge of that art alone. The reason is because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it; so that art mixed with nature, and nature with art, form a complete poet. To conclude my discourse, Signor hidalgo, let your son follow the direction of his stars. Being so good a scholar as he must needs be, and having already happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre to a bishop or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son writes satires injurious to the reputation of others, chide him and tear his performances. But if he pens discourses, in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him, because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to brand the envious in his verses; and so of other vices, but not to single out particular characters. But there are poets who, for the pleasure of saying one malicious thing, will run the hazard of being banished to the isles of Pontus[403]. If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the mind; such as are the conceptions of the mind, such will be the productions of the pen. When kings and princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous and grave subjects, they honour, esteem and enrich the poets, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt hurts not[404], signifying that nobody ought to offend those who wear such crowns, and whose temples are so adorned."

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[400] Lope de Vega has repeated this expression word for word in the third act of his *Dorotea*. He says likewise, in the dedication of his comedy *El verdadero amante*, inscribed to his son: "I have met with many people who, ignorant of their own language, pride themselves on their knowledge of Latin, and despise every thing written in a modern tongue, forgetful that the Greeks did not write in Latin, nor the Latins in Greek. . . . . The real poet, of whom it is said that there is but one in an age, writes and excels in his native language, as Petrarch in Italian, Ronsard in French, and Garcilaso in Spanish."

[401] *Nascuntur poetæ, fiunt oratores*, says Quintilian.

[402] Ovid, *Art of Love*, lib. iii. v. 547; and *The Fasti*, lib. vi. v. 6.

The gentleman in green was struck with astonishment and admiration at Don Quixote's harangue, insomuch that he began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. In the midst of the dissertation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, had gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were hard by milking their ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car surmounted with royal banners coming the same road they were going. Believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho,

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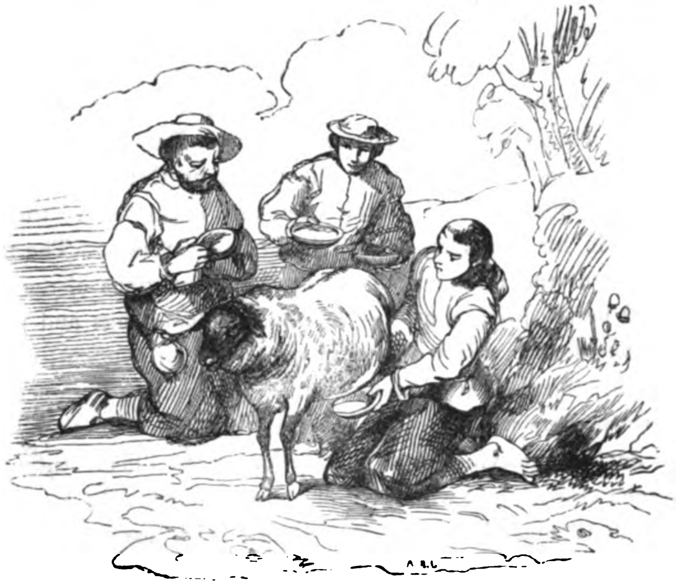
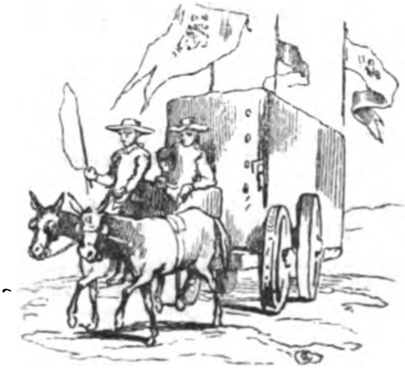
[403] In allusion to the exile of Ovid, who was banished, not to the islands, but to the western coast of the Pontus. Nor was it for a mischievous expression, but for an imprudent look, that he was exiled.

Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina, plector;
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum. (Eleg. 5.)

[404] The ancients, and Pliny among them, believed that the laurel was a preservative against thunderbolts. Suetonius says of Tiberius: *Et turbatiore cœlo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quod fulmine adflari negetur id genus frondis.* (Cap. lxix.)

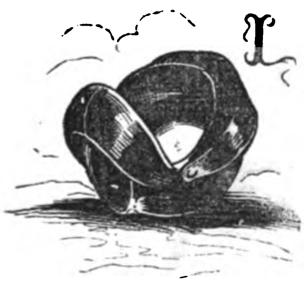


hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and pricking on his donkey in all haste, came where his master was, whom there befell, as will be seen, a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.



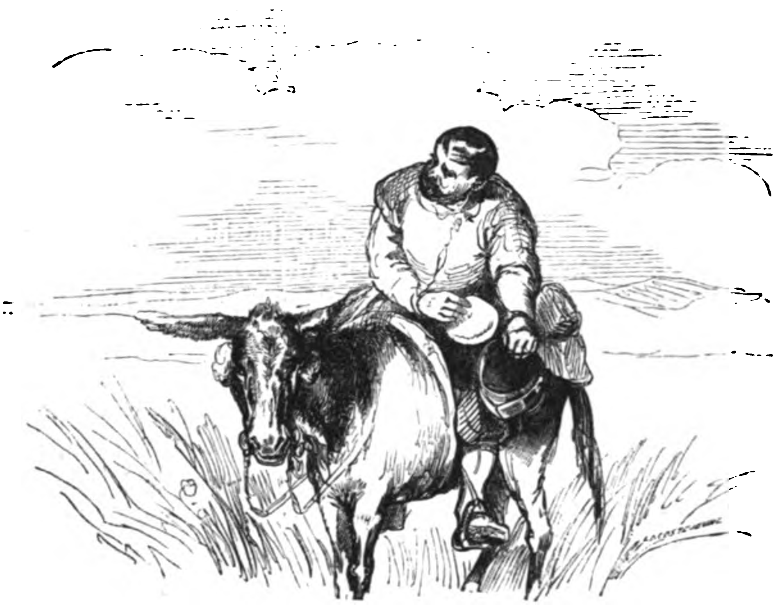
CHAPTER XVII.

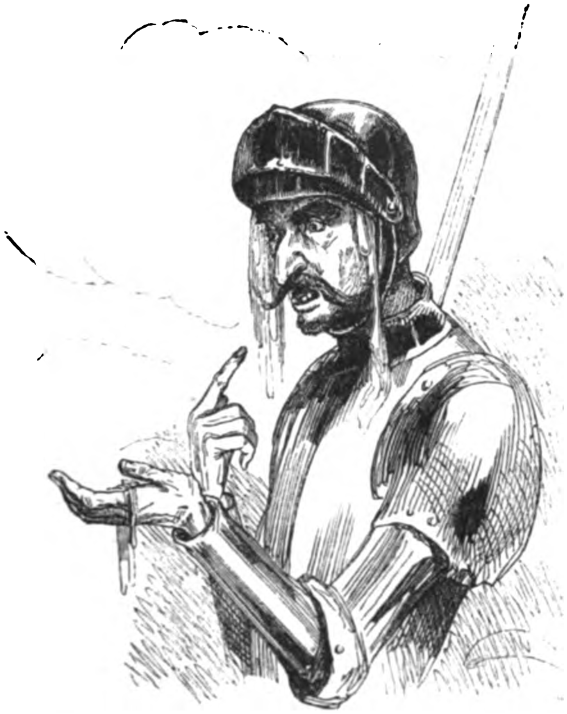
WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE LAST AND HIGHEST POINT WHICH THE UNHEARD-OF COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID OR COULD ARRIVE AT, IN THE HAPPY CONCLUSION WHICH HE GAVE TO THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.



Loving reader, the history proceeds to relate that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, the squire was buying some curds of the shepherds. Being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet; and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of Don Quixote, who said to him: "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." The man in the green gaban, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured that the said car was bringing some of the king's money. So he told Don

Quixote; but the latter believed him not, always thinking and imagining that every thing that befell him must be an adventure, and adventures upon adventures. Therefore he answered the hidalgo: "Preparation is half the battle; nothing is lost by being upon one's guard; for I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when nor from what quarter, nor at what time nor in what shape, they will encounter me." Turning about, he then demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it without minding what was in it, and clapped it hastily upon his head: but as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of Don Quixote; at which he was so startled, that he said





to Sancho: "What can this mean, Sancho? Methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot. If I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear. Yet do I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have any thing to wipe withal, give it me, for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes." Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and thanked Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that so over-cooled his head. When he saw some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and, smelling them: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso!" cried he, "they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire!" Sancho answered with great phlegm and dissimulation: "If they are curds give me them to eat; or rather may the devil eat them for me, for it must be he that put them there. What! I offer to foul your worship's helmet! In faith, Sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have also enchanters who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship. I warrant they have put that dirt there in order to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides, as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds nor cream, nor any thing like it, and that if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet."—"It may be so," said Don Quixote. All this the hidalgo saw, and saw with astonishment, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard and helmet, clapping it on, and fixing himself firm on his stirrups, half-drawing his sword and grasping his lance, cried: "Now, come what will, here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time, the car with the flags was come up. Nobody was with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore part. Don Quixote planted himself right in front of them, and said: "Whither go ye, brethren? What car is this? What have you in it, and what banners are those?" The carter answered: "The car is mine; in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty, and the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his."—"And are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man upon the fore part of the car, "that larger never came from Africa into Spain. I am the keeper of the lions, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these. They are a male and a female; the lion is in the first cage, the lioness in that behind, and at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day. Therefore, Sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them." At this Don Quixote smiled a little, and said: "To me your lion-whelps! your lion-whelps to me! and at this time of day? By the living God! the necromancers who sent them hither shall see if I be a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend; and, since you are their keeper, open the cages and turn out those beasts. In the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me."—"Very well," said the hidalgo to himself, "our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is. Doubtless the curds have softened his skull and ripened his brains." At this juncture Sancho came to him: "For God's sake, Sir," cried he, "order it so that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions. If he does, they will tear us all to pieces."—"What then, is your master really so mad," answered the hidalgo, "that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals?"—"He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but daring."—"I will make him desist," replied the hidalgo. And, going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said: "Sir, knights-errant should undertake adventures which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate. The valour which borders too near upon the confines of rashness has in it more of madness than fortitude; besides, these lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing. They are going to be presented to his majesty; and it is not proper to detain them or hinder their journey."—"Signor hidalgo," answered Don Quixote; "go hence; mind your decoy-partridge and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me or not." And turning to the keeper, he added: "I vow to God, Don rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car."

The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said: "Good Sir, for charity's sake be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger before the lions are let loose. Should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules."—"O man of little faith!" answered Don Quixote, "alight and unyoke your beasts, and do what you will; but you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble." The carter alighted, and unyoked his mules in great haste, while the keeper said aloud: "Bear witness all here present, that against my will and by compulsion I open the cages and let loose the lions;

I protest to this gentleman that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above. Pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open: for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt."

Again the hidalgo pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote merely replied that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him to consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. "Nay, Sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison with which that of the windmills, the fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers, and in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, Sir," said Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it. I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion; and I guess by it that the lion to whom such a claw belongs is bigger than a mountain."—"However it be," answered Don Quixote, "fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me. If I die here, you know our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea, and I say no more." To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design.

The man in the green gaban would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman, for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points. The latter hastening the keeper and reiterating his menaces, the hidalgo took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to his donkey, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions; he cursed his hard fortune, he cursed the unlucky hour that it came into his head to serve him again; but, for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his donkey to get far enough from the car.

The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, as all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste. Whilst the keeper was opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback, and at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rocinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; then, marching slowly, with an intrepid and undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Be it known, that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, falls into exclamations, and cries out: "O strenuous, and beyond all expression, courageous Don Quixote de la Mancha! thou mirror, wherein all the valiant ones of the world may behold themselves! thou second Don Manuel Poncia de Leon, who was the glory and honour of the Spanish knights! with what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit? by what arguments shall I render it credible to succeeding ages? or what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, do not fit and become thee? thou, alone, and on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that not one of those trenchant blades marked with a little dog[405], in one hand, and in the other a shield, not of the brightest and most shining steel, standest calmly, expecting two of the fiercest lions that the forest of Africa ever bred. Ah! let thy own deeds praise thee, valorous Manchegan; for here I must leave off for want of words whereby to enhance them."

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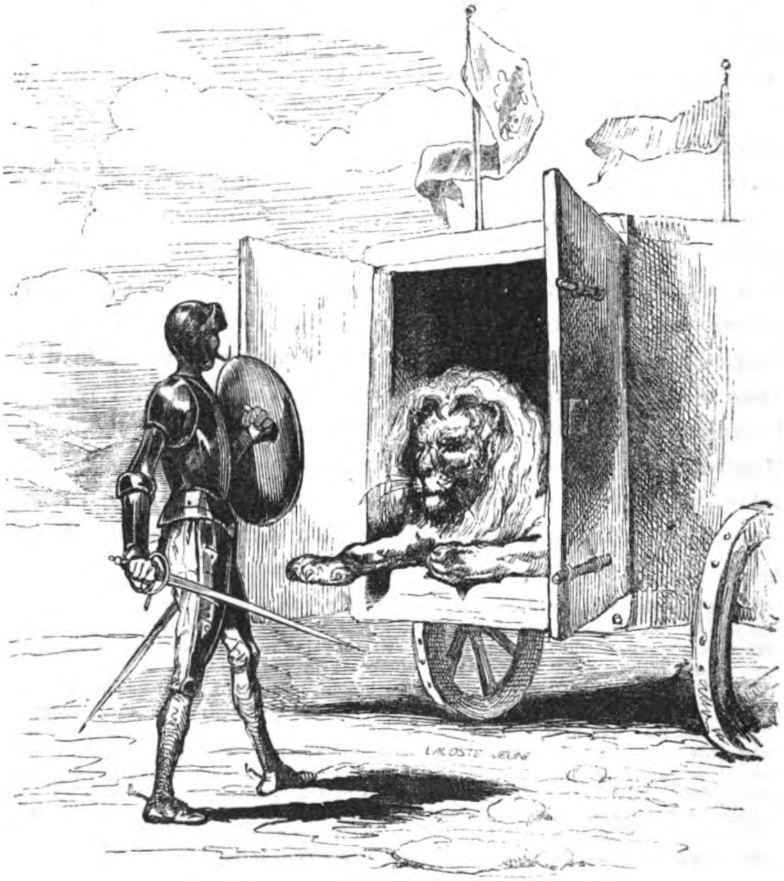
[405] The swords made by Julian del Rey, a celebrated armourer of Toledo, and a Moor by birth, were called *little dog swords* (*espadas del Perrillo*), because the blades of them were impressed with the figure of a little dog. These weapons were short and broad in the blade. Since the conquest of Toledo by the Spaniards over the Arabs (1085), this city was for several centuries the best manufactory in Christendom for all arms but fire arms. Besides Julian del Rey, it was the residence of Antonio, Cuellar, Sahagun and his three sons, and a crowd of other armourers, whose names have been handed down to posterity. In 1617, Cristobal de Figuéroa, in his book intituled: *Plaza universal de ciencias y artes*, enumerated by name as many as eighteen celebrated sword cutlers established in the same town, and in the archives of the municipality, the marks or stamps (*cunos*) of ninety-nine armourers are still preserved. At the present day (1838) not a single armourer is to be found on the spot, and even the secret of the temper, which the Mozarabs communicated to the Spaniards, is lost.

Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history. When the keeper saw Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, he set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of extraordinary size, and of a hideous and



frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. He then gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face with half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides, with eyes of fire: a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces.

To such a pitch of extravagance had his incredible madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, showed his hinder part to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage. When Don Quixote saw this, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. "That I will not do," cried the keeper, "for should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor cavalier, with what is done; it is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; it is in his choice to come forth or not; since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shown. No brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe and expect him in the field; and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest."—"That is true," answered Don Quixote, "shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right truth, and true chivalry; so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop round the hidalgo. Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the white handkerchief; "May I be hanged," said he, "if my master has not vanquished the wild beast, since he calls to us." They all three halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote who made the signs. Part of their fear subsiding, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. Finally, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter: "Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey. And, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them."—"That I will with all my heart," answered Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? are they dead or alive?"

Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the best he could the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom, he said, the abashed lion durst not stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and, upon his representing to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, to make him come out by force, as he would have had him do whether he would or not, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. "What think you of this, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote; "can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune, but of courage and resolution they never can."

Sancho gave the gold crowns, the carter put his cattle to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. "If perchance his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who performed it, tell him THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS; for, from henceforward I resolve, that the title I have hitherto borne of *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, shall be changed, trucked, and altered to this. Herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when they had a mind, or whenever it served their turn[406]." That said, the car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and the man in the green gaban pursued their journey[407].

In all this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense. The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge, for, had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote's words and actions would have ceased, as knowing the nature of his madness. But knowing nothing of it, he sometimes thought him in his senses, and sometimes out of them, because what he spoke was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish. "What greater madness," said the bidalgo to himself, "can there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's self that enchanters have melted one's skull? what greater rashness, what greater extravagance, than to resolve to fight with lions?" Don

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[406] In like manner Amadis of Gaul, whom Don Quixote made his especial model, after styling himself *the Knight of the Lions*, called himself successively *the Red Knight*, *the Knight of the Firm Island*, *the Knight of the Green Sword*, *the Knight of the Dwarf*, and *the Grecian Knight.*

[407] The chivalric histories are full of combats between knights and lions. Palmerin d'Olive slew them *as if they had been lambs*, and his son Primaleon made equally short work with the monarch of the forest. Palmerin of England fought unaided two lions and two tigers; and when king Perion, Amadis of Gaul's father, wanted to attack a lion that seized a stag which he, Perion, was pursuing, he was obliged to alight from his horse, *which was terrified and refused to put forward.* It is related that, during the last war of Grenada, the Catholic kings having received from an African emir a present of several lions, the court ladies surveyed the animals within their arena from the height of a balcony. One of them, who *served* the celebrated Don Manuel Poncia, either wilfully or accidentally let fall her glove. Don Manuel instantly sprang into the arena sword in hand, and recovered his mistress's glove. It was on this occasion that Queen Isabella called him Don Manuel Poncia de *Leon*, which name his descendants have borne ever since: hence Cervantes calls Don Quixote *second Poncia de Leon.* This circumstance is related by several chroniclers, among others by Perez de Hita in one of his *romances* (*Guerras civiles de Granada*, cap. XVII).

¡ O el bravo Don Manuel,
Ponce de Leon llamado,
Aquei que sacará el guante,
Que por industria fue echado
Donde estaban los leones,
Y el lo sacó muy osado!

Quixote dispelled his reverie, and cut short his soliloquy, by saying: "Doubtless, Signor Don Diego de Miranda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman. And no wonder it should be so, for my actions indicate no less. Now for all that, I would have you know, that I am neither so mad nor so shallow as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists at some joyful tournaments, in sight of the ladies; a fine appearance makes the knight, when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull[408]; and a fine appearance likewise do those knights make, who, in military exercises, entertain and, if I may so say, do honour to their prince's court. But, above all these, a much finer appearance makes the knight-errant who, through deserts and solitudes, through cross-ways, through woods and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A knight-errant, I say, makes a finer appearance in the act of succouring a widow in a desert place, than a knight-courtier in addressing some damsel in a city. All cavaliers, moreover, have their proper and their peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies, let him adorn his prince's court with rich liveries, let him entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table, let him order jousts, let him manage tournaments[409], let him show himself great, liberal, magnificent, and above all a good Christian: in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty. But let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world, let him enter the most intricate labyrinths, let him at every step assail impossibilities, let him, in the wild, uncultivated deserts, brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the winter's frost, let not lions daunt him, spectres affright him, or dragons and andriaques terrify him; for in seeking these, encountering those, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being then my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession. Therefore to encounter these lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be most extravagant rashness. I very well know that fortitude is a virtue, placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness. But it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice. For, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal than for the covetous, so is it much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour. And, as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for 'such a knight is rash and daring' sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, than 'such a knight is timorous and cowardly.'"—"I affirm, SignorDon Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason, and I am convinced that if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late, to my village and house, that you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, the fatigue of which usually affects the body too."—"I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote. Spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called the *Knight of the Green Gaban.*

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[408] In Spain, before bull-fights were abandoned for hired gladiators, they were for a long time the favourite exercise of the nobility, and the most elegant pastime of the court. Mention of them is made in the Latin chronicle of Alphonso VII., in which are described the festivals given in Leon, in the year 1144, in honour of the marriage of the Infanta Donna Urraca to Don Garcia, King of Navarre: *Alii, latratu canum provocatis tauris protento venabulo occidebant.* Later, the custom becoming general, regulations for these encounters were established, and many gentlemen acquired great fame by their prowess in the arena. Don Luis Zapata, in a curious chapter of his *Miscelanea* intituled *de toros y toreros*, states that Charles V. himself fought *a large black bull called Mahomet*, at Valadolid, in the presence of the empress and the ladies of the court. Accidents were of very frequent occurrence, and human blood very often stained the arena. The chroniclers are full of tragic narrations of encounters with bulls, and it will suffice to quote father Pedro Guzman on the subject, who says in his work *Bienes del honesto trabajo* (discurso v.) . . . . . . "It is asserted that, one year with another, there annually die in Spain, of wounds received in these exercises, between two and three hundred persons. . . . ." But remonstrances from the Cortès, anathemas from the Holy Office, and the temptations of prohibitions made by royal authority, have all been alike unable even to cool the mad infatuation of the Spaniards in favour of bull-fights.

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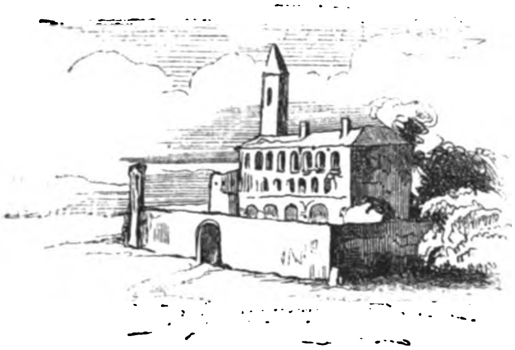
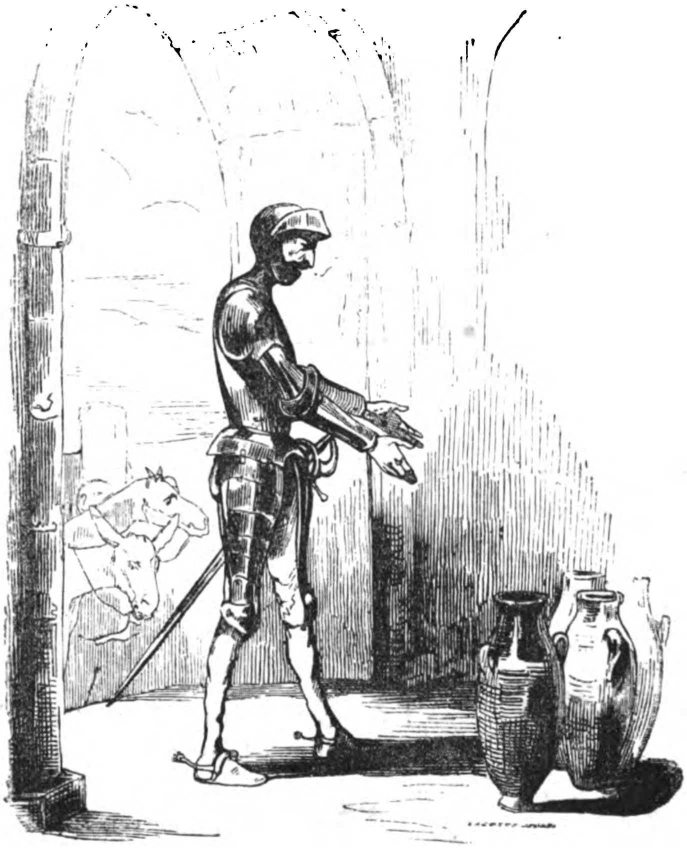
[409] The difference between jousts (*justas*), and tournaments (*torneos*), is that in jousts, the combat was between *two combatants only*, and in tournaments, *two parties of eight each*. Jousts, moreover, were always fought on horseback, and the only weapon used was the lance. However, under the general name of tournaments was included every description of chivalric combat.



CHAPTER XVIII.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN GABAN, WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANT MATTERS.

DON QUIXOTE found that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country-fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it. The earthen wine-jars being of the ware of Toboso, they renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; and, without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried aloud: "O sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow! sweet and joyous when



Heaven would have it so[410]! O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness!" These exclamations were overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him; and both mother and son were astonished at the strange figure of Don Quixote. The latter, alighting from Rocinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands, and Don Diego said: "Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I now present to you, a knight-errant by profession, and the most valiant and discreet person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Cristina, received him with tokens of much affection and civility, and Don Quixote returned them in courteous and elegant expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom, by his talk, Don Quixote took to be a witty and acute person.

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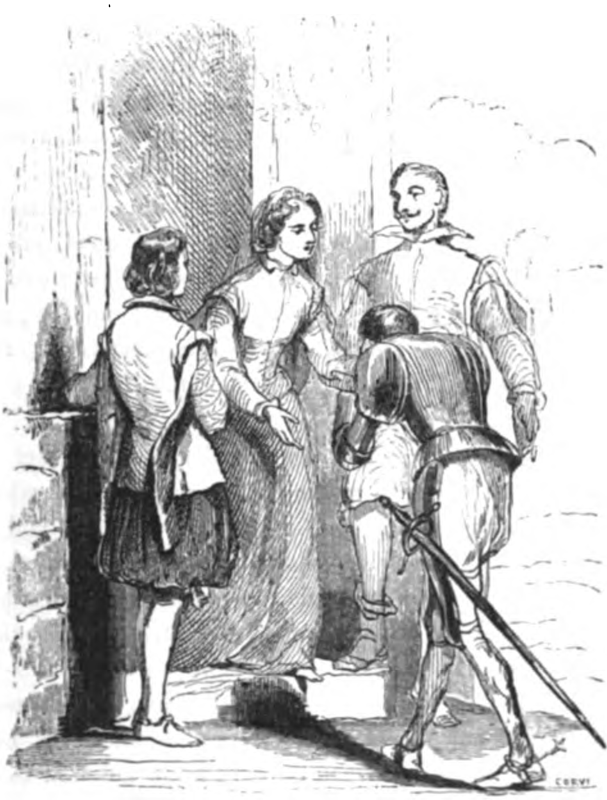
[410] Cervantes here puts into Don Quixote's mouth two popular lines which commence Garcilaso de la Vega's tenth sonnet:

¡ O dulces prendas, por mi mal halladas!
Dulces y alegres cuando Dios queria.

These verses are imitated from Virgil. (Æn. lib. IV.)

Dulces exuviæ, dum fata deusque sinebant.



Here the author of this history sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a rich country gentleman. But the translator thought fit to pass over in silence these minute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a hall, where Sancho unarmed him, and he remained in his wide walloon breeches and chamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour. His band was of the college cut, without starch, and without lace; his buskins were date-coloured and his shoes waxed. He passed over his shoulder his trusty sword, which hung at a shoulder-belt made of sea-wolf's skin, and which he did not girt round his body, because, it is thought, he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins. Over these he wore a short mantle of good grey cloth. But first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there is some difference as to the number) he washed his head and face, and the last kettleful continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony and the purchase of the fatal curds that had made his master so white and clean.

With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall where the student was waiting to entertain them till the cloth was laid, for the lady Donna Cristina resolved to show, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had leisure to say to his father: "Pray Sir, who is this gentleman you have brought us home? His name, his figure, and you telling us he is a knight-errant, hold my mother and me in great suspense."—"I know not how to answer you, my son," replied Don Diego. "I can only tell you that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously that his words contradict and undo all his actions. But talk to him yourself, feel the pulse of his understanding, and, since you have discernment enough, judge of his discretion or distraction as you shall find, though, to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad than otherwise."

After that Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said, and among other discourses which passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, Sir, has given me some account of your rare abilities and refined judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet."—"A poet, perhaps, I may be," replied Don Lorenzo; "but a great one, not even in thought. True it is I am somewhat fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but I in no wise therefore merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me."—"I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote; "for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world."—"There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo, "such an one there may be who is really a poet and does not think it."—"Very few," answered Don Quixote; "but please to tell me, Sir, what verses are those you have now in hand, which your father says make you so uneasy and thoughtful. If it be some gloss, I know somewhat of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see it. If they are designed for a literary joust[411], endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour or by the great quality of the person, while the second is bestowed according to merit, so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But for all that, the name of first makes a great figure."—"So far," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot judge you to be mad; let us proceed.—Your worship, I presume," he added aloud, "has frequented the schools. What sciences have you studied?"—"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote,

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[411] Literary jousts were still very much in vogue in Cervantes' time; the author himself, when he was at Seville, carried off the first prize at the literary contest opened at Saragossa on occasion of the canonization of Saint Hyacinth, and competed also, towards the close of his life, at the joust instituted for an eulogy of Saint Theresa. There arose, on the death of Lope de Vega, a joust of this kind to eulogize his genius, and the best pieces produced by that competition were collected under the title of *Fama postuma*.—Cristoval Suarez de Figuéroa says, in his *Pasagero* (*Alivio* 3): "At a joust which recently took place in honour of Saint Antony of Padua, five thousand pieces of poetry were contributed to compete the palm; so that after carpeting the nave and cloisters of the church with the most elegant of these compositions, there remained enough to carpet in the same manner a hundred other monasteries."

"which is as good as poetry, and even two little fingers' breadth beyond it."—"I know not what science that is," replied Don Lorenzo, "and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge."—"It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which includes in it all or most of the other sciences of the world. In effect, he who professes it must be a lawyer, and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give every one that which is proper for him. He must be a theologian, in order to be able to give a reason for the Christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, in order to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples which have the virtue of curing wounds, for the knight-errant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, in order to know by the stars what is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must understand mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them; and, setting aside, as being well understood, that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I descend to some other minute particulars, and I say that he must know how to swim, like the fish Nicolas[412]. He must know how to shoe a horse, how to keep the saddle and bridle in repair; and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate[413]; he must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly, a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost his life to defend it. Of all these great and small parts a good knight-errant is composed; consider then, Signor Don Lorenzo, whether that be a contemptible science, which the knight who professes it learns and studies, and whether it may not be placed on a level with the stateliest of all those which are taught in the colleges and schools."—"If it be so," replied Don Lorenzo, "I maintain that this science is preferable to all others."—"How! if it be so?" answered Don Quixote. "What I mean, Sir," said Don Lorenzo, "is that I question whether there ever have been, or now are in being, any knights-errant, and especially adorned with so many virtues."—"I have often said," answered Don Quixote, "what I now repeat, namely, that the greatest part of the world, are of opinion there never were any knights-errant; and, as I am of opinion that if Heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been and are such now, whatever pains are taken will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so universal. What I intend, is to beg of Heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary knights-errant were in times past, and how beneficial they would be at the present day, were they again in fashion. But now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury triumph."—"Our guest has broken loose," said Don Lorenzo to himself; "but still he is a remarkable madman, and I should be a weak fool if I did not believe so."

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[412] In Spanish *el pege Nicolas*, in Italian *Pesce Cola*. This is the name that was given to a famous swimmer of the fifteenth century, a native of Catania, in Sicily. It is said that he passed his life in the water rather than on land, and at last perished in attempting to recover, from the bottom of the Gulph of Messina, a golden cup which had been thrown there by Don Fadrique, King of Naples. His history is very popular in Italy and Spain; but it is, notwithstanding, less singular than that of a man named Francisco de la Vega Casar, born in 1660, in the village of Lierganès, near Santander. Father Feijoo, who was a contemporary of the event, relates, in two different works (*Teatro Critico* and *Cartas*), that this man passed many years in the deep sea; that certain fishermen of the bay of Cadiz took him in their nets: that he was transported to his own country; finally, that after a while he again returned to his favourite element and was never heard of more.

[413] *Nemo dulpici potest amore ligari*, says one of the canons of the *Statute of Love*, cited by André, chaplain to the court of France, in the thirteenth century, in his book *de Arte amandi* (cap. XIII.)

Here their discourse ended, for they were called to dinner. Don Diego asked his son what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. "I defy," answered the young man, "the ablest doctors and best penmen in the world ever to extricate him from the rough drafts of his madness. His distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals."

To dinner they went, and the dinner was such as Don Diego had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury. But that which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians. After the cloth had been removed, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verse designed for the literary joust. The student answered: "That I may not be like those poets who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and when not asked, pour them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy."—"A friend of mine, a very ingenious person," answered Don Quixote, "was of opinion that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses. The reason, he said, was because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the author; besides the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations; nor *said hes* nor *shall I says;* they do not permit the making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know."—"Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin; but I cannot, for you slip through my fingers like an eel."—"I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "what you mean by slipping through your fingers."—"I will let you know another time," replied Don Lorenzo; "at present, give attention to the text and gloss, which are as follows:—

"Could I the joyous moments past
Recall, and say what was now is,
Or to succeeding moments haste,
And now enjoy the future bliss[414].

THE GLOSS.

"As all things fleet and die away,
And day at length is lost in night,
My blessings would no longer stay,
But take their everlasting flight.

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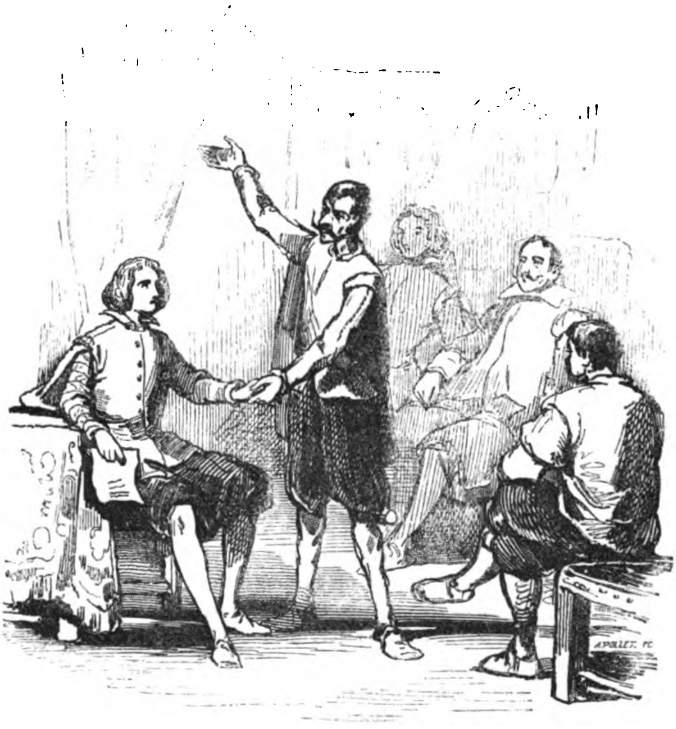
[414] The *gloss*, a kind of jeu d'esprit in the taste of acrostics, of which Cervantes gives an example and explains the rules by Don Quixote, was, according to Lope de Vega, a *very ancient composition, peculiar to Spain and unknown in other nations.* In effect, there is an immense quantity of them in the *Cancionero general*, which goes as far as the fifteenth century. Difficult verses were always proposed as a subject for the gloss, not only difficult to be placed at the end of the strophes, but difficult to be clearly understood.

O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,
To supplicate thy deity:
Inconstant goddess, frown no more,
Make me but happy now at last;
No more I'd curse thy fickle pow'r
Could I recal the moments past.

"No other conquest I implore,
No other palm my brow to grace,
Content ('tis all I ask) restore,
And give me back my mind's lost peace.
Past joys enhance the present pain,
And sad remembrance is our bane.
O, would at length relenting fate
Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,
How should I hug the charming state,
And joyful say *what was now is!*

"Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,
Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing;
Revolving time no mortal pow'r
Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.
Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies;
The present hour for ever dies.
In vain we ask futurity;
In vain we would recal the past;
We cannot from the present fly,
Nor *to succeeding moments haste.*

"Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,
I feel variety of pain;
But death can ease a wretch's cares,
And surely death to me is gain.
Again my erring judgment strays
From sober reason's juster ways;
Convinced by her unerring voice,
Another life must follow this,
I make the present woes my choice,
Rather than forfeit *future bliss.*"



When Don Lorenzo had made an end of reading his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and holding him fast by the hand, cried out, in a voice so loud that it resembled that of a boatswain in a squall: "By the highest Heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, not of Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom God forgive[415], but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that now subsist of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges who shall deprive you of the first prize may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors! Be pleased, Sir, to repeat some other of your verses in the higher walks of poetry, for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius[416]."

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[415] In this phrase there is a satirical remark launched against some poet of the day; but we have been unable to discover against whom.

Is it necessary to say that Don Lorenzo was delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O power of flattery! how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

"The nymph who Pyramus with love inspir'd,
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fir'd.
Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

"Here vocal silence mutual vows conveys,
And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays.
Though chain'd by fear, their voices dare not pass,
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

"Ah! woful story of disastrous love!
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!
One death, one grave, unites the faithful pair,
And in one common fame their memories share!"

"Heaven be thanked," said Don Quixote, when he had heard to an end Don Lorenzo's sonnet; "among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have never met with one so consummate as the construction of your worship's sonnet shows you to be."

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house. At the end of that time he begged leave to be gone. "I thank you heartily," he said to his host, "for the favour and kind entertainment I have received in your house; but as it ill becomes knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, I must now go, in compliance with the duty of my function, in quest of adventures, wherewith I am informed these parts abound. I design to employ the time hereabouts till the day of the jousts at Saragossa, at which I intend to be present. But in the first place I propose to visit the cavern of Montesinos, of which people relate so many and such wonderful things all over this district; I will at the same time endeavour to discover the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruidera." Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of theirs, for he was heartily welcome to it, his worthy person and noble profession obliging them to make this offer.

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[416] Doubtless Cervantes here meant to hold up the exaggeration so prevalent with praisers, for it is not credible that he seriously meant to confer on himself such emphatic eulogia. He did himself better justice in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, when he said to himself: "I who watch and work unceasingly in order to acquire the appearance of having that goodly gift of poetry which Heaven has not thought fit to bestow on me. . . . . . ."

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous for Don Quixote as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Diego's house wondrous well, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill provided wallets. However he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary. When Don Quixote took leave of Don Lorenzo, he said: "I know not whether I have told you before, and if I have, I tell you again, that whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, you have no more to do but to leave on one side the somewhat narrow path of poetry and follow the very narrow path of knight-errantry. The latter is sufficient to make you an emperor before you can say 'Give me those straws.'"

With these expressions, Don Quixote did, as it were, finish and shut up the process of his madness, and especially with what he added: "God knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Signor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty[417], virtues annexed to the function I profess. But since his youth does not require it, nor his laudable exercises permit it, I content myself with giving your worship one piece of advice: it is, if you would become a famous poet, that you follow the opinion and judgment of other men rather than your own. No fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is still stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind."

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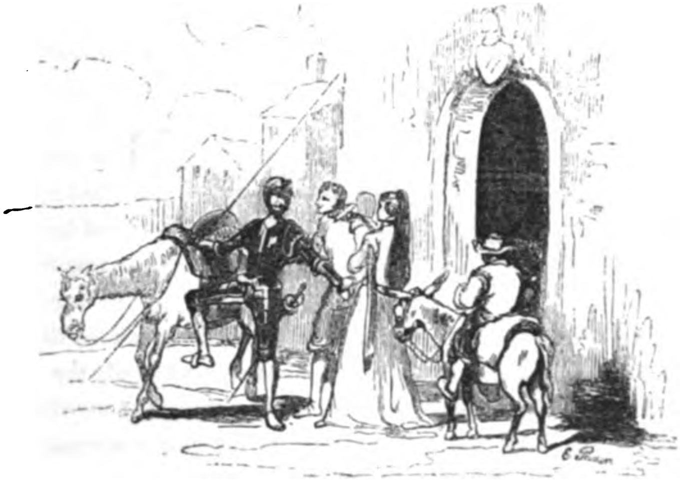
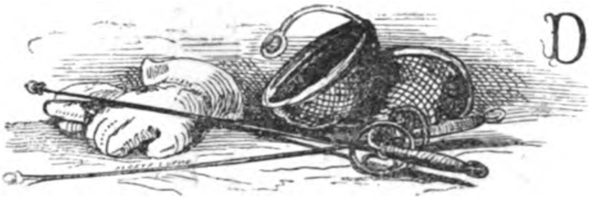
[417] Don Quixote here applies to knights-errant the *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* which Virgil attributed to the Roman people.

The father and son wondered afresh at the intermixed discourses of Don Quixote, sometimes wise, sometimes wild, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his unlucky adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and with the gracious permission of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rocinante, and Sancho upon his donkey.

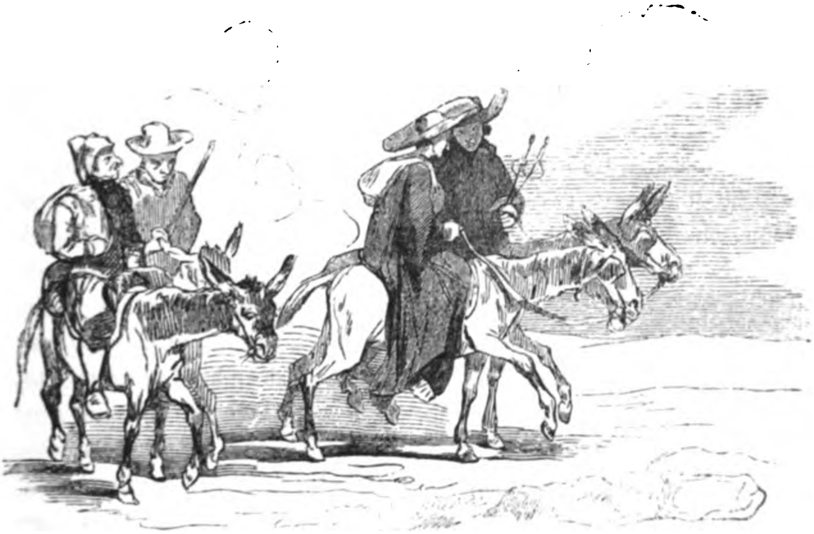


CHAPTER XIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER TRULY PLEASANT ACCIDENTS



DON QUIXOTE had journeyed but a little way from Don Diego's house, when he overtook two ecclesiastics or scholars, and two country fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in green buckram, like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pairs of thread stockings; the other carried nothing but a new pair of black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which they seemed to be bringing from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the



scholars and countrymen fell into the same wonder that all others did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, when he learned that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company, desiring them to slacken their pace; for their asses outwent his horse. To prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and that his employment and profession were those of a knight-errant, going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He added that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative the *Knight of the Lions*. All this, to the countrymen, was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull; nevertheless, they looked upon him with surprise and respect, and one of them said: "If your worship, Sir Knight, be not determined to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, come along with us, and you will see one of the greatest and richest weddings that to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha or in many leagues round about." Don Quixote asked if it were that of some prince, that he extolled it so much. "No," answered the scholar, "only of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he, the wealthiest of all this country, and she, the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village where the bride lives, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the Fair. The bridegroom is called Camacho the Rich. She is of the age of eighteen, and he of two-and-twenty; both equally matched, though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria the Fair has the advantage of that of Camacho. But now a-days that is little regarded; riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In effect, this same Camacho is generous; he has taken it into his head to make a kind of arbour, to cover the whole meadow overhead, in such manner that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the green grass with which the ground is covered. He will also have dances, both with swords and little bells[418], for there are some people in his village who jingle and clatter them extremely well. I will say nothing of the shoe-dancers[419], so great is the number of them invited. But nothing, of all that I have repeated or omitted, is like to make this wedding so remarkable as what I believe the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion. This Basilius is a neighbouring swain of the same village with Quiteria, where his house joins that of Quiteria's parents; there being nothing but a wall between them. Cupid took hence occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilius fell in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours; insomuch that the loves of the two children Basilius and Quiteria became the common talk of the village.

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[418] By *sword-dances* (*danzas de espadas*), were meant certain evolutions performed by parties of eight men, dressed in white cloth and armed with naked swords, to the sound of music.—*Little bell-dances* (*danzas de cascabel menudo*) were danced by men wearing collars of little bells on the upper parts of their legs, the noise of the bells accompanying their steps. These two dances are very ancient in Spain.

[419] *Shoe-dancers* (*zapateadores*) was the name given to those who performed a certain village-dance in which they kept time and measure by striking their shoes with the palms of their hands.

When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he purposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune as of nature; for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know, a great pitcher of the bar, an extremely good wrestler, and a great cricket-player. He runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at nine-pins as if he did it by witchcraft. For the rest, he sings like a lark, touches a guitar so that he makes it speak, and, above all, he handles the small sword like the most accomplished fencer."—"For this excellence alone," cried Don Quixote, "this youth deserves to marry, not only the fair Quiteria, but queen Genevra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all opposers."—"To my wife with that," interrupted Sancho, who had been hitherto silent and listening, "who will have every body marry their equal, according to the proverb which says: 'Every sheep to its like(30).' What I would have, is that this honest Basilius, for whom I begin to feel a liking, should marry this same lady Quiteria, and Heaven send them good luck, and God's curse on those who would hinder people that love each other from marrying."—"If all who love each other were to be married," said Don Quixote, "it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are who would choose their father's servant, and others, some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion genteel and well-made, though he were a beaten bully. Love easily blinds the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life. That of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake; there is need of great tact and the particular favour of Heaven to make it hit right. A person has a mind to take a long journey; if he be wise, before he set forward, he will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. Why should not he do the like who undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and everywhere else, as the wife is with the husband? The lawful wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, may be exchanged, swapped or returned: she is an inseparable appendage, which lasts as long as life itself; she is a noose which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know whether the Signor licentiate has any thing more to say concerning the history of Basilius."—"I have no more to say," answered the scholar, bachelor or licentiate as Don Quixote had called him, "but, that from the day Basilius heard that Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, nor to speak coherently, and is always pensive and sad, talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He eats and sleeps but little; what he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps, it is in the fields upon the hard ground, like a brute. From time to time he throws his eyes up to Heaven, and at other times fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction that he seems to be nothing but a statue clothed, whose drapery is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart that we all take it for granted that Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal *yes* to-morrow will be the sentence of his death."—"Heaven will order it better," cried Sancho; "for God, that gives the wound, sends the cure. Nobody knows what is to come; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one single moment the house might fall down; I have often seen it rain and the sun shine at the same time; and such a one goes to bed sound at night and is not able to stir next morning. Tell me: can any body brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? no, certes; and between the yes and the no of a woman I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, for there would not be room enough for it. Grant me but that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bag-full of good fortune, for love, as I have heard say, looks through spectacles which make copper appear to be gold, poverty to be riches, and specks in the eyes pearls."—"What in God's name would you be at, cursed Sancho?" cried Don Quixote. "When you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can follow you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheels, or of anything else?"—"O!" replied Sancho, "if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense. But no matter, I understand myself, neither have I said so very many foolish things; only your worship is always cricketising my words and actions."—"Criticising, I suppose you would say," cried Don Quixote, "thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound!"—"Pray, Sir, be not so sharp upon me," answered Sancho. "You know I was not bred at court, that I have not studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to or take a letter from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect that the peasants of Sayago should speak like the citizens of Toledo[421]. Nay, there are Toledans who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely."—"It is even true," said the licentiate, "for how should they who are bred in the tanyards and shops of Zocodovor speak so well as they who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda; I say discerning, because a great many of them there are who are not so; and discernment is the grammar of good language, when accompanied by custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms."—"If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing these unlucky foils you carry than your tongue," said the other scholar, "you might, by this time, have been at the head of your class, instead of at the tail."—"Look you, bachelor," answered the licentiate, "you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant."—"With me, it is not merely an opinion, it is an acknowledged truth," replied Corchuelo, "and, if you have a mind I should convince you by experience, a good opportunity presents itself; you carry foils, I have nerves and strength that, backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, make use of your measured steps, your circles, your angles, and of all your science; I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day, with my modern and rustic dexterity, in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn who shall make me turn my back, and that there is nobody in the world whom I will not oblige to give ground."—"As to turning the back or not, I meddle not with it," replied the adept; "but it may happen that, in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened; I mean that you may be left dead there for despising the noble science of defence."—"We shall see that presently," answered Corchuelo. And, jumping hastily from his beast, he snatched one of the foils which the licentiate carried upon his ass. "It must not be so," cried Don Quixote; "I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long controverted question." Alighting from Rocinante, and grasping his lance, he then planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of body and measured step, was making toward Corchuelo, who came to meet him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes. The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high strokes, back strokes, and fore strokes, were numberless and thicker than hail. The bachelor fell to like an enraged lion; but he met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags like polypus-tails[122]. Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him that, through despite, choler, and rage, he flung away the foil into the air, with such force that it fell nearly three quarters of a league off. The truth of this is confirmed by the written testimonial of one of the country-fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, which affidavit ought to be sufficient to prove that skill goes farther that strength.

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(30) *Cada oveja con su pareja.* *Pareja* means *the half of a pair.*

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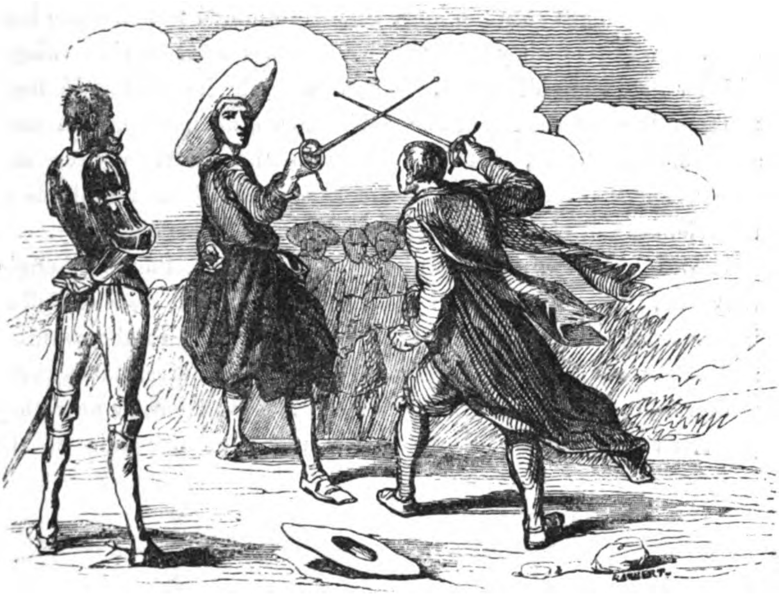
[421] *Tierra de Sayago* is the name of a district in the province of Zamora, in which the inhabitants wear only a coarse cloth sayon (*sayo*), and where the language is on a par with the costume.—Alphonso the Wise had ordained that, when a dispute arose about the pronunciation or signification of any Castilian word, it should be referred to Toledo, *as the standard of the Spanish language.*



Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho, going to him, said: "In faith, master bachelor, if you will take my advice, henceforward you will challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that. I have heard say of these masters that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle."—"I am satisfied," answered Corchuelo, "and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed." Thereupon he arose and embraced the licentiate, and they were then better friends than before. Being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellences of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, with so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo was entirely cured of his obstinacy.

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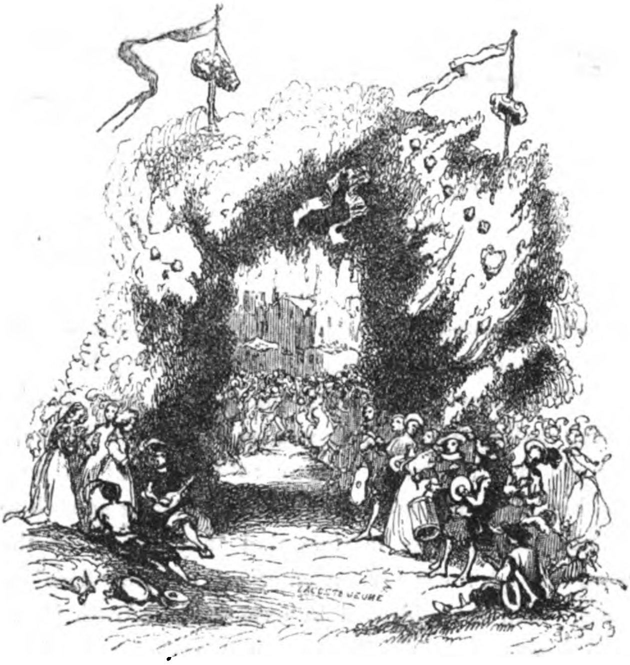
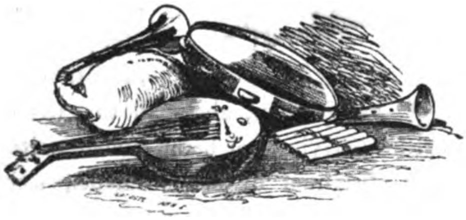
[122] *Hecho rabos de pulpo*, is a proverbial expression applied to torn clothes.

It was just night-fall; and, before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a kind of Heaven, full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambarines, psalteries, cymbals, little drums and bells. As they drew near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour made on one side of the entrance into the town all hung with lights, which were not



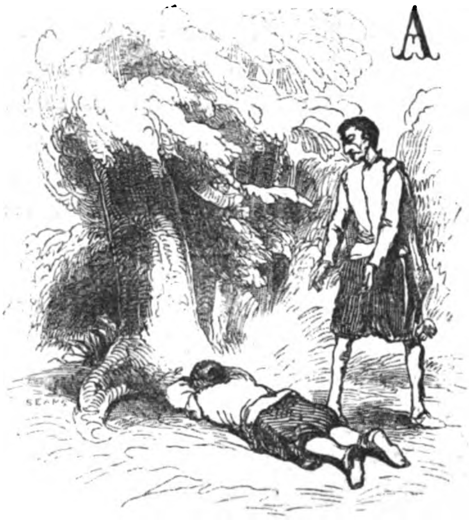
disturbed by the wind; for it was so calm that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir even the leaves of the trees. The life and spirit of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments aforesaid. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled through the meadow. Several others were busied about raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators, next day, of the plays and dances that were to be performed in that place, dedicated to the solemnizing the nuptials of the rich Camacho and the obsequies of Basilius.

Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the bachelor invited him. He pleaded as an excuse, and in his opinion a very sufficient one, that it was the custom of kinghts-errant to sleep in the fields and forests rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs. Therefore he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the castle or house of Don Diego.



CHAPTER XX.

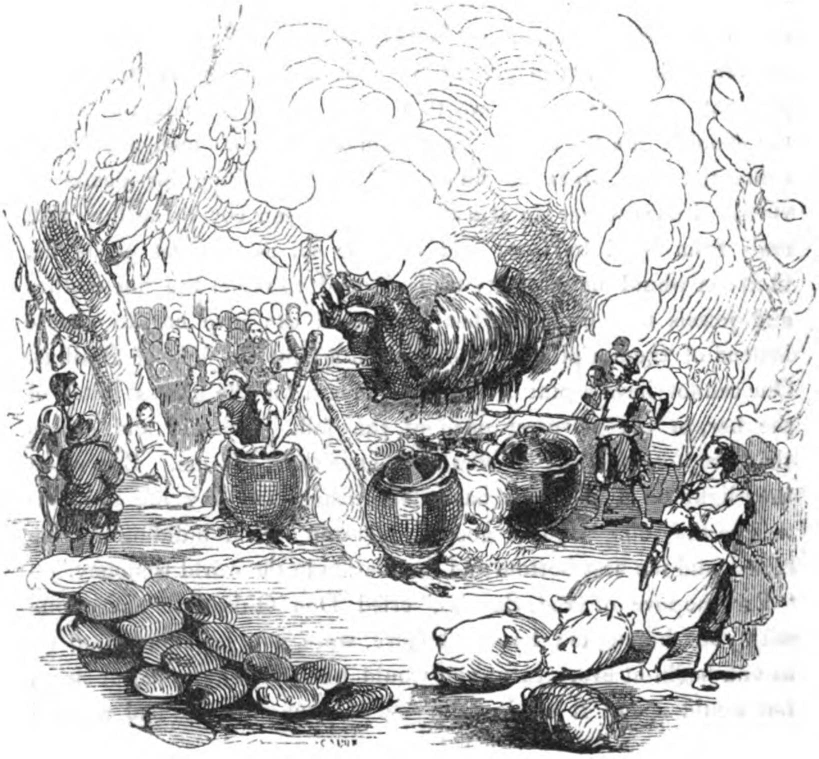
GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH, WITH THE ADVENTURE OF BASILIUS THE POOR.



ALMOST before the fair Aurora had given bright Phœbus room with the heat of his warm rays to dry up the liquid pearls on his golden hair, Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho, who still lay snoring. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said, before he awakened him: "O happy thou, above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying nor being envied, neither persecuted by enchanters nor affrighted by enchantments, sleep on, I say and will say a hundred times more, sleep on; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings; no anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee; nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow to provide for thyself and thy poor family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee, since thy desires extend not beyond the care of thine ass; for that of thy person is laid upon my shoulders, a counterbalance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him kindness. The pain of seeing the obdurate Heaven refuse convenient dews to refresh the earth afflicts not the servant, but the master who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him who served him in times of fertility and abundance."

To all this Sancho answered not a word, for he was asleep; nor would he have awakened so soon as he did, had not Don Quixote jogged him with the butt end of his lance. At last he awoke, drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, he said: "From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon than of thyme or rushes. By my faith, weddings that begin thus savourily must needs be liberal and abundant."—"Silence, glutton," said Don Quixote; "and let us hasten to assist at this wedding, and to see what becomes of the disdained Basilius."—"Marry, let what will become of him," answered Sancho, "he cannot be poor and marry Quiteria. A pleasant fancy for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, Sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for pearls on vines. I dare wager an arm that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot; and if it be so, as it must needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride indeed to reject the fine clothes and jewels that Camacho has given and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar and a feint at foils of Basilius. One cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil. Abilities and graces that are not vendible, let who will have them for me. But when they light on a man that has wherewithal, may my life show as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money."—"For the love of God, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "have done with your harangue; I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin at every turn, you would have no time to eat or sleep, but would spend it all in talk."—"If your worship had a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we sallied from home this last time. One of them was that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not any thing against my neighbour, or against your worship's authority; and hitherto I think I have not broken that capitulation." —"I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, though it were so, it is my pleasure you hold your peace and come along; for the musical instruments we heard last night are beginning again to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, rather than in the heat of the day."

Sancho did as his master commanded him, and saddling Rocinante and pannelling his donkey, they both mounted, and slowly entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm; the fire by



which it was roasting being composed of a little mountain of wood. Round it were placed six pots, not cast in common mould, for they were wine-jars[423], each containing a whole shamble of flesh. Entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the cauldrons, were without number. Immense quantities of wild fowl and venison were hanging about the trees, that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted about threescore skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat on a threshing floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall, and two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of fritters and pancakes, which were pulled out with two stout peels, when fried, and dipped in another kettle of prepared honey that stood by. The men and women cooks were in number above fifty; all clean, all diligent, all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were a dozen sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed not to have been bought by the pound, but by the hundred-weight, and stood free for every body in an enormous open chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was rustic, but in such plenty that it was sufficient to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with every thing. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pôts, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin: then the wine-skins drew his affections, and lastly the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous cauldrons may be so called. At last, not being able to forbear any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a junk of bread in one of the pots.

"Brother," answered the cook, "to day is none of those days over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho. Alight, and see if you can find a ladle anywhere; you may skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you."—"I see no ladle," answered Sancho. "Stay," said the cook; "God forgive me, what a poor helpless fellow you must be!" So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and, soucing it into one of the jars, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese. "Eat, friend," said he to Sancho, "and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner time."—"I have nothing to put it in," answered Sancho.

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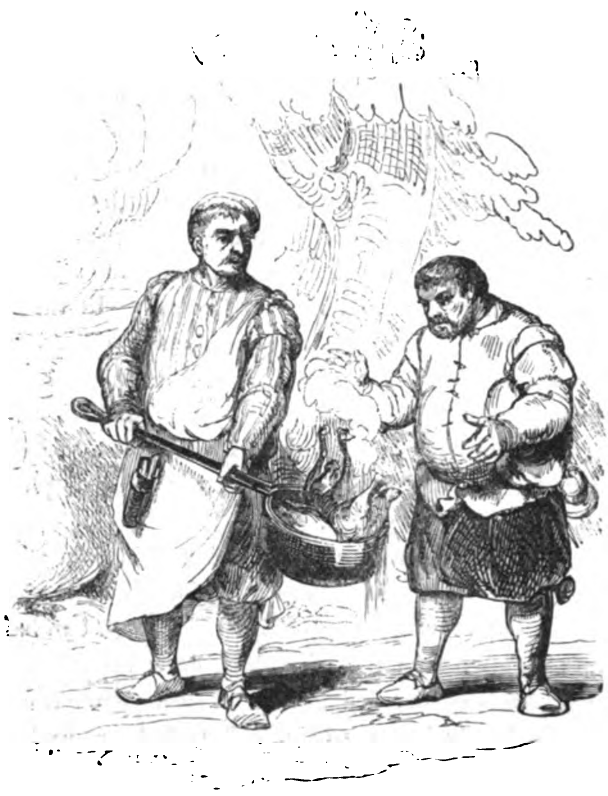
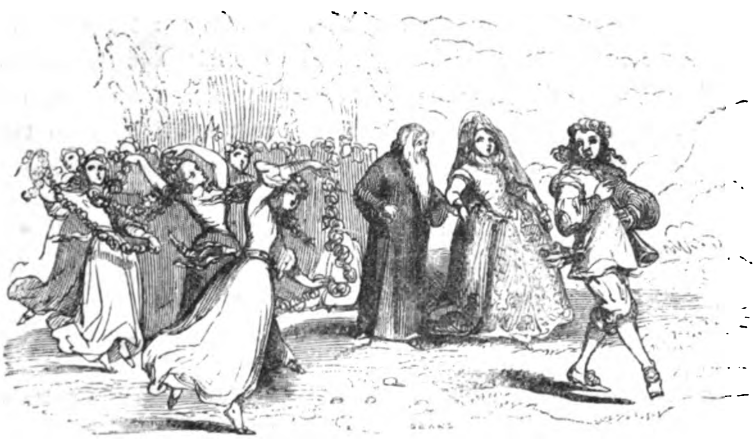
[423] *Tinajas*, a kind of large earthen jar which is used, in La Mancha, to hold wine, instead of casks.



"Then take ladle and all," added the cook; "the riches and felicity of Camacho supply every thing."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing a dozen countrymen enter one side of the spacious arbour, all upon as many beautiful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and their furniture hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and, in a troop, ran sundry well-ordered careers about the meadow, with a joyful cry of, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the world!" When Don Quixote heard the joyous exclamations: "It is plain," said he to himself, "that these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for had they seen her, they would have been a little more sparing in their praises of this Quiteria." A little while after there entered at divers parts of the arbour a great many different groups of dancers, among which was one consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers, handsome sprightly young men, all arrayed in fine linen, with handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk. One of those upon the mares asked a youth who led the sword-dance whether any of his comrades were wounded. "As yet, God be thanked," answered the youth, "nobody is hurt. We are all whole." With that he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dexterously, that Don Quixote, accustomed as he was to see such kinds of dances, confessed that he had never seen any that he had liked so well as that.

There was another dance which pleased him no less. It was danced by a dozen most beautiful damsels, none of whom appeared



to be under fourteen nor any quite eighteen years old. They were all clad in light green cloth, with their locks partly plaited and partly loose, and all so yellow that they might rival those of the sun itself; and in their hair they wore garlands of jessamine, roses and woodbine. This beautiful young bevy was led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and these young virgins, carrying modesty in their looks and lightness in their feet, approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these there entered an artificial dance, one of those called *speaking*-dances[424]. It was composed of eight nymphs divided into two files. The god Cupid led one file, and Interest the other; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the other appareled with rich and various colours of gold and silk. The nymphs, attendants on the god of love, had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in capital letters. *Poetry* was the title of the first; *Discretion* of the second; *Good Family* of the third, and *Valour* of the fourth. The followers of Interest were distinguished in the same manner. The title of the first was *Liberality*; *Donation* of the second; *Treasure* of the third, and that of the fourth, *Peaceable Possession.* Before them all came a wooden castle drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so to the life that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front, and on all the four sides of the machine, was written: *The Castle of Reserve.* Four skilful musicians played on the flute and tambarine. Cupid began the dance, and after two movements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood between the battlements of the castle, whom he addressed in this manner.

" I am the mighty God of Love;
  Air, earth, and sea my power obey:
O'er hell beneath, and Heaven above,
  I reign with universal sway.

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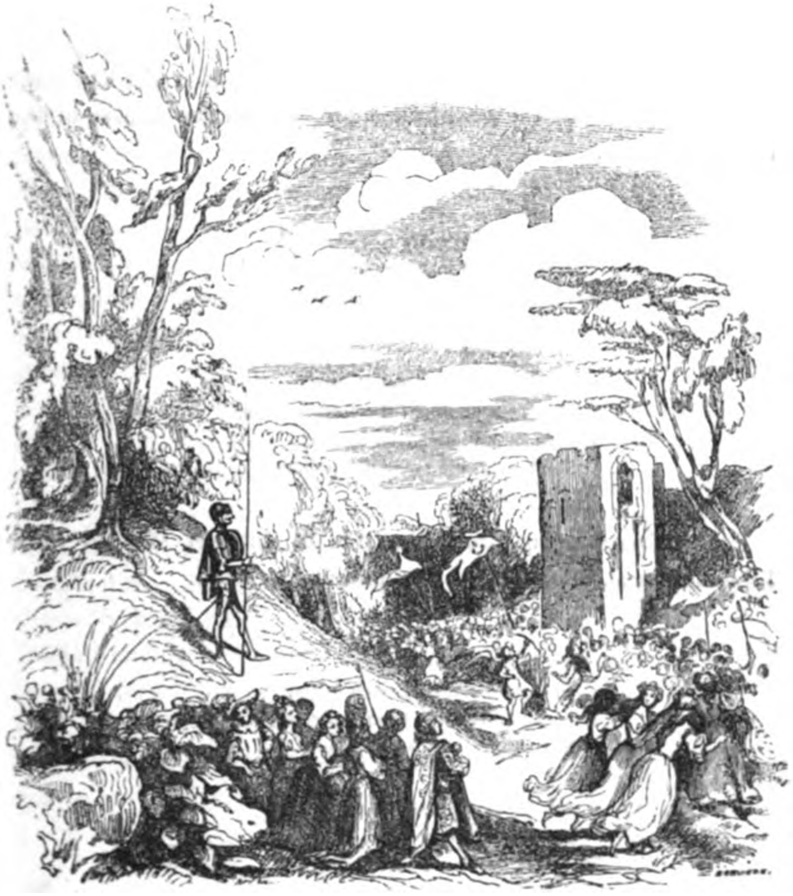
[424] *Speaking* dances (*danzas habladas*) were, as the description in the text explains, a kind of Pantomime, interspersed with dancing and singing or recitative.

"I give, resume, forbid, command,
My will is nature's general law;
No force arrests my powerful hand,
No fears my daring courage awe."

His stanzas finished, he let fly an arrow at the top of the castle, and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth; he made two other movements, and, the music having ceased, he said:



"Though Love's my motive and my end,
I boast a greater power than Love;
Who makes not Interest his sure friend,
In nothing will successful prove.

"By all adored, by all pursued;
Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,
And for thy gentle breast subdued,
With large amends shall Interest pay."

Interest having retired, Poetry advanced, and, after she had made her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

"My name is Poetry: my soul,
Wrapped up in verse, to thee I send;
Let gentle lays thy will control,
And be for once the Muses' friend.

"If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry
Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,
Envied by all, advanced by me,
Shall reach the circle of the moon."

Poetry disappearing, from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality, and, after making her movements, said:

"Me Liberality men call;
In me the happy golden mean,
Nor spendthrift-like to squander all,
Nor niggardly to save, is seen.

"But, for thy honour, I begin,
Fair nymph, a prodigal to prove;
To lavish here's a glorious sin,
For who'd a miser be in love?"

In this manner all the figures of the two parties advanced and retreated, and each made its movements and recited its verses, some elegant and some ridiculous; but Don Quixote, though he had a very good memory, treasured up the foregoing only. Presently they mixed altogether in a kind of country-dance, with a genteel grace and easy freedom. When Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft, while Interest flung gilded balls against it [123]. In conclusion, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Angora cat-skin, which seemed to be full of money; and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjointed and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, without any defence at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and, clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they feigned to take her prisoner and lead her away captive. At this sight, Love and his adherents made a show as if they would rescue her, and all their seeming efforts were made in concert with the music. They were parted by the savages, who, with great agility, rejoined the boards and reinstated the castle; the damsel was again enclosed therein as before, and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had contrived and ordered the show. She answered that it was the production of the beneficed clergyman of the village, who had a notable talent for such kind of inventions. "I will lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than Basilius, and understands satires better than vespers. Certes he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the abilities of Basilius with the riches of Camacho." Sancho Panza, who had listened to all this, said: "The king is my cock, I hold with Camacho."—"In short," said Don Quixote, "it is plain you are an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who cry long life to the conqueror."—"I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho,

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[123] *Alcancias.* This was the name of the clay balls, about as large as oranges, filled with flowers or perfumes, and sometimes with ashes or water, which the knights flung at each other in the evolutions of tournaments. It was an Arabian game which the Spaniards had imitated, preserving its original name.

"but I know very well I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots as this just fished from Camacho's;" and at the same time he showed his master the kettle full of geese and hens. Laying hold of one, he began to eat with notable good humour and appetite, and said: "A fig for Basilius's abilities, for you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the *haves* and the *have nots*[136], and she stuck to the former. Now-a-days, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of *have* than of *know*, and an ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle. So, I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; whilst Basilius's pots, if they were to be skimmed, would only yield dish-water."—"Have you finished your harangue, Sancho?" demanded Don Quixote. "I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; but were it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days."—"God grant, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I may see you dumb before I die."—"At the rate we go on," answered Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay, and then perhaps I may be so dumb that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday."—"Though it should fall out so," answered Don Quixote, "your silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of your talk, past, present, and to come. Besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before you; therefore I may never hope to see you dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say."—"In good faith, Sir," answered Sancho, "there is no trusting to madam Ghostly, I mean death, who devours lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our vicar say that she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings and the humble cottages of the poor[427]. That same gentlewoman is more powerful than nice. She is not at all squeamish; she eats of every thing, lays hold of all, and stuffs her wallet with people of all sorts, of all ages, of all conditions. She is not a reaper who indulges in the siesta; she cuts down and mows at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass: nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in her way, for she has a canine appetite, that is never satisfied; and though she has no stomach, she makes it appear that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cool water."—"Enough, enough, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "leave off while you are well, and do not spoil all, for, in truth, what you have said of death, in your rustic phrases, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell you, Sancho, if you had but discretion equal to your natural abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things."—"A good liver is the best preacher," answered Sancho; "and that is all the divinity I know."—"Or need know," added Don Quixote. "But I can in no wise comprehend how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you, who are more afraid of a lizard than of Him, should be so knowing."—"Good your worship, judge of your own chivalries," returned Sancho, "and meddle not with judging other men's fears or valours, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours; and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world."

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[136] Sancho's grandmother quoted an ancient Spanish proverb, which the Portuguese poet Antonio Enriquez Gomez has paraphrased in the following lines:

El mundo tiene dos linages solos
En entrambos dos polos.
Tener esta en Oriente,
Y no tener asiste en Occidente.

(*Academia III.*, *vista* 2.)

So saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of deferring till the next chapter.

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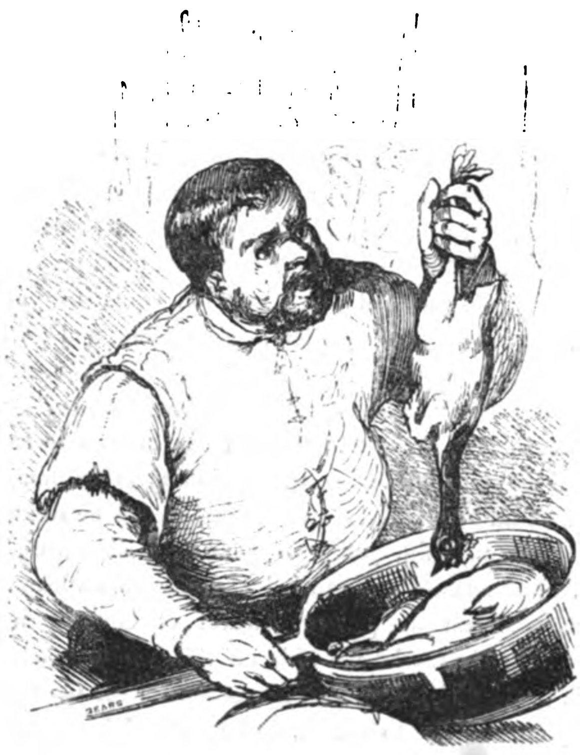
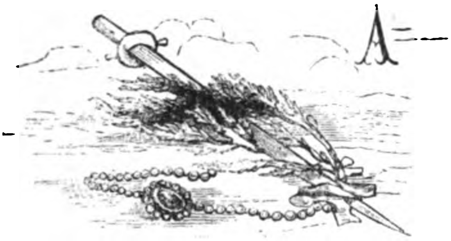
[427] An allusion to the well known sentence of Horace: *Pallida mors*, etc.



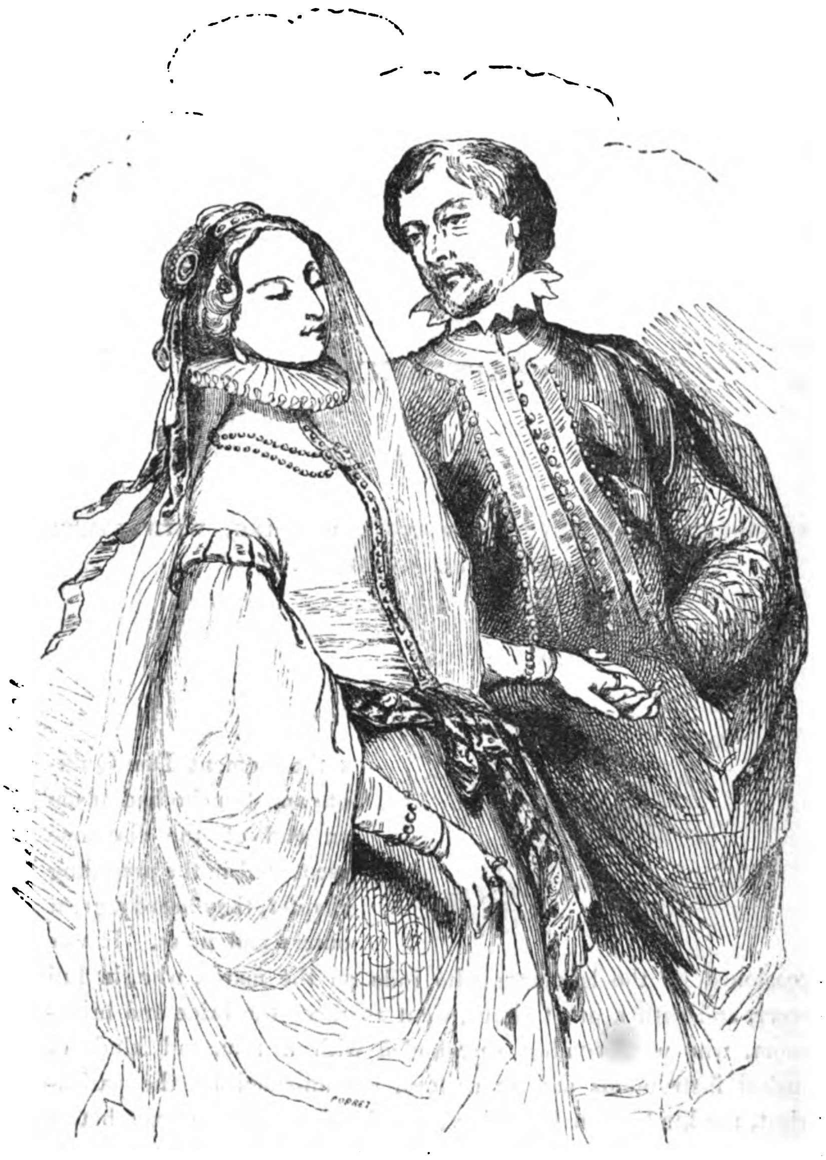
CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED CAMACHO'S WEDDING, WITH OTHER DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS.



AT the moment Don Quixote and Sancho had made an end of the discourse recounted in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outcry and noise. It was occasioned by the labourers who rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish-priest, the kindred on both sides, and by a concourse of the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holiday apparel.

When Sancho espied the bride, he cried: "In good faith, she is



not clad like a country girl, but like a court lady. By the mass, her patenas[428] seem to me at this distance to be of rich coral, and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenca, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet. The trimming also, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands: instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive but they are of gold, ay, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah, the merry jade! and what fine hair she has! if it is not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien! Why she is a very moving palm-tree, loaded with branches of dates; for just mark the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck; by my soul, the girl is so well plated over that she might safely steer through the Flemish shoals[429]."

Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, but he thought that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned doubtless by want of rest the preceding night, which brides always employ in setting themselves off for the wedding-day following. The bride and bridegroom proceeded towards a kind of theatre on one side of the meadow, adorned with carpets and boughs, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and whence they were to see the dances and spectacles. Just as they reached their places, they heard a loud outcry behind them, and somebody shouting: "Hold a little, inconsiderate and hasty people." Hereupon they all turned about their heads, and observed a man clad in a long black jacket, all welted with flame-coloured silk. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a long truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant shepherd Basilius, and waited to see what would be the issue, apprehending some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he came up, tired and out of breath: planting himself just before the affianced couple, and leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he said: "You well know, ungrateful Quiteria, that, by the rules of the holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another man whilst I am living: neither are you ignorant that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine, another whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate. Very well:—now, in order that his good luck may be heaped to the brim (not that I think he deserves it, but that Heaven will have it so) I, with my own hands, will remove all impossibility or obstacle, by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria; many and happy ages may they live; and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune and laid him in his grave." So saying, he laid hold of his truncheon, which was stuck in the ground, and drew forth a short sword that was concealed in it and to which it served as a scabbard; then, setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determined purpose, he threw himself upon it. In an instant, half the bloody blade appeared at his back, and the poor wretch lay his length along the ground, weltering in his blood, and pierced through with his own weapon.

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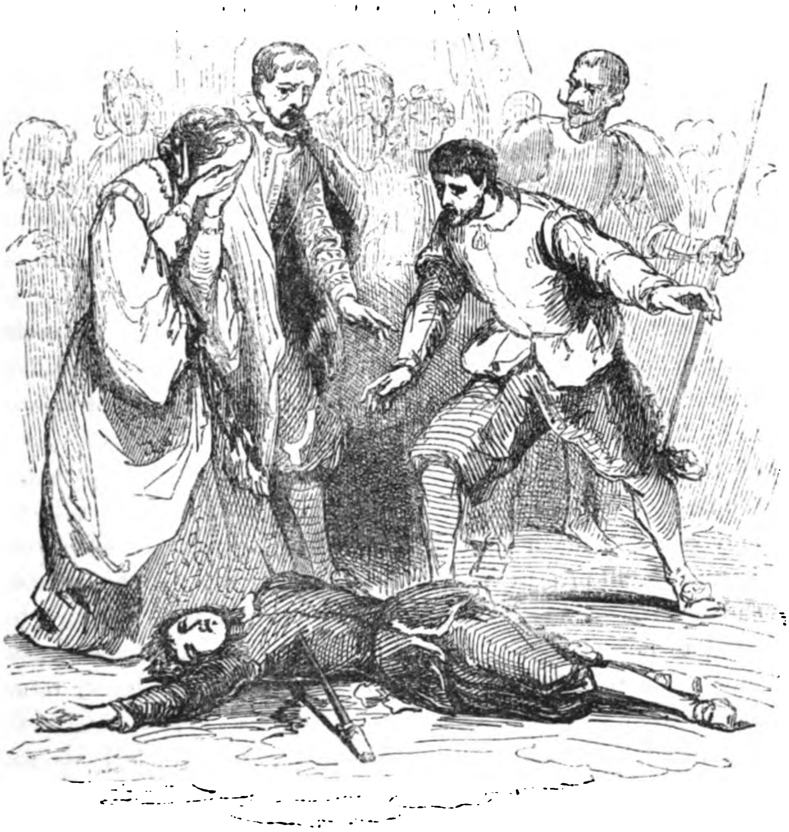
[428] By this name is understood certain thin plates of metal, a sort of consecrated medals, anciently worn by Spanish ladies instead of necklaces, which, at the period when Cervantes wrote, were worn only by country-women.

[429] The sand-banks on the coast of the Netherlands were greatly dreaded by the Spanish mariners. The dangerous navigation of this coast, and the skill requisite in order to achieve it in safety, gave rise to the proverbial expression [made use of in the text by Sancho], applied as a favourable summary of a person's qualifications, that such a one is capable of *steering safely through the Flemish sand-banks*.—As the Spanish word *banco* signifies also *banking-house*, [Lope de Vega says ironically of the *maestro* Burguillos (a fictitious name of his own), that he had received payment for his work, contributed to a literary joust, in a draft for two hundred crowns on the Flemish *banks*. Doubtless also by an equivoque on the double meaning of the word *banco*, Filleau de Saint-Martin (the translator of the popular version of Don Quixote in France) renders this passage by saying of Quiteria: *Je ne crois pas qu'on la refusat à la Banque de Bruxelles*. [M. Viardot is the first commentator who has exhibited in its proper light the allusion in Sancho's expression. Jarvis had said in this place: "She might pass current at any bank in Flanders," adding, in a note: "At that time Antwerp, and the other towns of the Low Countries, were the grand mart of all Europe for trade and exchanges." Smollett, likewise, has: "By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders," closer, indeed, to the original, but evidently ignorant of the allusion to the Flemish sand-banks. Motteux's version runs thus, "She's a mettled wench, and might well pass muster in Flanders," and Shelton's is to the same effect, in nearly the same words. Ed. D. Q.

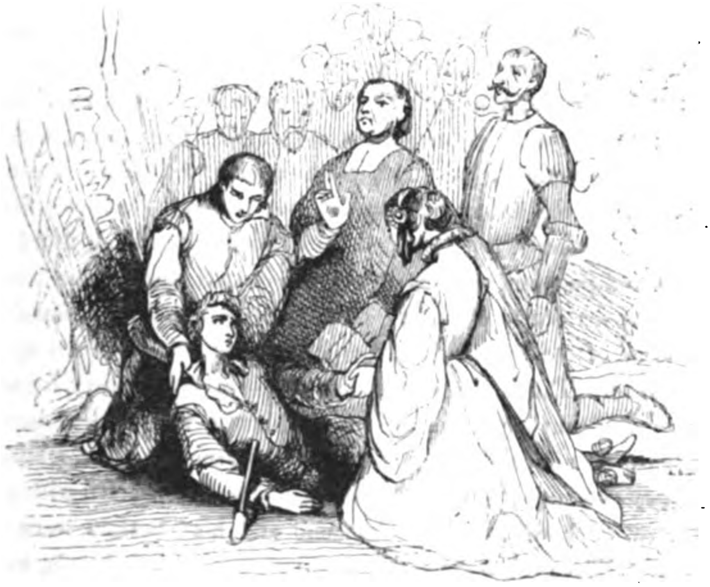
His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster. Don Quixote, quitting Rocinante, was almost the first on the spot, and taking Basilius in his arms, he found that he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the sword; but the priest was of opinion it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession, fearing, that their pulling it out, and his expiring, would happen at the same moment. Basilius, coming a little to himself, said, with a faint and doleful voice: "If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony, you would give me



your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned, since it procured me the blessing of being yours." The priest, on hearing this, advised him to mind the salvation of his soul, rather than the gratifying of his bodily appetites, and, in good earnest, to beg pardon of God for his sins, especially for this last desperate action. Basilius replied, that he would by no means make any confession, till Quiteria had first given him her hand to be his wife; for that satisfaction would quiet his spirits, and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, cried in a loud voice, that Basilius desired a very just and very reasonable thing, and besides very easy to be done, and that it would be every whit as honourable for Signor Camacho to take Quiteria a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hands. "All that is necessary," he added, "is a bare *yes*, since the nuptial bed of these espousals must be the grave."

Camacho heard all this in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or say. But so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, desiring him to consent that Quiteria might give her hand to be Basilius's wife, lest his soul should be lost by departing out of this life in despair, that they forced him to reply that, if Quiteria thought fit to give it him, he was content, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Upon this, all present hastened to Quiteria; some with entreaties, and all with the most persuasive reasons, importuned her to give her hand to poor Basilius. But she, harder than marble, and more immovable than a statue, either could not, or would not, return any answer; and doubtless she would have continued silent, but the priest bade her resolve immediately, for Basilius had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for deliberation. Then the beautiful Quiteria, without answering a word, much troubled and concerned, approached the spot where Basilius, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, lay muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a Heathen than a Christian. Quiteria, kneeling beside him, asked him to give her his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them steadfastly upon her: "O Quiteria," said he, "you who relent at a time when your pity is a sword to finish the taking away of my life, for now I have not enough left to bear the glory you give me in making me your husband, nor to suspend the pain which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death; I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, that the hand you require and give be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh. I conjure you to confess and acknowledge aloud that you bestow your hand upon me without any force laid upon your will, and that you give it me as to your lawful husband. It would, in this extremity, be unjust for you to impose upon me, or deal falsely with him who has always behaved faithfully and sincerely to you."

At these words he was seized with such a fainting fit that all the by-standers thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, made answer:



"No force would be sufficient to bias my will. With all the freedom I have, I therefore give you my hand to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and if the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution, does not disturb or hinder it."—"Yes, I give it you," answered Basilius, "neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that Heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; so do I give and engage myself to be your husband."—"And I to be your wife," answered Quiteria, "whether you live many years, or are carried from my arms to the grave."—"For one so much wounded," said Sancha Panza, at this juncture, "this young man talks a great deal; advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul, though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue than between his teeth."

Basilius and Quiteria thus joining their hands, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the newly-married man's soul. But the latter had no sooner received the benediction, than he suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the sword which was sheathed in his body. All the by-standers were struck with astonishment, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud: "A miracle, a miracle!"—"No miracle, no miracle!" said Basilius; "say rather stratagem, stratagem!" The priest, astonished and confounded, ran with both hands to feel the wound, and found that the sword had passed, not through Basilius's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe filled with blood, fitted to the place and purpose, and, as it was afterwards known, the blood prepared by art not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho, and the rest of the by-standers, found they had been imposed upon and deceived. The bride showed no signs of being sorry for the trick; on the contrary, hearing it said that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said that she confirmed it anew, whence every body concluded that the business had been concerted with the knowledge of both parties. Camacho and his abettors were so confounded, that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, with his lance in his rest, and his body well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars, out of which he had obtained his charming skimmings; that asylum seeming to him to be a sanctuary worthy of reverence.

Don Quixote cried aloud: "Hold, sirs, hold; it is not fit to take revenge for the injuries done us by love. Pray consider that love and war are exactly alike; and, as in war it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagem to defeat the enemy, so likewise in amorous conflicts, it is allowable to put in practice tricks and sleights in order to compass the desired end, provided they be not to the prejudice and dishonour of the party beloved. Quiteria was Basilius's and Basilius Quiteria's, by the just and favourable disposition of Heaven. Camacho is rich; he may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe lamb; no one, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him, for those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder[430]; and whoever shall attempt it must first pass the point of this lance." Then he brandished it with such vigour and dexterity, that he struck terror into all those who did not know him. But Quiteria's indifference took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her out of his memory. The persuasions also of the priest, who was a prudent and well meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of his faction remained pacified and calmed. In token of peace, they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria than the cunning of Basilius. Even Camacho reasoned within himself that if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her.

Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too, and the rich Camacho, to show that he did not resent the trick put upon him, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married. But neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers would partake of them. They went home to Basilius's village, for the poor man who is virtuous and discreet finds those who follow, honour, and stand by him, as well as the rich man finds attendants and flatterers. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was sorrowful and overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night. Drooping and sad, he followed his master, who went off with Basilius's troop, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt[431], which, however, he carried in his mind,—the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to him the glory and abundance of the good he had lost. It was, therefore, in a pensive and sorrowful frame of mind that he prepared to follow the track of Rocinante.

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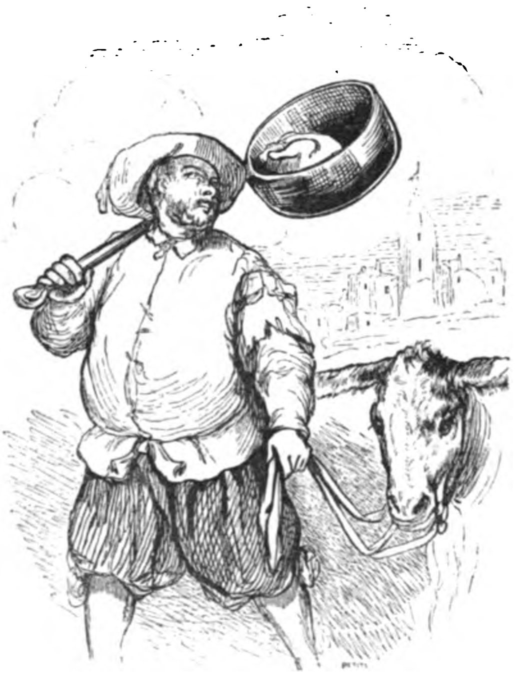
[430] In this phrase there is an allusion to Nathan's parable to David, after the rape of Uriah's wife, of the ewe-lamb; and another allusion to the words of the Gospel. "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (2 Sam. XII. St. Matthew XIX. 6).



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[431] After quitting Egypt, the Israelites said in the desert: "When we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat to the full." (Exod. XVI. 3).

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF THE CAVERN OF MONTESINOS, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, TO WHICH ADVENTURE THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE GAVE A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

IN the most cordial manner did the newly married couple make Don Quixote welcome to their habitation; they felt highly obliged by the readiness he had shown in defending their cause, and they esteemed his discretion in equal degree with his valour, accounting him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days honest Sancho solaced himself at the expense of the bride and bridegroom, from whom it was known that the feigned wounding himself was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilius, who had hoped from it the very success which fell out. He confessed that he had, in truth, let some of his friends into the secret, in order that they might favour his design and support his deceit. Don Quixote affirmed that that could not nor ought to be called deceit which aims at virtuous ends, and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends. "But observe," he added, "that hunger and continual necessity are the greatest enemies to love. In love, all is gaiety, mirth, and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved, to which necessity and poverty are opposed and declared enemies. All this I say with design to persuade Signor Basilius to quit the exercise of those abilities wherein he so much excels, which, though they procure you fame, they gain you no money, and in order to induce you now to apply yourself to the acquisition of riches by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to the prudent and diligent. The honourable poor man (if a poor man can be said to be worthy of honour) possesses a jewel in a beautiful wife, and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour. The beautiful and honourable woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself attracts the inclinations of all that behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such beauty be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged by kites and vultures, and other birds of prey, and she who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband[432]. Observe, discreet Basilius," added Don Quixote, "that, in the opinion of a certain sage there was but one good woman in all the world; but he gave it as his advice that every man should believe she was fallen to his lot, and so he would live contented. For my part, I am not married, nor have I yet ever thought of being so; yet would I venture to give my advice to any one who should ask me what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place, I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon reputation than fortune, for the virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; in effect, public freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's reputation much more than secret guilt. If you bring a virtuous woman to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so and even to fortify her virtue; but, if you take a woman of evil inclinations to be your wife, you will have much ado to mend her, for it is not very feasible to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible, but I take it to be extremely difficult."

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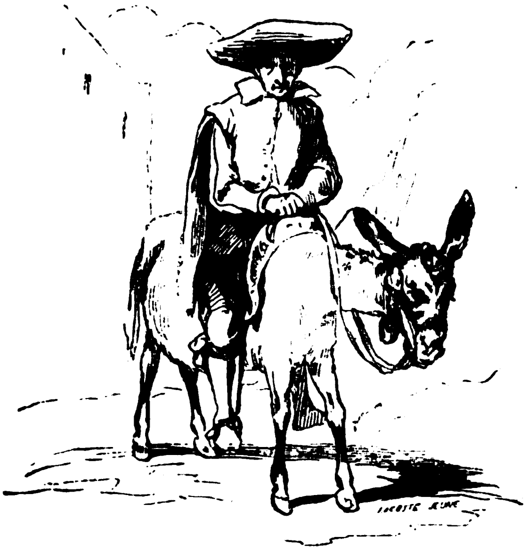
[432] "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." (Prov. XII. 4.)

All this Sancho listened to. "This master of mine," said he to himself, "when I spoke things pithy and substantial, used to say I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons; now I say of him that, when he begins stringing of sentences and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll from place to place preaching: 'Mouth, what would you have?' The devil take him for a knight-errant, that knows every thing! I believed in my heart that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries; but he thrusts his spoon into every dish." Sancho muttered this so loud that his master, overhearing him, asked what he was muttering about. "I neither say nor mutter any thing," answered Sancho; "I was only saying to myself that I wished I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I was married: then, perhaps, I should have been able to say now that the ox that is loose is best licked."—"Is your Teresa then so very bad, Sancho?" returned Don Quixote. "She is not very bad," answered Sancho, "neither is she very good; at least, not so good as I would have her."—"You are in the wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to speak ill of your wife, who is the mother of your children."—"We are not in one another's debt upon that score," answered Sancho; "she speaks no better of me whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous, for then Satan himself cannot bear with her."

Eventually, both master and squire remained three days with the newly-married couple, by whom they were served and treated like kings. Don Quixote desired the dexterous student to furnish him with a guide to conduct him to the cavern of Montesinos, as he had a mighty desire to go down into it, and to see with his own eyes whether the wonders related of it in all those parts were true. The student told him he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar and a great lover of books of chivalry, who would very gladly lead him to the mouth of the cavern itself, and also show him the lakes of Ruidera, famous all over La Mancha, and even all over Spain. "You will find him," added the student, "a very entertaining companion, for he is a young man who knows how to write books for the press and dedicate them to princes."

In short, the cousin came, mounted on an ass big with foal,



whose pack-saddle was covered with a doubled piece of an old striped carpet. Sancho saddled Rocinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallet, that of the scholar being equally well provided; then, commending themselves to the protection of God and taking leave of every body, they set out in the direction of the famous cavern of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the student's cousin of what kind his exercises, profession and studies were. The other answered that his profession was the study of humanity, his exercise composing of books for the press, all of great use and no small entertainment to the commonwealth. "One of them," said he, "is entitled *A Treatise on Liveries*, in which I describe seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes and ciphers, whence the cavalier courtiers may pick and choose to their minds for feasts and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, and without beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design. In fact, I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, the absent, so properly that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call *The Metamorphoseos*, or *Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention. Imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I therein mean to shew who the Giralda of Seville was, who the angel of La Magdalena; what the kennel of Vecinguerra at Cordova, what the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountain of Leganitos and the Lavapies at Madrid, not forgetting that of the Pou, that of the Golden Pipe and that of the Priora[433]. To all these I purpose to add their several allegories, metaphors and transformations, in such a manner as at once to delight, surprise and instruct. I have yet another book, which I call a *Supplement to Virgil Polydore*[434], which treats of the invention of things; it is a work of vast erudition and study, wherein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, for instance, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who the first that was anointed for the French distemper. These points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of about five and twenty authors for them. So that your worship may judge whether I have taken true pains, and whether such a performance is not likely to be very useful to the whole world!"

Sancho, having been attentive to the student's discourse: "Tell me, sir," said he, "so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you inform me (for I know you can, since you know every thing) who was the first that scratched his head? for my part, I am of opinion it must have been our father Adam."—"Certainly," answered the scholar, "for there is no doubt that Adam had a head and hair; now, this being granted, and he being the first man of the world, he must needs have scratched it sometimes."—"So I believe," answered Sancho. "But tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world?"—"Truly, brother," answered the scholar, "I cannot determine that point till I have studied it; but I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again, for I hope this will not be the last time."—"Look ye, sir," replied Sancho, "take no pains about this matter, for I have already hit upon the answer to my question. Know that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast headlong from Heaven, for he came tumbling down to the lowest abyss."—"You are in the right, friend," said the scholar; and Don Quixote added: "This question and answer are not your own, Sancho, you have heard them from somebody else."—"Say no more, sir," replied Sancho; "in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow. But do not think that, for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need be obliged to any of my neighbours."—"Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are, who tire themselves with examining into and explaining things, which, when known and explained, signify not a farthing to the understanding or the memory."

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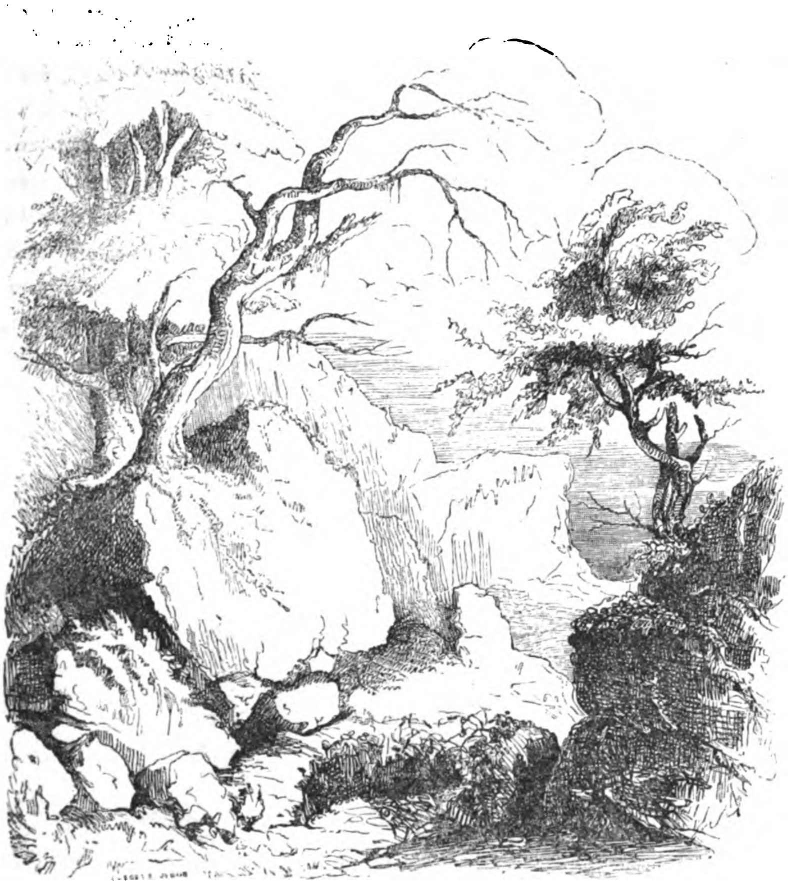
[433] We have already spoken (vide notes 386 and 387) of the Giralda and the bulls of Guisando.—The angel of La Magdalena is a shapeless figure placed for a weather-cock on the steeple of the church of Saint Magdalen at Salamanca.—The kennel of Vecinguerra carries the rain-water from the streets of Cordova to the Guadalquivir.—The fountains of Leganitos, etc., are all situated in the promenades and public places of Madrid.

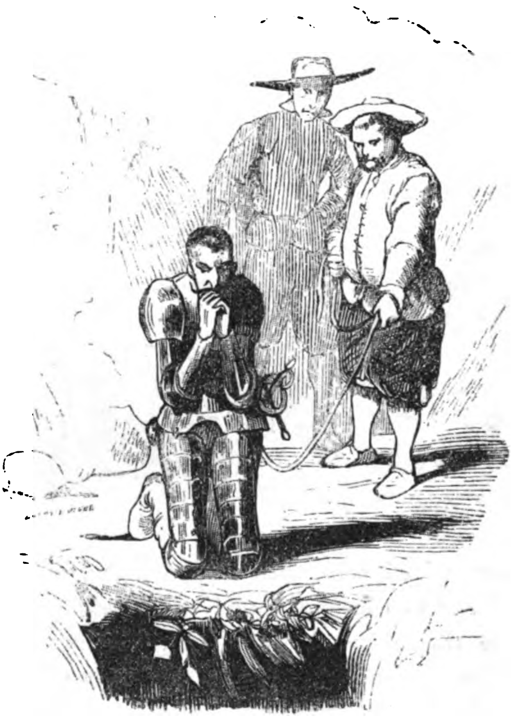
[434] He should have said Polydore Virgil. He was a learned Italian, who published, in 1499, the treatise *De Rerum Inventoribus*.

In these and other pleasant discourses they passed that day. At night they lodged in a small village, whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, the distance to the cavern of Montesinos did not exceed two leagues; so that, if he continued his resolution to enter into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with ropes to tie and lower himself down into its depths. Don Quixote answered that, though it led to the infernal regions, he would see the bottom. Accordingly, they bought about a hundred fathoms of cord, and, about two in the afternoon of the following day, they came to the cavern, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but overgrown with briars, wild fig-trees, and thorns, so thick and intricate that they quite conceal it.



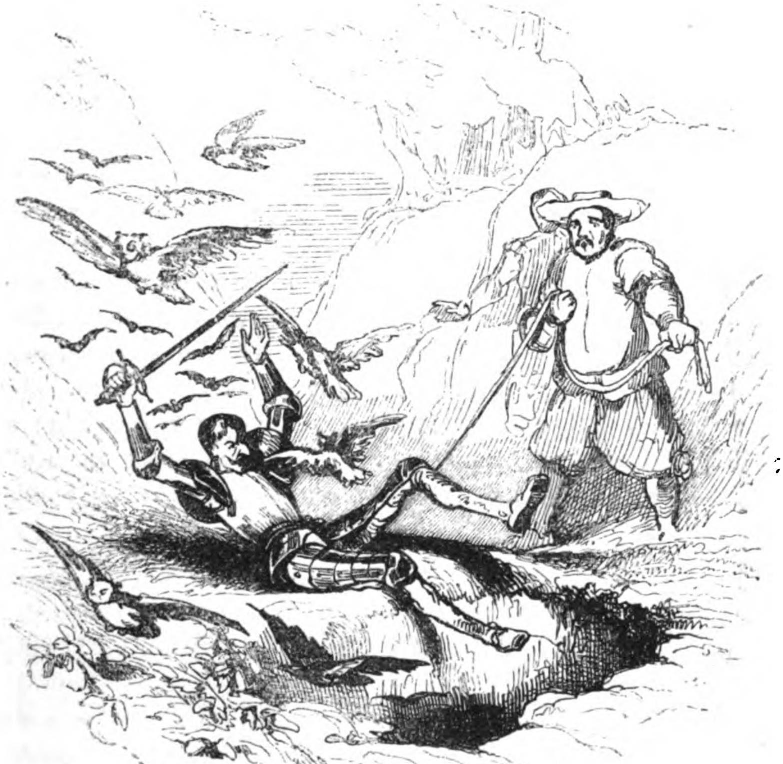
When they arrived here, the cousin, Sancho, and Don Quixote alighted, and the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord. While they were swathing him, Sancho said: "Have a care, dear sir, what you do. Pray do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself, dangling like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well. It does not belong to your worship to be the scrutinizer of this hole, which must needs be worse than a Moorish dungeon."—"Tie on, and talk not," answered Don Quixote; "such an enterprize as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone." Then the guide added: "I beseech your worship, Signor Don Quixote, to take good heed and look about you with a hundred eyes down there below; perhaps there may be things proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses."—"The drum is in a hand that knows full well how to beat it," answered Sancho Panza.

That said, and the tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) finished: "We have been," said the latter, "very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell to be tied to me with this rope, by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive; but, since that is now impossible, be God my guide!" Immediately he kneeled down, and in a low voice addressed an orison to Heaven for assistance and success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure. Then, in a loud voice, he cried: "O lady of my actions and thoughts,



illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee for thy unheard-of beauty's sake, hearken to them; all I supplicate of thee, is not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to precipitate and ingulph myself in the profound abyss here before me, solely in order to let the world know that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish."

So saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw that he could not be let down, nor even enter the cavern, but by cutting his way through. Accordingly, drawing his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes which concealed the mouth of



the cavern. At the noise of his strokes, an infinite number of huge ravens and owls flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground. And certes, had he been as superstitious as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, nor other night-birds, for sundry bats flew out among the ravens, the cousin and Sancho gave him the rope and lowered him to the bottom of the fearful cavern. As he disappeared, Sancho gave him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said: "God, the Rock of France, and the Trinity of Gaeta[435] speed thee, thou flower, cream, and scum of knights-errant. Go, thou Hector of the world, heart of steel, arms of brass; once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound without deceit, to the light of this world which thou art forsaking to bury thyself in this obscurity." The cousin uttered similar prayers and invocations. Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little. When the voice, from the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, the hundred fathom of the cordage was all let down. They were then of opinion to pull Don Quixote up again, since they could lower him no farther. However, they delayed about half an hour, and then they began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight, whence they conjectured that Don Quixote remained in the cavern. Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, and drew up in a great hurry to know the truth. But coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight; at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly, to whom Sancho cried in a joyful voice: "Welcome back to us, dear sir; for we began to think you had stayed there to breed." But Don Quixote answered not a word, and when they had pulled him quite out, they perceived that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him, yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, jogged, re-turned, and shook him, that after a good while he came to himself, stretching and yawning as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep. Gazing from side to side, like one amazed, he said: "God forgive ye, friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight, that ever mortal saw or lived. Now, in good truth, I am thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of this life pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade away like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unfortunate Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and ye, unlucky daughters of Ruidera, whose waters show what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes!"

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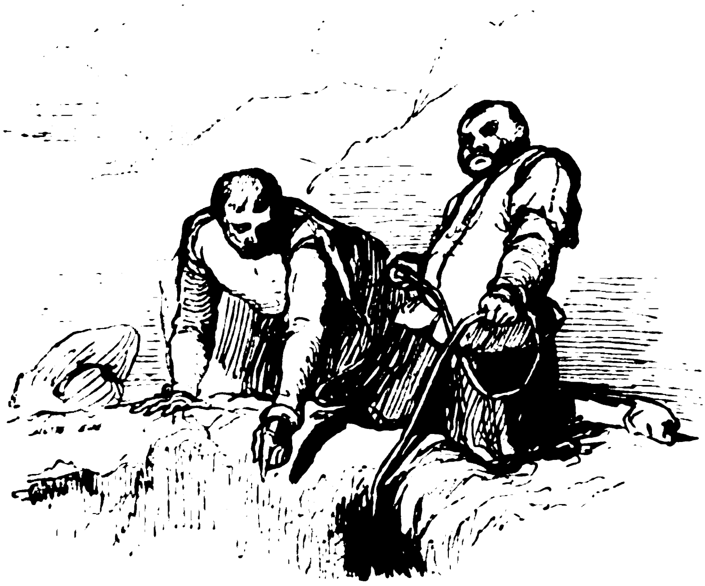
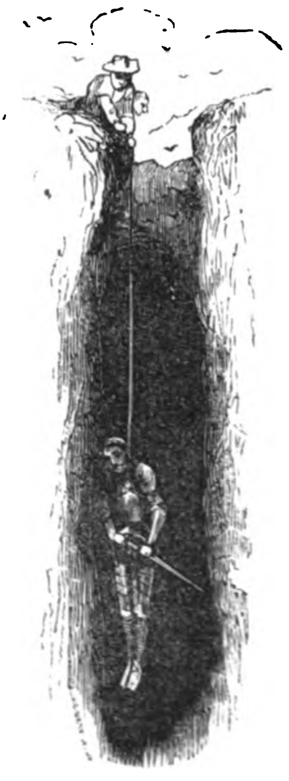
[435] The Rock of France is a lofty mountain in the district of Alberca, in the province of Salamanca, where it is related that a Frenchman, named Simon Vela, discovered, in 1434, a consecrated image of the Virgin. Many hermitages and a convent of Dominicans have since been built on its sides.—The Trinity of Gaeta is a chapel and convent founded, by king Ferdinand V. of Arragon, on the summit of a promontory before the port of Gaeta, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

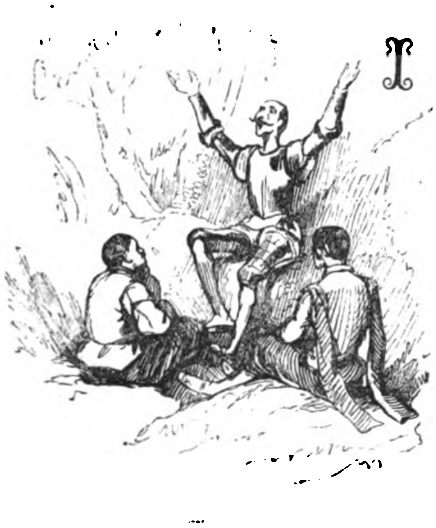


The cousin and Sancho listened attentively to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke as if he fetched them with immense pain from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what he had been saying, and to relate what he had seen in that hell below. "Hell, do you call it!" cried Don Quixote; "nay, call it so no more, for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see." He desired they should first give him something to eat, for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass, then addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and all three, seated in loving and social wise, collationed and supped at one and the same time. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote cried: "Let no one rise, and, my sons, be all attentive to me."



CHAPTER XXIII.

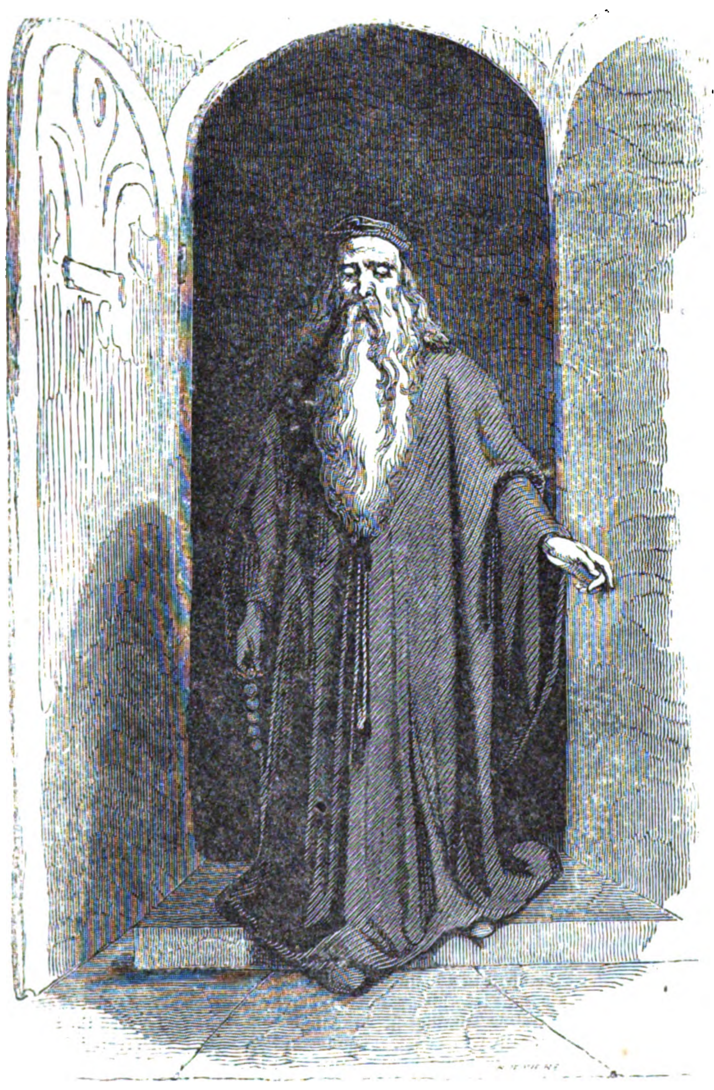
OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS WHICH THE UNEXAMPLED DON QUIXOTE DECLARED HE HAD SEEN IN THE DEEP CAVERN OF MONTESINOS; THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH THINGS MAKE THIS ADVENTURE PASS FOR APOCRYPHAL.



It was about four of the clock in the afternoon, when the sun, hidden among the clouds, and only emitting a faint light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity, without heat or trouble, of relating to his two illustrious hearers what he had seen in the cavern of Montesinos. He began in the following manner:

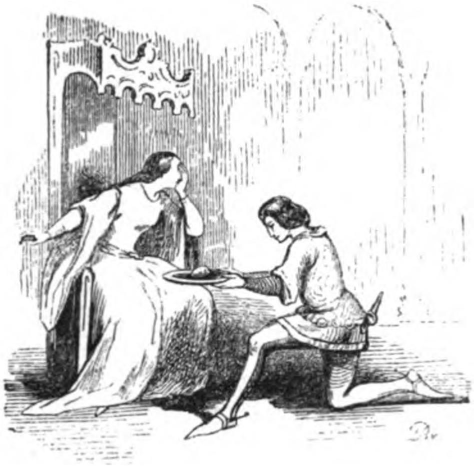
"About twelve or fourteen fathoms in the depth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all. A little light makes its way into it, through some cracks and holes at a distance in the surface of the earth. This spacious concavity I saw, just as I began to be weary and out of humour at finding myself suspended to a rope, and descending through that obscure and dreary region without knowing whither I was going. I therefore determined to enter into it and rest a little. I called out to you aloud not to let down more rope till I bid you; but it seems you heard me not. I gathered up the cord you continued to let down, and coiling it up into a heap or bundle, I sat me down upon it extremely pensive, considering what method I should take to descend to the bottom, having nothing to support my weight. While I was thus absorbed in thought, and uncertain what to do, I suddenly fell into a deep sleep; and, when I least thought of it, awoke, and found myself, I knew not by what means, in the midst of the pleasantest and most delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most pregnant fancy imagine. I opened and rubbed my eyes, and perceived that I was not asleep, but really awake. However, I could not forbear feeling my head and breast, to be assured whether it was I myself who was there, or some empty and counterfeit illusion. But feeling, sensation, and the coherent discourse I made to myself, convinced me that I was then there the same person I am now here.

"Immediately a royal and splendid palace, or alcazar, presented itself to my view, the walls and battlements whereof seemed to be built of clear and transparent crystal. A pair of great folding doors opened of their own accord, and I saw come forth, and advance towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long purple mourning cloak, which trailed upon the ground. Over his shoulders and breast, he wore a kind of collegiate tippet of green satin; he had a black Milan cap on his head, and his hoary beard reached below his girdle. He carried no weapons at all, only a rosary of beads in his hand, bigger than middling walnuts, and every tenth bead like an ordinary ostrich egg. His mien, his gait, his gravity, his goodly presence, struck me with surprise and awe. He came up to me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me closely; then he said:



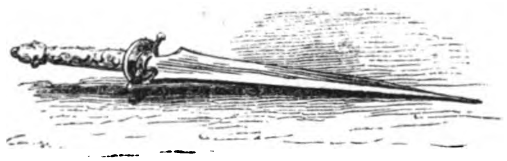
'It is a long time, valorous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, since we, who are shut up and enchanted in these solitudes, have hoped to see you, that the world by you may be informed what this deep cave, commonly called the cavern of Montesinos, encloses and conceals; an exploit reserved for your invincible heart and stupendous courage. Come along with me, illustrious sir, that I may show you the wonders contained in this transparent castle, of which I am kaïd and perpetual governor, for I am Montesinos himself, from whom this cavern derives its name.[436]'

"Scarcely had he told me he was Montesinos, when I asked him whether it was true, as reported in the world above, that with a little dagger he had taken out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to his lady Belerma, as Durandarte, at the point



[436] According to the *romances* of chivalry, collected in the *cancionero general*, Count Grimaldos, a French paladin, was falsely accused of treason by Count Tomillas, deprived of all his property and banished from France. Having escaped to the mountains with his Countess, the latter gave birth to a male child whom his parents called Montesinos, and who was received by a hermit into his grotto. When he was fifteen years old, Montesinos went to Paris, slew the traitor Tomillas in the King's presence, and proved the innocence of his father, who was recalled to court. Montesinos, having been created one of the twelve peers of France, was subsequently united by marriage to a noble Spanish damsel, Rosa Florida, lady of the castle of Rocha Frida, in Castile. He resided in this castle until his death, and his name was given to a cavern in the neighbourhood.—This cavern, situated in the jurisdiction of the town called the Osa of Montiel, and near the hermitage of San Pedro de Saelicès, may be about sixty feet in depth. Entrance into it is much more easily effected at the present day than in Cervantes' time, and it is frequently resorted to by shepherds as a shelter from the cold and from storms. In the bottom of the cavern runs a broad stream of water, which falls into the lagunes of Ruidera, whence flows the Guadiana.

of death, had desired him.[437] He replied that all was true, excepting as to the dagger, for it was neither a dagger, nor little, but a bright poniard, sharper than an awl."—"The poniard," interrupted Sancho, "must have been made by Raymon de Hocès, the armourer of Seville." "I do not know," continued Don Quixote; "but, upon second thoughts, it could not be of his making; for Raymon de Hocès lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was fought many years ago. But the maker's name is of no importance, and neither disorders nor alters the truth and connexion of the story." "True," answered the cousin; "pray go on, Signor Don Quixote, for I listen to you with the greatest pleasure in the world." "And I tell it with no less," answered Don Quixote. "So I say that the venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall, extremely cool and all of alabaster, there stood a marble tomb of exquisite workmanship, whereon I saw, laid at full length a cavalier, not of brass, marble, or jasper, as is usual on other monuments, but of pure flesh and bones. His right hand, which, to my thinking, was pretty hairy and nervous, (a sign that its owner was very strong) was laid on the region of his heart, and before I could ask any question, Montesinos, perceiving me fix my eyes on the sepulchre with astonishment, said: 'This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of all the enamoured and valiant knights-errant of his time. Merlin, the French enchanter[438],



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[437] Durandarte was the cousin of Montesinos, and, like him, a peer of France. According to the *romances* cited above, he expired in the arms of Montesinos, at the defeat of Roncesvalles, and enjoined his cousin to take his heart to his lady Belerma.

[438] This Merlin, the father of chivalric magic, was not of *Gaul* (*France*), but of *Guallia* (*Wales*); his history, therefore, belongs rather to that of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, than to that of Charlemagne and the twelve peers.

keeps him here enchanted, with me and many others of both sexes. It is said he is the son of the devil; though I do not believe him to be the devil's son, but only, as the saying is, that he knows one point more than the devil himself. How or why he enchanted us, nobody knows; but time will bring it to light, and I fancy it will not be long first. What astonishes me most, is that I am as certain as that it is now day, that Durandarte expired in my arms, and that, after he was dead, I pulled out his heart with my own hands; and, indeed, it could not weigh less than two pounds; for, according to naturalists, he who has a large heart, is endued with more courage than he who has a small one. It being then certain that this cavalier really died, how comes it to pass that he complains every now and then, and sighs, as if he were alive?' At these words, the wretched Durandarte, uttering a loud cry, said: 'O my dear cousin, Montesinos, the last thing I desired of you, when my soul was departing, was to carry my heart, ripping it out of my breast with a dagger or poniard, to Belerma.'[439]

"When the venerable Montesinos heard this, he threw himself on his knees before the complaining cavalier, and, with tears in his eyes, said to him: 'Long since, O my dearest cousin Durandarte, I did what you enjoined me on the fatal day of our defeat; I took out your heart as well as I could, without leaving the least bit of it in your breast; I wiped it with a lace handkerchief, bore it in all haste to France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, shedding as many tears as sufficed to wash my hands, and clean away the blood which stuck to them by raking in your entrails; by the same token, dear cousin of my soul, at the first place I came to, after quitting the pass of Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt over your heart in order that it might not putrify, but keep, if not fresh, at least dried up, till it came to your lady Belerma: that lady, together with you, me, your squire Guadiana, the Duenna Ruidera, her seven daughters and two nieces, and several others of your

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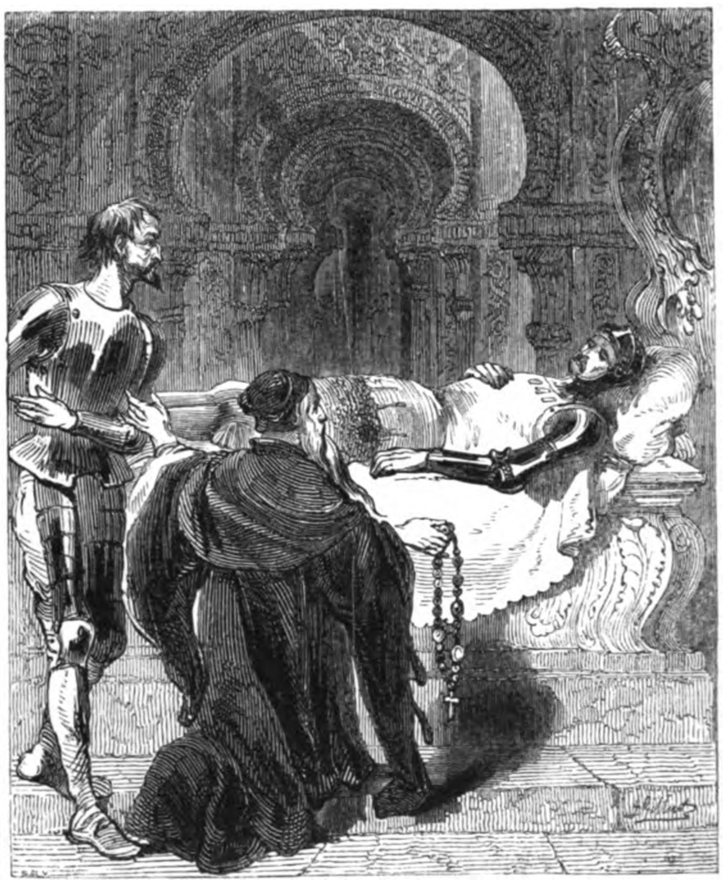
[439] Durandarte's answer is taken from the ancient *romances* composed on the adventure of Belerma; but Cervantes quoting from memory, has remodelled and altered the verses in preference to making a literal quotation.



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friends and acquaintance, having been kept here, enchanted by the sage Merlin, these many years past. Though it be above five hundred years ago, not one of us is dead: only Ruidera, and her daughters, and nieces are gone, whom, because of their weeping, Merlin, out of compassion, turned into so many lagunes, which at this time, in the world of the living and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lagunes of Ruidera. The daughters belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the knights of a religious order, called that of Saint John. Guadiana also, your squire, bewailing your misfortune, was changed into a river of his own name, which arriving at the surface of the earth and seeing the sun of another sky, was so grieved at the thought of forsaking you, that he plunged again into the bowels of the earth. But, it being impossible to avoid taking the natural course, he rises now and then and shows himself, where the sun and people may see him[440]. The aforesaid lagunes supply him with their waters; with which, and several others that join him, he enters broad and stately into Portugal. Nevertheless, whithersoever he goes he discovers his grief and melancholy; he does not pique himself on breeding in his waters delicate and costly fish, but only coarse and unsavoury ones, very different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now tell you, O my dearest cousin, I have often told you before, and since you make me no answer, I fancy you do not believe me, or do not hear me, which, God knows, afflicts me very much. One piece of news however I will tell you, which if it serves not to alleviate your grief, will in no wise increase it. Know then, that you have here present (open your eyes and you will see him) that great knight, of whom the sage Merlin prophesied so many things, that Don

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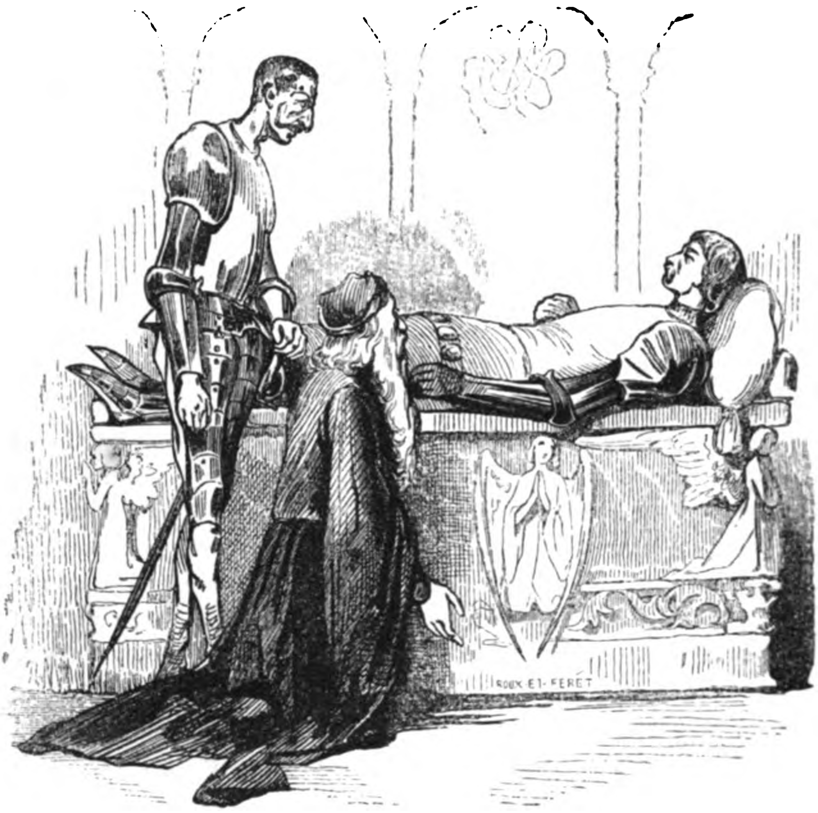
[440] The source of the Guadiana is at the foot of the Sierra of Alcaraz, in La Mancha. The streams which run from that chain of mountains form seven small lakes, called *Lagunes de Ruidera*, the waters of which fall from one into the other. On leaving these lakes, the Guadiana runs for a distance of seven or eight leagues in a very deep bed, concealed under an abundant herbage, and only resumes a visible course after having passed through two other lakes called *the Eyes* (*los ojos*) *of the Guadiana*. The singularities of the course of this river were known to and described by Pliny, who calls the stream *sæpius nasci gaudens* (Hist. Nat., lib. iii., cap. 3). On these several remarkable natural features Cervantes has founded his ingenious fiction.

Quixote de la Mancha, who, with greater advantages than in the ages past, has in the present times restored the long forgotten order of knight-errantry. By his means and favour, we may perhaps be disenchanted, for great exploits are reserved for great men.'—'And, though it shall fall out otherwise,' answered the wretched Durandarte in a faint and low voice, 'though it should not prove so, O cousin, I say *patience, and shuffle the cards*[441].' Then, turning himself on



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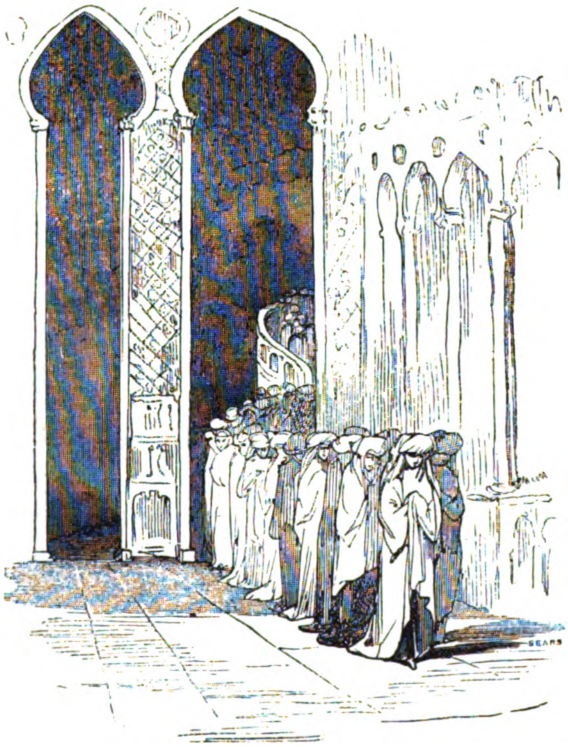
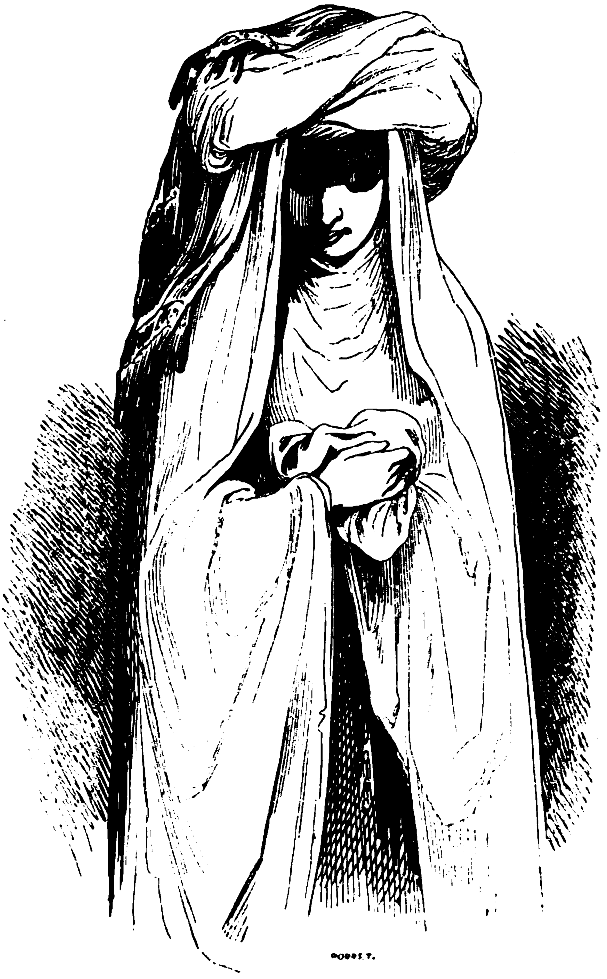
[441] A proverbial expression taken from gamblers, which we have, after Jarvis, decided to preserve literally, because of the conclusions drawn from it by Don Quixote's guide in the following chapter.

one side, he relapsed into his accustomed silence, without speaking a word more.

"Then were heard great cries and wailings, accompanied by profound sighs and distressed sobbings. I turned my head about, and saw through the crystal walls, a procession, in two files, of most beautiful damsels, all clad in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, after the Turkish fashion. In the rear of the two files came a lady (for by her gravity she seemed to be such), clad also in black, with a white veil, so long that it kissed the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others; her eyebrows were joined, her nose was somewhat flat, her mouth wide, but her lips red. Her teeth, which she sometimes showed, were thin-set, and not very even, though as white as blanched almonds. She carried in her hand a fine linen handkerchief, and in it, as seemed to me, a heart of mummy, so dry and withered it appeared to be.



Montesinos told me that all those of the procession were servants to Durandarte and Belerma, and were there enchanted with their master and mistress; and that she who came last, bearing the heart in the linen handkerchief, was the lady Belerma herself, who, four days in the week, made that procession, together with the damsels, singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body, and over the piteous heart of her cousin. 'If she appears to you rather ugly,' added he, 'or not so beautiful as fame reported, it is occasioned by



the bad nights and worse days she has passed in this enchantment, as may be seen by the great wrinkles under her eyes and her wan complexion. As to her being pale and hollow-eyed, it is not to be attributed to any feminine weakness or indisposition, but solely to the affliction her heart feels for what she carries continually in her hands, which renews and revives in her memory the disaster of her untimely deceased lover. Had it not been for this, the great Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so celebrated in these parts, and even over the whole world, would hardly have equalled her in beauty, good-humour, and sprightliness.'

"'Fair and softly!' cried I then, 'Signor Don Montesinos; tell your story as you ought to do. You know that comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no need of comparing any body with anybody. The peerless Dulcinea is what *she* is, and Signora Donna Belerma is what *she* is and what she has been, and so much for that.'—'Signor Don Quixote,' answered Montesinos, 'pardon me. I confess I was in the wrong in saying that the lady Dulcinea would hardly equal the lady Belerma; for my understanding, by I know not what vague suspicions, guesses that your worship is her knight, which ought to have made me bite my tongue sooner than compare her to any thing but Heaven itself.'

"With this satisfaction given me by the great Montesinos, my heart was delivered from the surprise it was in at hearing my mistress compared with Belerma."—"And I too am astonished," said Sancho, "that your worship did not fall upon the old fellow, and bruise his bones with kicking, and pluck his beard till you had not left him a hair in it."—"No, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "it would have ill become me to do so; for we are all bound to respect old men, though they be not knights, and especially those who are such and enchanted in the bargain. I know very well I was not at all behind-hand with him in several other questions and answers which passed between us."

Here the cousin said: "I cannot imagine, Signor Don Quixote, how your worship, in the short space of time you were there below, could see so many things, and talk and answer so much." —"How long is it since I went down?" demanded Don Quixote.

"A little above an hour," answered Sancho. "That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for night came upon me there, and then it grew day; and then night came again, and day again, three times successively, so that I must have been three days in those parts, so remote and hidden from our sight." "My master," said Sancho, "must needs be in the right; for, as every thing has happened to him in the way of enchantment, what seems to us but an hour may seem there three days and three nights." "It is, doubtless, so," answered Don Quixote. "And has your worship, good Sir, eaten any thing in all this time?" demanded the scholar. "I have not broken my fast with one mouthful," answered Don Quixote; "nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while." "Do the enchanted eat?" said the scholar. "They do not eat," answered Don Quixote, "though it is a common opinion that their nails, their beards, and their hair grow." "And, Sir, do the en-enchanted sleep?" asked Sancho. "No, truly," answered Don Quixote, "at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I neither." "Here," said Sancho, "the proverb hits right: tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are. If your worship keeps company with those who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep while you are with them! But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship that of all you have been saying, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one word." "What!" cried the cousin, "is Signor Don Quixote capable of telling lies! but no; if he had a mind to it, he has not had time to imagine and compose such a heap of falsehoods." "I do not believe my master lies," answered Sancho. "If not, what do you believe?" asked Don Quixote. "I believe," answered Sancho, "that the same Merlin, or those necromancers who enchanted all the crew your worship says you saw and conversed with there below, have crammed into your imagination or memory all this stuff you have already told us, and what remains to be told." "Such a thing might be, Sancho," replied Don Quixote*, "but it is not so; for what I have related I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But what will you say when I tell you that, among an infinite number of wonders showed me by Montesinos (which I will recount at leisure in the progress of our journey, in their due time, for they do not all belong properly to this place), he showed me three country wenches who were dancing and capering like kids about those charming fields? Directly I espied them, I knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two the very same wenches who came with her, whom we talked with near Toboso. I asked Montesinos whether he knew them; he answered no; but that he took them to be some ladies of quality lately enchanted, for they had appeared in those meadows but a few days before. He added that I ought not to wonder at that, for there were a great many other ladies there, of past and present ages, enchanted under various and strange figures, among whom he knew queen Ginevra and her duenna Quintanona, cup-bearer to Lancelot, according to the romance, when he arrived from Britain."

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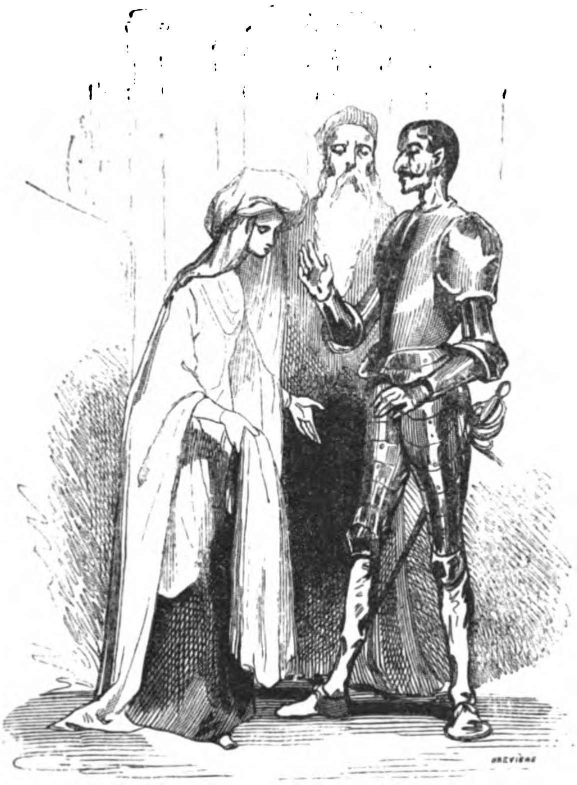
* Don Quixote, being actually caught by Sancho telling lies, dares not as usual be angry at his sauciness.

When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to run distracted or to die with laughing. As he knew the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of whom he himself had been the enchanter and the bearer of testimony, he concluded undoubtedly that his master had lost his senses, and was in all points mad. Therefore he said to him: "In an evil juncture, and a worse season, and in a bitter day, dear patron of mine, did you go down to the other world; and cursed be the moment in which you met with Signor Montesinos, who has returned you back to us in such guise. Your worship was very well here above, entirely in your senses, such as God had given you, speaking sentences and giving advice at every turn, and not as now relating the greatest extravagances that can be imagined."—"As I know you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I make no account of your words."—"Nor I of your worship's," replied Sancho; "you may hurt me if you will, you may kill me if you please, for those I have said already, or those I intend to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But tell me, Sir, now we are at peace, how or by what did you recognise the lady our mistress? and if you spoke to her, what said you? and what answer did she make you?"—"I knew her," answered Don Quixote, "by the very same clothes she wore when you showed her to me. I spoke to her, but she answered me not a word; on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed that an arrow could not have overtaken her. I would have followed her, but Montesinos advised me not to tire myself with so doing, since it would be in vain; and that besides it was now time for me to think of returning and getting out of the cavern. He added that, in process of time, I should be informed of the means of disenchanting himself, Belerma, Durandarte, and all the rest there. But what gave me the most pain of anything I saw or took notice of, was, that while Montesinos was saying these things to me, there approached me on one side, unperceived by me, one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, who addressed to me, with tears in her eyes, and in a low and troubled voice, these words: 'My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and desires you to let her know how you do; and, being in great necessity, she earnestly begs your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, six reals, or what you have about you, which she promises to return very shortly.' This message threw me into the utmost astonishment, and, turning to Signor Montesinos:—'Is it possible, Signor,' I asked, 'that persons of quality under enchantment suffer necessity?' 'Believe me, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha,' he replied, 'that what is called necessity prevails every where; it extends to all, and reaches every body, not excusing even those who are enchanted. Since the lady Dulcinea sends to desire of you those six reals, and the pawn is, in appearance, a good one, there is no more to be done but to give her them, for without doubt she must needs be in some very great strait.'—'I will take no pawn,' answered I, 'nor can I send her what she desires, for I have but four reals,' being those you gave me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the road. I gave, accordingly, the four reals to the damsel, and said: 'Sweetheart, tell your lady that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses,



and wish I were a Fucar[443] to remedy them; and pray let her know that I neither can nor will have health while I want her amiable presence and discreet conversation, and that I beseech her, with all imaginable earnestness, to vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by her captive servant and bewildered knight. Tell her that, when she least thinks of it, she will hear it said that I have made an oath and vow, like that made by the marquis of

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[443] This was the patronymic of a family of Swiss extraction settled at Augsburg, where it lived like the Medici at Florence. The wealth of the Fucars became proverbial, and we are told that when Charles V., on his return from Tunis, sojourned under their roof at Augsburg, his fire was lighted with a note of hand for a considerable sum of money due to the Fucars from the imperial treasury, and that, when lighted, it was fed with cinnamon wood. Branches of this family settled in Spain, where they worked the silver mines of Hornachos and of Guadalcanal, the quicksilver mine of Almaden, etc. The street in which they resided at Madrid is still called *Calle de los Fucares.*

Mantua to revenge his nephew Baudouin, when he found him ready to expire in the mountain, which was, not to eat bread upon a tablecloth, with the other penitences that he added, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe, with more punctuality than did the Infante Don Pedro of Portugal [43], till she be disenchanted.'—'All this and more your worship owes my lady,' answered the damsel, and taking the four reals, instead of making me a courtesy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air."

"Holy Virgin!" cried Sancho, at this juncture; "is it possible that enchanters and enchantments should have power to change my master's good understanding into so extravagant a madness! O! Sir, Sir, for God's sake look to yourself, and stand up for your honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and decayed your senses."—"It is your love of me, Sancho, makes you talk at this rate," said Don Quixote; "and, not being experienced in the things of the world, you take every thing in which there is the least difficulty, for impossible. But the time will come, as I said before, when I shall tell you some other of the things I have seen below, which will make you give credit to what I have now told you, the truth of which admits of no reply or dispute."

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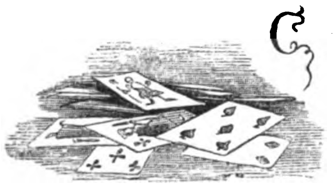
[43] The narrative of the pretended voyages of the Infante Don Pedro was written by Gomez de Santisteban, who called himself one of his twelve companions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND IMPERTINENCES NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS GRAND HISTORY.



Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli, the author of this grand history, when he came to the chapter containing the adventure of the cavern of Montesinos, wrote, according to the translator, on the margin of the paper the following words: "I cannot persuade myself or believe that all that is mentioned in the foregoing chapter happened to the valorous Don Quixote exactly as it is there written. My reason is, because all the adventures hitherto related might have happened and are probable; but with regard to this of the cavern, I find no possibility of its being true, as it exceeds all reasonable bounds. But to think that Don Quixote, being a gentleman of the greatest veracity and a knight of the most worth of any of his time, would tell a lie, is equally impossible; he would not utter a falsehood, though he were to be shot to death with arrows. On the other hand, I consider that he told it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that he could not, in so short a space, have framed so vast an assemblage of extravagances. If this adventure seems to be apocryphal, I am not in fault, and, without affirming it to be true or false, I write it. Since, reader, you have discernment, judge as you see fit, for I neither ought nor can do any more. Though it is held for certain that, upon his death-bed, Don Quixote retracted, and said he had invented it only because it was of a piece, and squared with the adventures he had read of in his histories." That said, the historian continues as follows:—

The cousin was astonished no less at the boldness of Sancho Panza, than at the patience of his master, judging that the mildness of temper he then showed sprung from the satisfaction he had just received in seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted; for, had it not been so, Sancho said such words and things to him as richly deserved a cudgelling. In reality, the cousin thought Sancho had been a little too saucy with his master, to whom he said: "For my part, Signor Don Quixote, I reckon the pains of my journey in your worship's company very well bestowed, I having thereby gained four things: the first, your worship's acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness; the second, my having learned what is enclosed in this cavern of Montesinos, with the transformation of the Guadiana and the lagunes of Ruidera, which will serve for the *Spanish Ovid* I have now in hand; the third, to have learned the antiquity of card-playing, which was in use at least in the days of the emperor Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words your worship says Durandarte spoke, when, at the end of Montesinos' long discourse he awaked, saying: 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.' This expression, in allusion to cards, he could not learn during his enchantment, but when he was in France, and in the days of the said emperor Charlemagne. This discovery will come in pat for the other book I am composing, entituled *Supplement to Virgil Polydore on the invention of antiquities*. I believe he has forgot to insert that of cards in his work, which I will now include in mine; it will, moreover, be of great importance, especially as I shall allege the authority of so grave and true an author as Signor Durandarte[444]. The fourth, is the knowing with certainty the source of the river Guadiana, hitherto completely unknown."—"You are perfectly right," said Don Quixote; "but I would fain know, if by the grace of God a licence be granted you to print your books, which I doubt[445], to whom you intend to inscribe them."—"There are lords and grandees enough in Spain, to whom they may be dedicated," said the cousin. "Not many," answered Don Quixote, "not because they do not deserve a dedication, but because they will not receive one, to avoid lying under any obligation of making such a return as seems due to the pains and complaisance of their authors. I know a prince who makes amends for what is wanting in the rest with so many advantages that, if I durst presume to publish them, perhaps I might stir up envy in several noble breasts[446]. But let this rest till a more convenient season, and let us now consider where we shall lodge to-night."—"Not far hence," answered the cousin, "is a hermitage, in which lives a hermit, who, they say, has been a soldier, and who has the reputation

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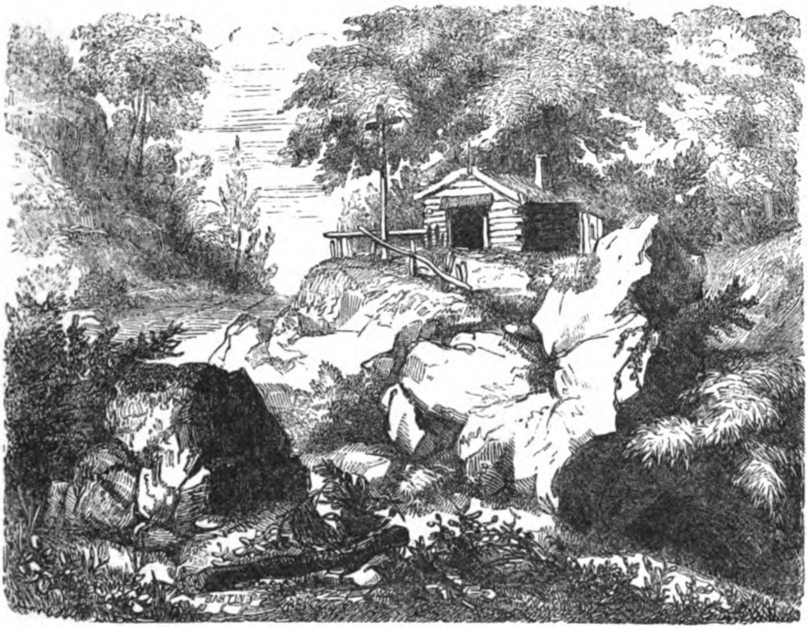
[444] Cards, which were invented in France during the illness of Charles VI., were at first marked with the initials N. P., meaning the name of their inventor, Nicholas Pepin. Hence, according to Covarrubias, comes their Spanish name of *naipes*.



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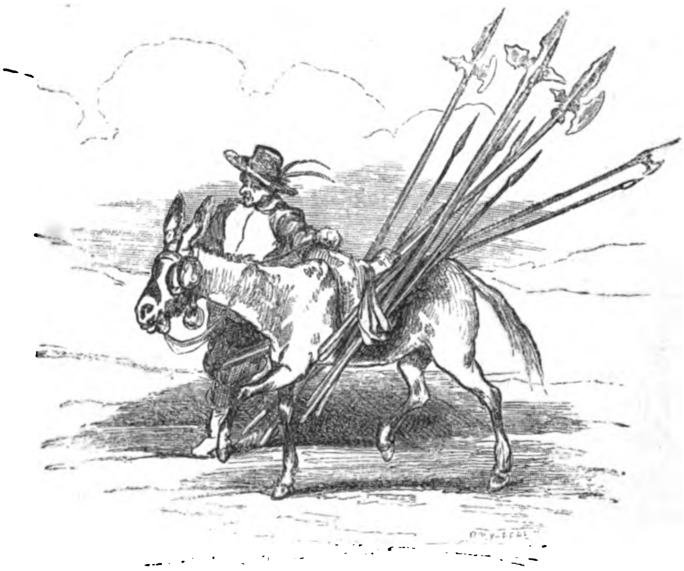
[445] In Cervantes' time, it was very difficult to procure a *licence* to print a book. Doctor Aldrete, who printed at Rome, in 1606, his learned treatise: *Origen y principio de la lengua Castellana*, says, in the prologue addressed to Philip III., that, *for certain reasons*, all *licences* for printing new books were at that time suspended in Spain.

[446] Cervantes here alludes to his patron, the Count Lemos, to whom he dedicated the second part of *Don Quixote*.

of being a good Christian, and very discreet and charitable withal. Adjoining to the hermitage he has a little house, built at his own cost; but, though small, it is large enough to receive guests." —"Has this same hermit any poultry?" asked Sancho. "Few hermits are without," answered Don Quixote, "for those in fashion now-a-days are not like those in the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with leaves of the palm-tree, and lived upon roots of the earth. But do not understand that, because I speak well of the latter, I reflect upon the former; I only mean that the penances of our times do not come up to the austerities and strictness of those practised by the ancients; but this is no reason why they should not all be virtuous. At least I take them to be so, and at the worst, the hypocrite who feigns himself good does less hurt than the undisguised sinner."

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived a man on foot coming towards them, walking very fast, and switching forwards a mule laden with lances and halberds. When he came up to them, he saluted them and passed on. Don Quixote said: "Hold, honest friend; methinks you go faster than is convenient for that mule."—"I cannot stay, Signor," answered the man, "for the



arms you see I am carrying are to be made use of to-morrow; so that I am under a necessity not to stop: therefore adieu. But, if you would know for what purpose I carry them, I intend to lodge this night at the inn beyond the hermitage, and if you travel the same road, you will find me there, where I will tell you wonders; once more, God be with you." Thereupon he pricked on the mule, at such a rate that Don Quixote had no time to enquire what wonders they were he designed to tell them. As he was not a little curious, and always tormented with the desire of hearing new things, he gave orders for their immediate departure, resolving to pass the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the cousin would have had them lodge. This was done accordingly. They mounted, and all three took the direct road to the inn. The cousin desired Don Quixote to make a step to the hermitage to drink one draught, which Sancho no sooner heard than he turned his ass's head in that direction, and his example was followed by Don Quixote and the cousin. But Sancho's ill luck, it seems, would have it that the hermit was not at home, as they were told by an under hermit[447], whom they found in the hermitage. They asked her for the dearest wine. She answered that her master had no wine, but, if they wanted cheap water, she would give them some with all her heart. "If I had wanted water," answered Sancho, "there are wells enough upon the road, whence I might have satisfied myself. O for the wedding of Camacho, and the plenty of Don Diego's house! how often shall I regret you!"

They quitted the hermitage and spurred on towards the inn. They presently overtook a lad who was walking before them in no great haste. He carried a sword upon his shoulders, and upon it a roll or bundle, seemingly of his clothes, in all likelihood breeches or trowsers, his cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jacket lined with satin, and his shirt hung out. His stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed after the court-fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a cheerful countenance, and in appearance very active in the body. He went on singing *Séguidillas* to divert the fatigue of the

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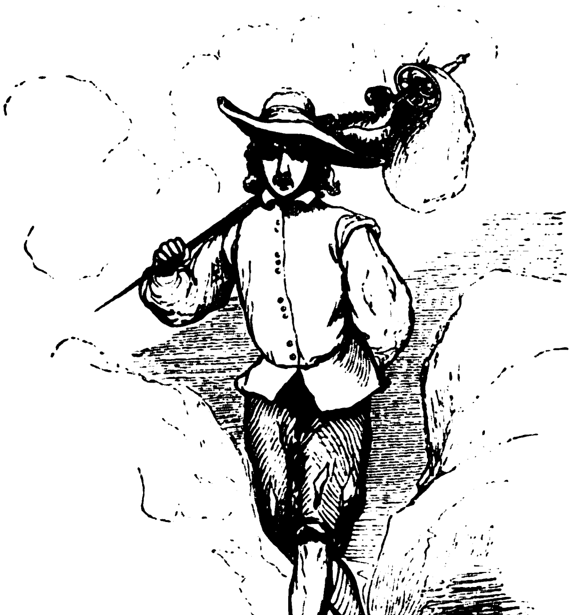
[447] *Una sota ermitano.* A humorous designation for the hermit's servant, the hermit being the lieutenant.



journey; and when they overtook him, he had just done singing one, the last words of which the cousin got by heart and were these:

> "For want of pence to the wars I must go;
> Ah! had I but money, it would not be so."

The first who spoke to him was Don Quixote: "You travel very airily, young spark," said he; "pray, whither so fast? let us know, if you are inclined to tell us." "My walking so airily," answered the youth, "is occasioned by the heat and by poverty; and I am going to the wars."—"How by poverty?" demanded Don Quixote; "by the heat it may very easily be."—"Sir," replied the youth, "I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trowsers, fellows to this jacket: if I wear them out upon the road, I cannot do myself credit with them in the city, and I have no money to buy others. For this reason, as well as for coolness, I go thus, till I come up with some companies of foot, which are not twelve leagues hence, where I will enlist myself. I shall not then want baggage-conveniences to ride in till we come to the place of embarkation, which they say is Carthagena; I choose the king for my master and lord, because I would rather serve him in the war than any paltry fellow at court."—"And pray, sir, have you a ventaja[448]?" asked the cousin. "Had I served some grandee, or other person of distinction," answered the youth, "no doubt I should. In the service of good masters, it is no uncommon thing to rise from the page's table to the post of ensign or captain, or to get some good pension. But poor I was always in the service of strolling fellows or foreigners, whose wages and board-wages are so miserable and slender that one half is spent in paying for starching a ruff. It would be looked upon quite as a miracle, if one page-adventurer in a hundred should get any tolerable preferment."—"But tell me, friend," asked Don Quixote, "is it possible that, in all the times you have been in service, you could not procure a livery?"—"I had two," answered the page; "but, as he who quits the monastery before he professes is stripped of his habit, and his old clothes are returned him, just so my masters did by me, and gave me back mine; for, when the business for which they came to court was terminated, they returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries they had given only for show."—"A notable meanness, truly!" cried Don Quixote. "However, look upon it as an earnest of good fortune that you have quitted the court with so good an intention. In effect, there is nothing upon earth more honourable or more advantageous than first to serve God, and then your king and natural lord, especially in the exercise of arms, by which one acquires at least more honour, if not more riches, than by letters, as I have often said. Though letters may have founded more great families than arms, still there is I know not what that exalts those who follow arms above those who follow letters. Bear in mind this piece of advice, which will be of great use to you, and matter of consolation in your distresses: it is, not to reflect at all upon what adverse accidents may happen. The worst that can happen is death; and, when death is attended with honour, the best that can happen is to die. The valorous Roman emperor Julius Cæsar, being asked which was the best kind of death, answered: 'That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen.' Though he answered like a heathen, and a stranger to the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with respect to human infirmities, he said well. Supposing you are killed in the first skirmish or action, either by a cannon-shot or the blowing up of a mine, what does it signify? all is but dying, and the business is done. According to Terence, the soldier makes a better figure dead in battle than alive and safe in flight, and the good soldier gains just as much reputation as he shows obedience to his captains, and to those who have a right to command him. Observe, my son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk; and if old age overtake you in this noble profession, though lame, maimed, and covered with wounds, at

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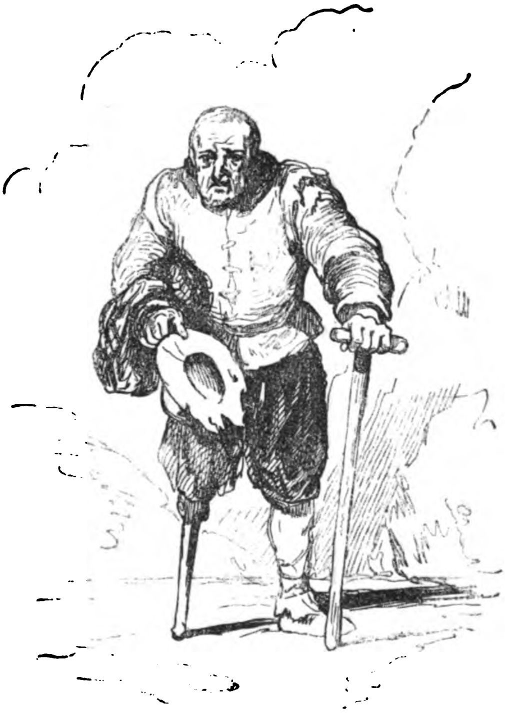
[448] This means a supplementary pay granted to soldiers born in the army, who were called *aventajados*; but who, in recent times, have been superseded by Cadets.



least it will not overtake you without honour, and such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you of. Besides, care is now taken to provide for the maintenance of old and disabled soldiers, who ought not to be dealt with as many do by their negro slaves when they are old and past service, whom they discharge and set at liberty, and, driving them out of their houses, under pretence of giving them their freedom, make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing but death can deliver them. At present I will say no more; but get up behind me upon my horse till we come to the inn; there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning pursue your journey; and God give you as good speed as your good intentions deserve."

The page did not accept of the invitation to ride behind Don Quixote, but did that of supping with him at the inn; and here it is said that Sancho muttered to himself: "God bless my master! how is it possible that one who can say so many and such good things as he has now done, should say he saw the extravagant impossibilities he tells us of the cavern of Montesinos? Well, we shall see what will come of it." Shortly afterwards they arrived at the inn, just at night-fall, and Sancho was pleased to see his master take it for an inn indeed, and not for a castle as heretofore.

They were scarcely entered, when Don Quixote asked the landlord for the man with the lances and halberds. The host answered that he was in the stable, looking after his mule. The cousin and Sancho did the same by their beasts, giving Rocinante the best manger and the best place in the stable.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE BRAYING ADVENTURE AND THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER, WITH THE MEMORABLE DIVINATIONS OF THE DIVINING APE.

DON Quixote's cake was dough, as the saying is, till he could hear and learn the wonders promised to be told him by the conductor of the arms. He went in quest of him where the innkeeper told him he was, and, having found him, desired him by all means to narrate what he had promised in answer to his, Don Quixote's enquiries. The man answered; "The account of my wonders must be taken more at leisure, and not on foot. Suffer me, good Sir, to make an end of taking care of my beast; I will then tell you things which will amaze you." "Let not that be any hindrance," answered Don Quixote, "for I will help you." And he immediately began winnowing the barley and cleaning the manger, a piece of humility which obliged the man readily to tell him what he desired. Having seated himself upon a stone bench without the inn-door, with Don Quixote by his side, the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza and the inn-keeper serving as his senate and auditory, he began as follows:

"You must understand, gentlemen, that, in a village four leagues and a half from this city, it happened that a regidor [49], through the artful contrivance (too long to be told) of a wench his maid servant, lost his ass, and though the said regidor used all imaginable diligence to find him, it was not possible. Fifteen days were passed, as public fame says, since the ass was missing, when the losing regidor being in the market-place, another regidor of the same town said to him: 'Give me my fees[150], gossip, for your ass has appeared.'—'Most willingly, neighbour,' answered the other, 'but let us know where he has been seen.'—'In the mountain wood,' answered the finder; 'I saw him this morning without a pannel, or any kind of furniture about him, and so lank that it would grieve one to see him. I would fain have driven him before me, and brought him to you, but he is already become so wild that, when I went near him, away he galloped, into the most intricate part of the wood. If you have a mind we should both go to seek him, let

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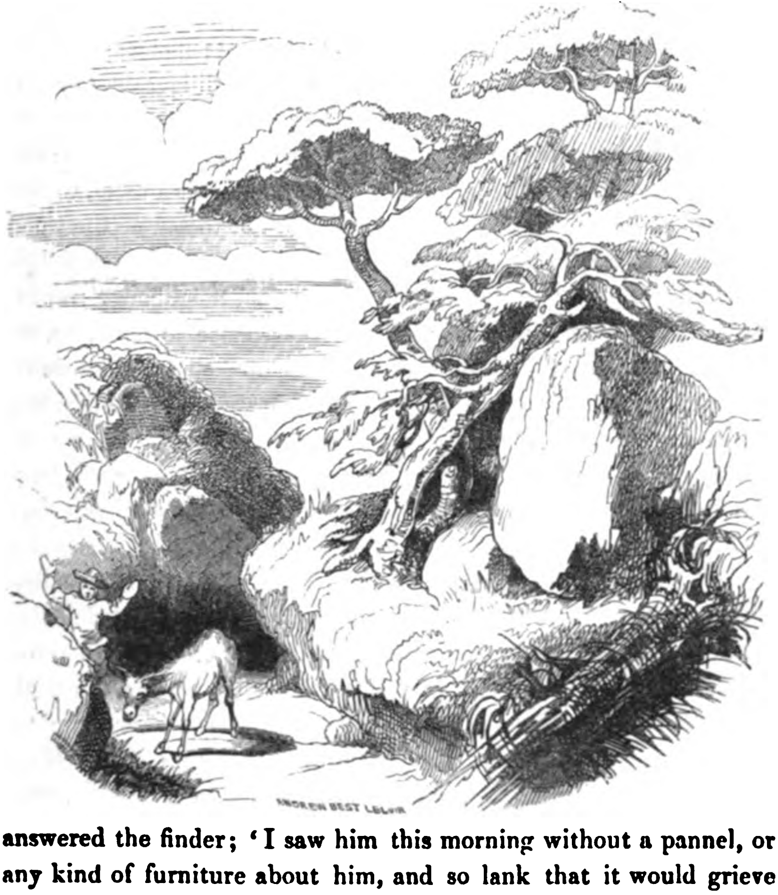
[49] A municipal officer, magistrate.



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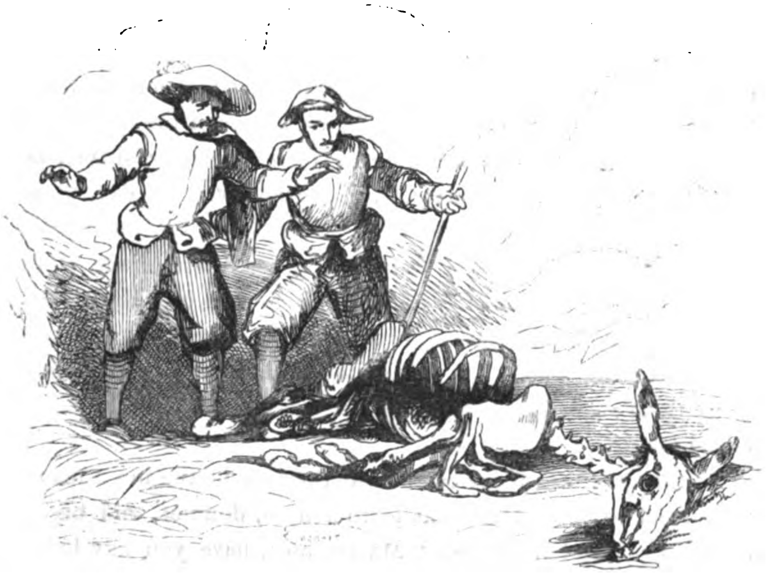
[150] *Albricias*, a present made to the bearer of good news.

me but put up this ass at home, and I will return instantly.' 'You will do me a great pleasure,' answered the master of the ass, 'and I will endeavour to pay you in the same coin.' With all these circumstances and after the very same manner that I have related it to you, is the story told by all who are acquainted with the truth of the affair. In short, the two regidors, on foot, and hand in hand, went into the wood; but when they came to the place where they thought to find the ass, they found him not; nor was he to be discovered any where about, though they searched diligently after him. Perceiving then that he was not to be found, the regidor that had seen him said to the other: 'Hark you, gossip; a device has just come into my head, whereby we shall assuredly discover this animal, though he were crept into the bowels of the earth, not to say of the wood. I can bray to admiration, and if you can do so never so little, conclude the business done.'—'Never so little, say you, neighbour?' replied the other. 'Before God, I yield the precedence to none, no, not to asses themselves.'—'We shall see that immediately,' continued the second regidor, 'for I propose that you shall go on one side of the mountain and I on the other, and so we will traverse and encompass it quite round. Every now and then, you shall bray, and so will I, and the ass will most certainly hear and answer us, if he be in the wood.'—'In truth, neighbour,' answered the master of the ass, 'the device is excellent, and worthy of your great ingenuity.' Parting immediately, according to agreement, it fell out that they both brayed at the same instant, and each of them, deceived by the braying, ran to seek the other, thinking he had found the ass. When they came in sight of each other, the loser said: 'Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass that brayed?'—'No it was I,' answered the other. 'I tell you then,' said the owner, 'that there is no manner of difference, as to the braying part, between you and an ass; for in my life I never saw or heard anything more natural.'—'These praises and compliments,' answered the author of the stratagem, 'belong rather to you than to me, gossip. By the God that made me, you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilful brayer in the world. The tone of your bray is deep, the sustaining of your voice in time and measure, and your cadences frequent and quick; in short, I own myself vanquished, and yield up the palm of this rare ability.'—'I say,' answered the owner, 'I shall value and esteem myself the more henceforward, and shall think I know something, since I have some excellence; for, though I fancied I brayed well, I never flattered myself I came up to the pitch you are pleased to say.'—'I tell you,' answered the second, 'there are rare abilities lost in the world, and ill bestowed on those who know not how to employ them to advantage.'—'Ours,' returned the owner, 'excepting in cases like the present, cannot be of service to us; even in this, God grant they prove of some benefit.' That said, they separated again, and recommenced their braying; but at every turn they deceived each other, and met again, till they agreed, as a countersign, to distinguish their own brayings from those of the ass, that they should bray twice together, one immediately after the other. Thus redoubling their brayings, they made the tour of the mountain, without eliciting any answer from the stray ass. How, indeed, could the poor creature answer, seeing that they found it in the thickest of the wood, half devoured by wolves. When the owner saw him:



'I wondered indeed,' said he, 'that he did not answer; for, had he not been dead, he would have brayed at hearing us, or he were no ass. Nevertheless, gossip, I esteem the pains I have been at in seeking him to be well bestowed, though I have found him dead, since I have heard you bray with such a grace.'—'It is in a good hand,* gossip,' answered the other; 'for if the curate sings well, the chorister-boy comes not far behind him.' Hereupon they returned home, disconsolate and hoarse, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, all that had happened in the search after the ass; each of them exaggerating the other's excellence in braying. The story spread all over the adjacent villages. Now the devil, who sleeps not, as he loves to sow and promote squabbles and discord wherever he can, and to sow the air with straws, so brought it about that the people of other villages, upon seeing any of the folks of ours would presently begin braying; thus as it were throwing in our face the braying of our regidors. The boys have taken it up, which is worse than putting it into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and thus braying spread from one town to another, insomuch that the natives of the braying village are as well known as white folks are distinguished from black. This unhappy jest has gone so far, that the mocked have often sallied out in arms against the mockers, and given them battle, without king or justice, fear or shame, being able to prevent it. To-morrow, I believe, or next day, those of our village, the brayers, will take the field against the people of another village, about two leagues from ours, being one of those which persecute us most. In order to be well provided for them, I have brought the lances and halberds you saw me carrying. These are the wonders I said I would tell you; if you do not think them such, I have no other for you." And the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture there came in at the door of the inn a man clad from head to foot in shamois leather hose, doublet, and breeches, and said with a loud voice: "Master host, have you any lodging? for here come the divining ape, and the puppet-show of Melisandra's deliverance."—"Body of me!" cried the innkeeper, "what! master Peter here! we shall have a brave night of it." I had forgotten to tell you that this same master Peter had his left eye and almost half his cheek covered with a patch of green taffeta, a

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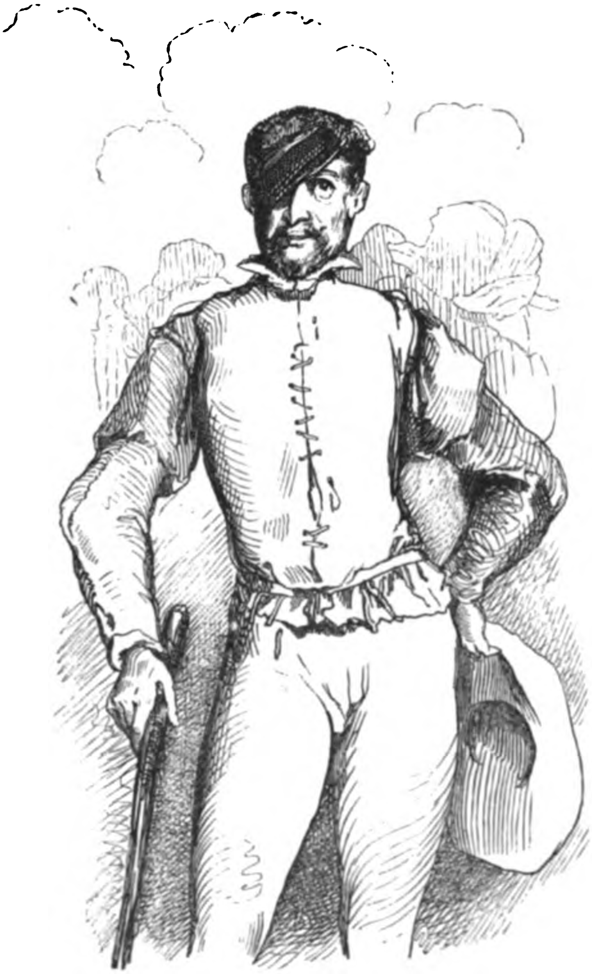
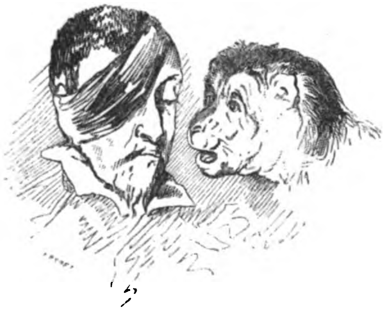
* Alluding to the civility of complimenting one another to drink first.



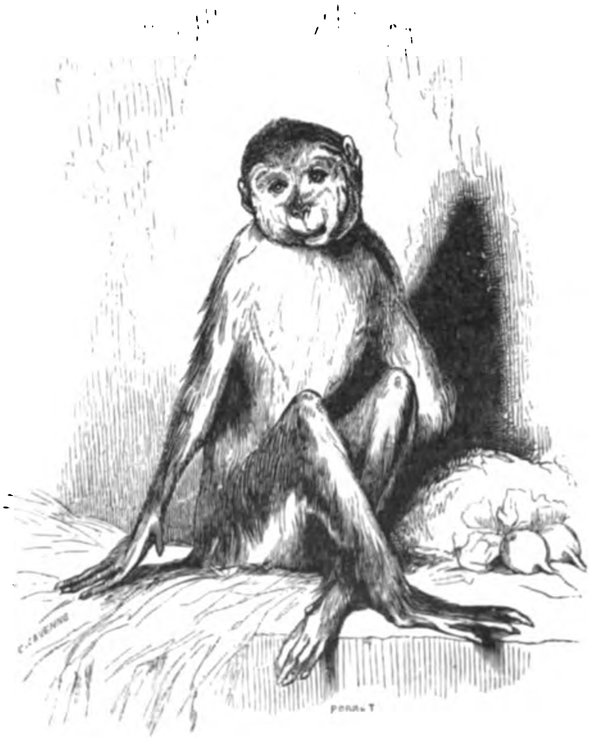
sign that something ailed that side of his face. "Welcome, master Peter!" continued the host; "where are the ape and the puppet-show? I do not see them."—"They are hard by," answered the shamois man; "I came before to see if there be any lodging to be had."—"I would turn out the duke of Alva himself, to make room for master Peter," answered the innkeeper. "Let the ape and the puppets come, for there are guests this evening in the inn who will pay for seeing the show and the abilities of the ape." —"So be it," answered the man with the patch; "I will lower the price, and reckon myself well paid with only bearing my charges. I will go back, and hasten the cart with the ape and the puppets." So saying, he went out of the inn.

Don Quixote now asked the landlord who this master Peter was, and what puppets and what ape he had with him. "He is a famous puppet-player," replied the landlord, "who has been a long time going up and down these parts of La Mancha in Arragon, with a show of Melisandra and the famous Don Gaïferos, which is one of the best stories and the best performed that have been seen hereabouts for these many years. He has also an ape, whose talents exceed those of all other apes, and even those of men. If any question is asked him, he listens to it attentively, leaps upon his master's shoulder, and, putting his mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer: which answer master Peter presently repeats aloud. He tells much more concerning things past than things to come; and, though he does not always hit right, yet for the most part he is not much out, so that we are inclined to believe he has the devil within him. He has two reals for each question if the ape answers, I mean if his master answers for him, after the ape has whispered him in the ear. Therefore, it is thought that this same master Peter must be very rich. He is a very gallant man, as they say in Italy, a boon



companion, and lives the merriest life in the world. He talks more than six, drinks more than a dozen, and all this at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets."

By this time master Peter was returned; and, in the cart, came the puppets, and a large ape without a tail, but not ill-favoured.



Don Quixote no sooner espied him than he asked him: "Master diviner, pray tell me what *peje pigliamo*[451]? what will be our fortune? See, here are my two reals." He then told Sancho to give them to master Peter, who, answering for the ape, said: "Signor, this animal makes no answer, and does not give any information as to things future; he knows something of the past, and a little of the present."—"Odds-bobs," cried Sancho, "I would not give a brass farthing to be told what is past of myself: for who can tell that better than myself? and for me to pay for what I know already, would be a very great folly. But since he knows things present, here are my two reals, and let the goodman ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza is doing, and what she is employed about." Master Peter would not take the money. "I will not be paid beforehand," said he, "nor take your reward till I have done you the service," and giving with his right hand two or three claps on his left shoulder, at one spring the ape jumped upon it, and, laying its mouth to his ear, grated its teeth, and chattered apace. Having made this grimace for the space of a *credo*, at another skip down it jumped on the ground. Then master Peter ran and kneeled before Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs: "These legs I embrace," cried he, "as if I embraced the two pillars of Hercules O illustrious reviver of the long-forgotten order of chivalry! O never-sufficiently-extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou spirit to the faint-hearted, stay to those that are falling, arm to those that are already fallen, staff and comfort to all that are unfortunate!"

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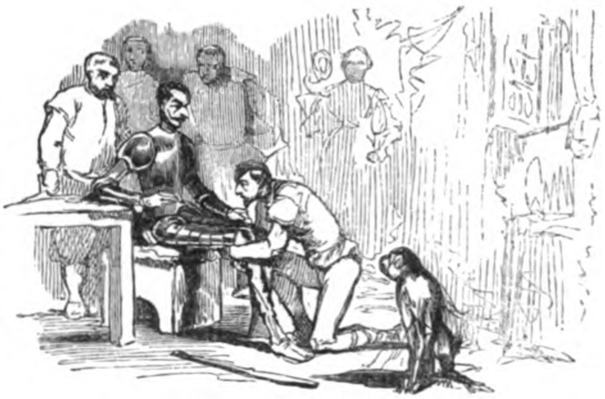
[451] *What fish have we here!* an Italian expression put by Cervantes into Don Quixote's mouth.



Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho in suspense, the cousin surprised, the page astonished, the braying-man all agape, the innkeeper confounded, and lastly, the hair of all that heard the expressions of the puppet-player stood on end. The latter continued, quite unconcerned: "And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice; thy good wife Teresa is well, and this very hour is dressing a pound of flax, by the same token that she has by her left side a broken-mouthed pitcher, which holds a very pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits at her work."—"I verily believe it," answered Sancho, "for she is a blessed one; and, were she not a little jealous, I would not change her for the giantess Andandona, who, in my master's opinion, was a very accomplished woman and a capital manager; and my Teresa is one of those who will make much of themselves, though it be at the expense of their heirs."—"Well," cried Don Quixote, "I now affirm that he who reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much. What, indeed, could have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the world that can divine, as I have now seen with my own eyes? Yes, I am that very Don Quixote de la Mancha that this good animal has said, though he has expatiated a little too much in my commendation. But, such as I am, I give thanks to Heaven that endued me with a tender and compassionate disposition of mind, always inclined to do good to every body and hurt nobody."—"If I had money," said the page, "I would ask master ape what will befal me in my intended expedition."—"I have already told you," answered master Peter, who was already got up from kneeling at Don Quixote's feet, "that this little beast does not answer as to things future. If he really did answer such questions, it would be no matter whether you had money or not; for, to serve Signor Don Quixote here present, I would waive all advantages in the world. And now, because it is my duty, and to do him a pleasure besides, I intend to put in order my puppet-show, and entertain all the folks in the inn gratis." The innkeeper hearing this, above all measure overjoyed, pointed out a convenient place for setting up the show, which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote was not entirely satisfied with the ape's divinations, not thinking it likely that an ape should divine things either future or past. So, while master Peter was preparing his show, he drew Sancho aside to a corner of a stable, where, without being overheard by anybody, he said to him: "Look you, Sancho, I have carefully considered the strange talent of this ape, and, by my account, I find that master Peter, his owner, must doubtless have made a tacit or express pact with the devil."—"Nay," said Sancho, "if the pack be express from the devil, it must needs be a very sooty pack. But what advantage would it be to this same master Peter to have such a pack?"—"You do not understand me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I only mean that he must certainly have made some agreement with the devil to infuse his ability into the ape, whereby he gets his bread; and, after he is become rich, he will give him his soul, which is what the universal enemy of mankind aims at. What induces me to this belief, is finding that the ape answers only as to things past or present, and the knowledge of the devil extends no farther. He knows the future only by conjecture, and not always that; for it is the prerogative of God alone to know times and seasons; to him nothing is past or future; every thing is present. This being so, as it really is, it is plain the ape talks in the style of the devil, and I wonder he has not been accused before the Inquisition, and compelled by torture, to confess by what power he divines. Certain it is that this ape is no astrologer, and neither his master nor he know how to raise one of those figures called judiciary[453], which are now so much in fashion in Spain, that there is not a servant-maid, page, or cobbler, but presumes to raise a figure, as if it were a card, from the ground; thus destroying by their lying and ignorant pretences the wonderful truth of the science. I know a certain lady who asked one of these figure-raisers whether a little lap-dog she had would breed, and how many, and of what colour the puppies would be. To which master astrologer, after raising a figure, answered that the bitch would pup, and have three whelps, one

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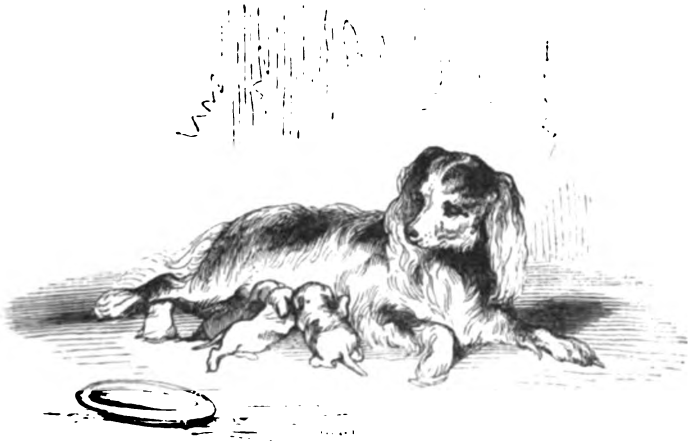
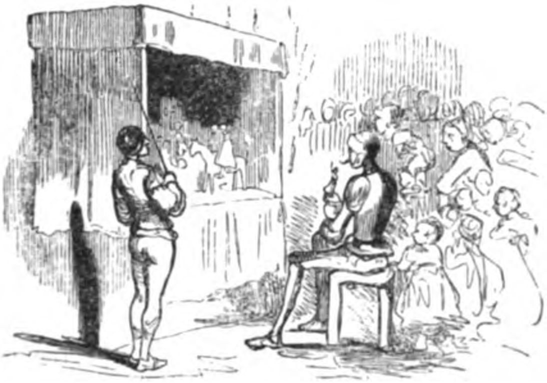
[453] *Alzar* or *levantar figuras judiciarias.* According to Covarrubias, this was the astrological term for the method of determining the position of the twelve signs of the zodiac, of the planets and the fixed stars, at a given moment, in order to cast an horoscope.



green, one carnation, and the other mottled, provided that she proved with young between the hours of eleven or twelve at noon or night, and that it were on a Monday or a Saturday. Now it happened that the bitch died two days after of a surfeit, and master figure-raiser had the repute in the town of being as consummate an astrologer as the rest of his brethren."—"For all that," answered Sancho, "I wish your worship would desire master Peter to ask his ape whether all be true which befel you in the cave of Montesinos; because, for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I take it to be all sham and lies, or at least a dream."—"It may be so," answered Don Quixote, "but I will do what you advise me, since I myself begin to have some kind of scruples about it."

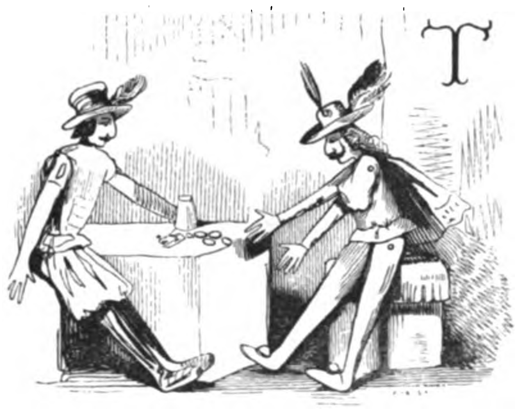
Here they were interrupted by master Peter, who came to tell Don Quixote that the show was ready, desiring he would come to see it, for it was well worth the trouble. Don Quixote communicated to him his thoughts, and desired him to ask his ape whether certain things which befel him in the cavern of Montesinos were dreams or realities, since they seemed to him to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering a word, went and fetched his ape, and, placing him before Don Quixote and Sancho: "Look you, master ape," said he; "this knight would know whether certain things which befel him in a cavern called that of Montesinos were real or imaginary." Then making the usual signal, the ape leaped upon his left shoulder, and seeming to chatter to him in his ear, master Peter presently said: "The ape says that of all the things your worship saw, or which befel you, in the said cavern, part are false, and part likely to be true. This is what he knows, and no more, as to this question. But, if your worship has a mind to put any more to him, on Friday next he will answer to every thing you shall ask him. His virtue is at an end for the present, and will not return till that time."—"Did not I tell you," cried Sancho, "it could never go down with me that all your worship said touching the adventures of the cavern was true, nor even half?"—"The event will show that, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for time, the discoverer of all things, brings every thing to light, though it should lie hidden in the bowels of the earth. But enough for the present; let us go see honest master Peter's show, for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it." — "How, some!" exclaimed master Peter; "sixty thousand novelties are contained in this puppet-show of mine. I assure you, signor Don Quixote, it is one of the top things to be seen that the world affords at this day, and *operibus credite, non verbis.* Let us now to work, for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to show."

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and came where the show was set out, stuck round with little lighted wax candles, that gave it a resplendent appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the show; and before it stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the piece. He held a white wand in his hand, to point to the several figures as they entered. All the folks in the inn being placed, some standing opposite to the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the cousin seated in the best places, the dragoman began to say what will be heard or seen by those who will be at the pains of hearing or seeing the following chapter.



CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE PLEASANT ADVENTURE OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER, WITH SUNDRY OTHER MATTERS IN TRUTH SUFFICIENTLY GOOD.



TYRIANS and Trojans were all silent [453]; I mean, that all the spectators of the show hung upon the mouth of the declarer * of its wonders, when from within the scene they heard the sound of a number of drums and trumpets, and several discharges of artillery, which noise was soon over. Then the little boy raised his voice, and said: "This true history, here represented to you, gentlemen, is taken, word for word, from the

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[453] A burlesque imitation of the first verse of the second book of the Æneid, *Conticuere omnes*, etc.

* *Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri.* Ovid. Epist. 1. v. 30.

French chronicles and Spanish *romances*, which are in every body's mouth, and sung by the boys up and down the streets. It treats how Don Gaïferos freed his wife Melisandra, who was a prisoner in Spain in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansuena, now called Saragossa. Behold here how Don Gaïferos is playing at tables, according to the song:

'Ga'feros now at tables plays,
Forgetful of his lady dear[434].'

That personage who appears yonder, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melisandra, who, being vexed to see the indolence and negligence of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him. Observe with what vehemence and earnestness he scolds him; one would think he had a mind to give him half a dozen raps over the pate with his sceptre; there are even authors who say he actually gave them, and sound ones too. And, after having said sundry things about the danger his honour ran in not procuring the liberty of his spouse, it is reported he said to him: 'I have told you enough, look to it[435].' Pray observe, gentlemen, how the emperor turns his back, and leaves Don Gaïferos in a fret. See him now, impatient with choler, flinging about the board in pieces, calling hastily for his armour, and desiring Don Orlando, his cousin, to lend him his good sword. Don Orlando refuses to lend it him, offering to bear him company in that arduous enterprise; but the valorous and angry Gaïferos will not accept his offer; on the contrary, he says

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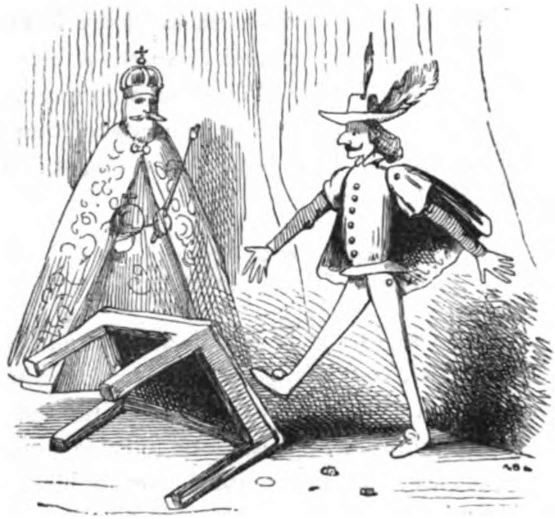
[434] These verses, and those quoted a little farther on, are taken from the *romances* of the *Cancionero* and from the *Silva of romances*, in which latter is related the history of Gaïferos and of Melisandra.

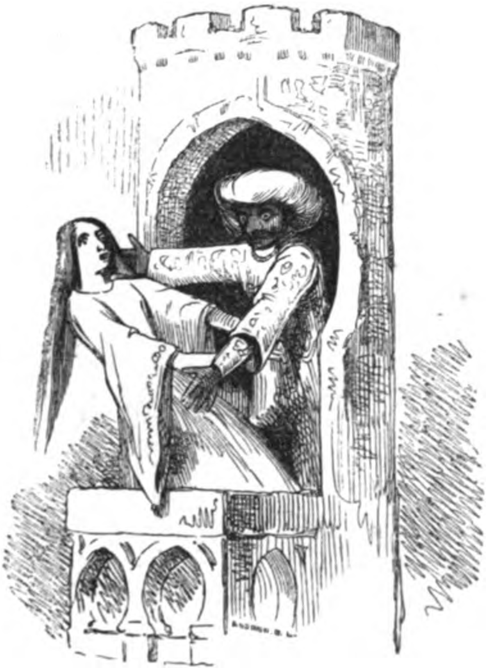
[435] This line is repeated in a comic *romance* composed on the adventure of Gaïferos, by Miguel Sanchez, a poet of the seventeenth century.

Melisendra esta en Sansuena,
Vos en Paris descuidado;
Vos ausente, ella mugëa:
Llarto os he dicho, miradlo.



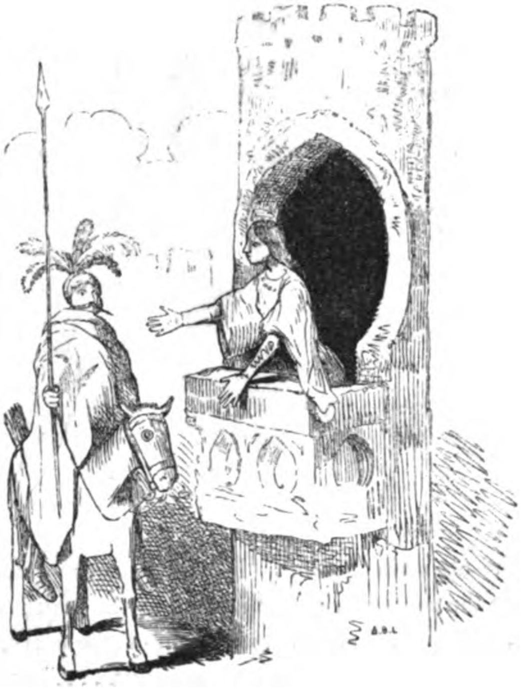
that he alone is able to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down to the centre of the earth; and hereupon he goes in to arm himself in order to set forward immediately.

"Now, gentlemen, turn your eyes towards that tower which appears yonder. You must suppose that it is one of the towers of the Alcazar of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia. That lady, who appears at yon balcony in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisandra, casting many a heavy look towards the road that leads to France, and fixing her imagination upon the city of Paris, and her husband, her only consolation in her captivity. Now behold a strange incident, the like perhaps never seen. Do you not see yon Moor, who, stealing softly along, step by step, with his finger upon his mouth, comes behind Melisandra? Behold how he gives her a kiss full on her lips, and the haste she makes to spit and wipe her mouth with her white shift-sleeve, and how she laments, and tears her beauteous hair in despair, as if that was to blame for the indignity. Observe that grave Moor in yonder gallery; he is Marsilio, the king of Sansuena, who, seeing the insolence of the Moor, though he is a relation of his and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes to be given him, as he is led through the most frequented streets of the city, with criers



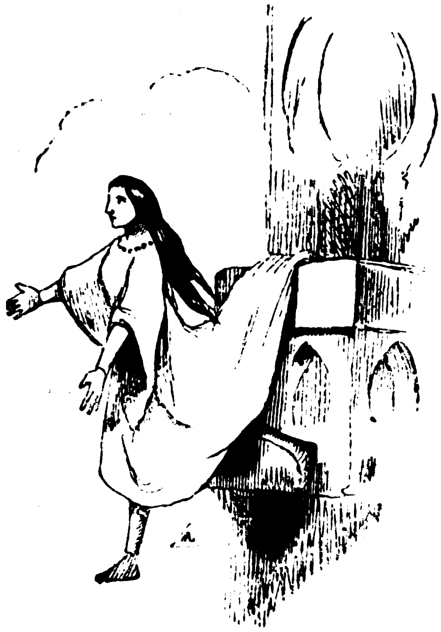
before and the alguazils behind. Behold here the officers coming out to execute the sentence, almost as soon as the fault is committed, for, among the Moors, there is no citation of the party, nor copies of the process, nor delay of justice, as among us. . . . ."—"Boy, boy," here interrupted Don Quixote in a loud voice, "on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals; to come at the truth of a fact, there is often need of proof upon proof." Master Peter also added from within: "Boy, none of your flourishes; but do what the gentleman bids you, for that is the surest way; sing your song plainly, and seek not for counterpoints, for they usually crack the strings."—"I will," answered the boy, and he forthwith proceeded thus:

"The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a Gascony cloak, is Don Gaiferos himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured Moor, shows herself from the battlements of the tower with a calmer and more sedate countenance. She talks to her husband, believing him to be some passenger; and she holds all that discourse and dialogue in the romance which says:

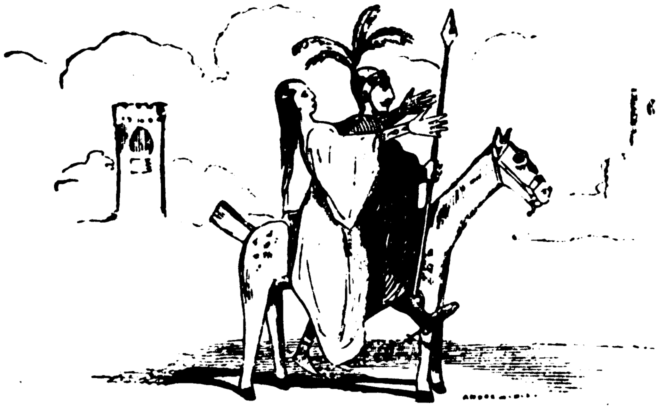


'If to gay France your course you bend,
Let me entreat you, gentle friend,
Make diligent inquiry there
For Ga'feros my husband dear.'

The rest I omit, because length begets loathing. It is sufficient to observe how Don Gaiferos discovers himself, and by the signs of joy Melisandra makes, you may perceive she knows him, especially now that you see she lets herself down from the balcony, to get on horseback behind her husband. But alas, poor lady! the skirt of her petticoat has caught hold on one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach



the ground. But see, how merciful Heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses, for now comes Don Gaïferos, and, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn or not, lays hold of her and brings her to the ground by main force; then, with a spring he sets her behind him on his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold



very fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall, for the lady Melisandra was not used to that way of riding. See how the horse, by his neighings, shows he is pleased with the burthen of his valiant master and fair mistress. See how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with you, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold you enjoy in perfect peace the remaining days (and may they be like Nestor's) of your lives!" Here again master Peter raised his voice: "Plainness, boy," cried he, "do not lose yourself in the clouds; all affectation is naught." The interpreter continued without making any answer: "There wanted not some idle eyes, such as espy every thing, to see Melisandra getting down and mounting, of which they gave notice to king Marsilio, who immediately commanded to sound the alarm. Pray take notice what a hurry they are in, and how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques."—"No, no," cried Don Quixote, "master Peter is very much mistaken in the business of the bells; for the Moors do not use bells, but kettle-drums, and a kind of *dulzaina* very much like our clarions[136]. Therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuena is a great absurdity." Master Peter, overhearing Don Quixote's speech, left off ringing, and said: "Signor Don Quixote, do not criticise upon trifles, nor expect that perfection which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies acted almost every where full of as many improprieties and blunders, and yet they run their career with great success, and are listened to not only with applause, but with admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; so that I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun."—"You are in the right," replied Don Quixote, and the boy proceeded: "See what a numerous and brilliant body of cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers. Behold how many trumpets sound, how many *dulzainas* play, how many drums and kettle-drums rattle. I fear they will overtake them, and bring them back tied to their own horse's tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle."

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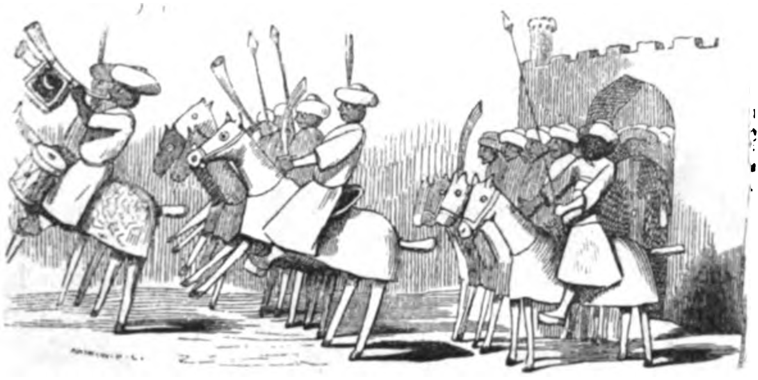
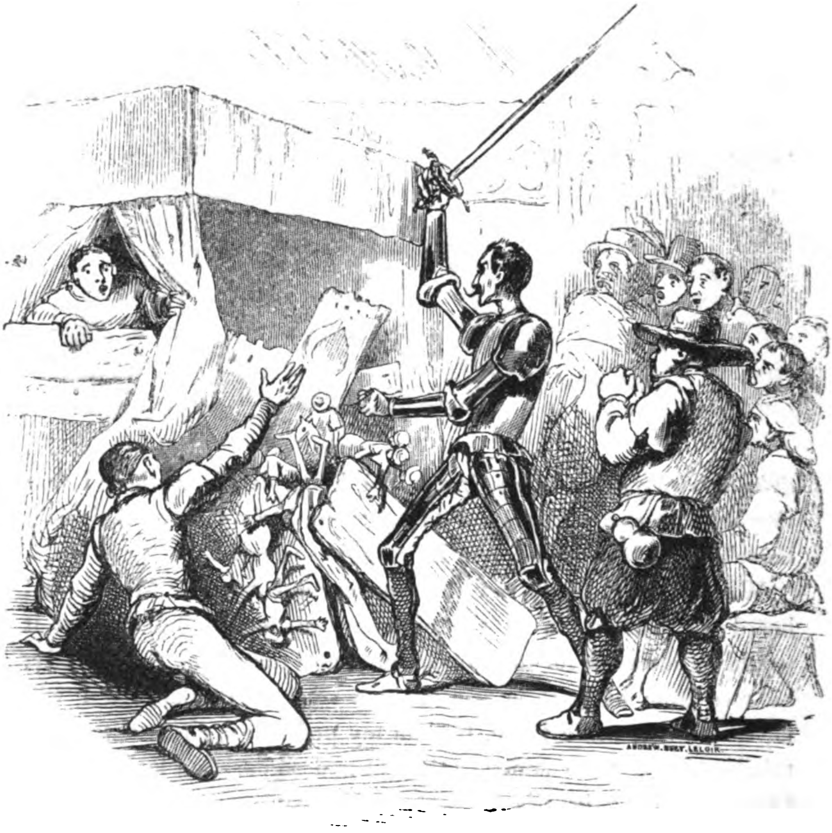
[136] The *dulzaina*, which is still in use in the province of Valencia, is a species of crooked instrument, with a very shrill sound. The *chirimia* (which we translate by clarion), another instrument of Arabian origin, is a kind of long hautboy, having twelve holes, with a loud and solemn sound.



When Don Quixote saw this numerous cohort of Moors, and heard the martial din of the military instruments, he thought it would be advisable for him to succour those that fled. Accordingly, he rose from his seat, and cried in a voice of thunder: "I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gaiferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not nor pursue after him; if you do, prepare for instant battle." As he spoke, he unsheathed his sword, planted himself close to the show, and, with violent and unheard-of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others, laming this and demolishing that. Among a great many other strokes, he fetched one with such force that, if master Peter had not ducked and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar paste. Master Peter cried out: "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, hold, and consider that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of pasteboard; consider, sinner that I am! that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole livelihood." For all that,



Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling and redoubling fore-strokes and back-strokes like hail. In short, in less than two *credos* he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures, king Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the Emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house, the cousin was frightened, the page daunted, and even Sancho himself trembled mightily; for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general demolition of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm. "I wish," said he, "I had here before me, at this instant, all those who are not and will not be convinced of how much benefit knights-errant are to the world. If I had not been present, what would have become of good Don Gaiferos and the fair Melisandra? Without doubt these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all this is done, long live knight-errantry above all things living in the world!"—"In God's name, let it live, and let me die," said master Peter, at this juncture, with a fainting voice, "since I am so unfortunate that I can say with King Rodrigo: 'Yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day have not a foot of land I can call my own[437];' it is not half an hour ago, nor scarce half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things. Now I am desolate, and dejected, poor, and a beggar, and, what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who will make my teeth sweat for it before I get him again. And all through the inconsiderate fury of this Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds. In me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In fine, it could only be the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what master Peter had spoken. "Weep not, master Peter," said he, "nor take on so; you break my heart; and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so catholic and scrupulous a Christian, that when he comes to reflect that he has done you any wrong, he knows how, and will certainly make you amends with interest."—"If Signor Don Quixote," answered master Peter, "would but repay me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution."—"True," here observed Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know that I have any thing of yours, master Peter."—"How!" cried master Peter; "what but the invincible force of your powerful arm, scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? And how did I maintain myself but by them?"—"Now am I entirely convinced," cried Don Quixote at this juncture, "of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that whatever has passed at this time, seemed to me to pass actually and precisely so. I took Melisandra, to be Melisandra; Don Gaïferos, Don Gaïferos; Marsilio, Marsilio; and Charlemagne, Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler, and, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I had a mind to assist and succour those that fled. With this good intention, I did what you just now saw. If things have fallen out the reverse, it is no fault of mine, but of those my wicked persecutors. But, notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, yet will I condemn myself in costs. See, master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile."

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[437] A verse of the ancient romance *Como perdio a España el rey Don Rodrigo* (*Cancionero general.*)

Master Peter made him a low bow. "I expected no less," said he, "from the unexampled Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and support of all the needy and distressed. Let master innkeeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers between your worship and me, and decide what the demolished figures are or were worth." The innkeeper and Sancho said they would. Then master Peter took up King Marsilio, minus his head, and said: "You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state. Therefore I think, with submission to better judgments, you must award me, for his death and destruction, four reals and a half."—"Granted," said Don Quixote; "proceed."—"Then for this that is cleft from top to bottom," continued master Peter, taking up the emperor

Charlemagne, "I think five reals and a quarter little enough to ask."—"Not very little," said Sancho. "Nor very much," replied the innkeeper; "but split the difference, and set him down five reals."—"Give him the five and a quarter," said Don Quixote; "for in such a notable mischance as this, a quarter more or less is not worth standing upon. But make an end, master Peter, for it grows towards supper time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me."—"For this figure," said master Peter, "wanting a nose and an eye, which is the fair Melisandra, I must have two reals and twelve maravedis."—"Nay," cried Don Quixote, "the devil must be in it if Melisandra be not by this time with her husband, at least upon the borders of France, for methought the horse they rode upon seemed to fly rather than gallop. Therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, showing me here Melisandra, one-eyed and noseless, whereas at this very instant she is enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, master Peter, and let us have plain dealing. Proceed." Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape. "Now I think on it," said he, "this is not Melisandra, but one of her waiting-maids. So, with sixty maravedis [438], I shall be well enough paid, and very well contented." Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three quarters; and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, master Peter demanded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape." "Give them, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not for catching the ape, but to catch the monkey [439]; and I would give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain that Donna Melisandra and Signor Don Gaïferos are at this time in France, and among their friends."—"Nobody can tell us that better than my ape," said master Peter. "But the devil himself cannot catch him now. I suppose, however, his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night. To-morrow is a new day, and we shall see each other again."

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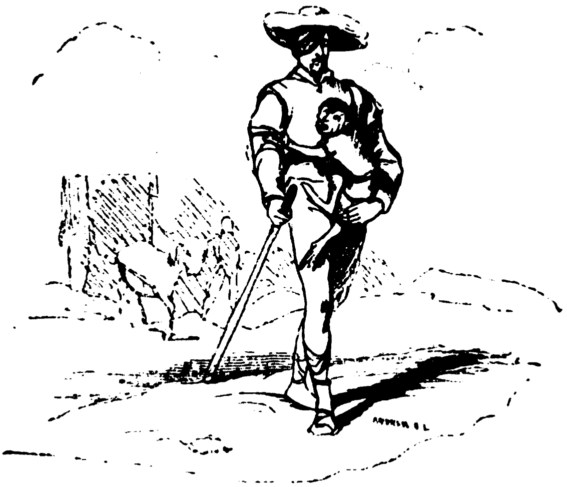
[438] There are thirty-four maravédis in a real.

[439] In familiar language, to catch the monkey (*tomar* or *coger la mona*), means to get drunk.

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show passed over, and they all supped together in peace and good company, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree. He who carried the lances and halberds, went off before day; and, after it was light, the cousin and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the one in order to return home, and the other to pursue his intended journey; to the latter, Don Quixote gave a dozen reals, to help to bear his charges. Master Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well, arose before the sun, and, gathering up the fragments of his show, and taking his ape, away he went in quest of farther adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was no less astonished at his madness than at his liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him handsomely by his master's order, and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, in which we will leave them, in order that we may relate several other things necessary to the better understanding this famous history.



CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHO MASTER PETER AND HIS APE WERE; WITH THE ILL SUCCESS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH HE FINISHED NOT AS HE WISHED AND INTENDED.

CID HAMET BEN-ENGELI, the chronicler of this grand history, begins this chapter with these words: "*I swear as a Catholic Christian.*" To which his translator adds that Cid Hamet's swearing as a Catholic Christian, he being a Moor (as undoubtedly he was), meant nothing more than that, as the Catholic Christian, when he swears, does or ought to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Don Quixote; especially in declaring who master Peter was, with some account of the divining ape, who surprised all the villages thereabouts with his divinations. He says, then, that whoever has read the former part of this history must needs remember Ginès de Passamonte, to whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave liberty in the Sierra-Morena, a benefit for which afterwards he had small thanks and worse payment from that mischievous and misbehaving crew. This Ginès de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginésillo de Parapilla, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's donkey, and as, through the neglect of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that theft is described, many people ascribe the error of the press to want of memory in the author. In short, stolen he was, by Ginès, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same artifice that was used by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at the siege of Albraca, stole his horse from between his legs. Sancho subsequently recovered him, as has been already related. This Ginès then, being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him in order to chastise him for his numberless rogueries and crimes, (which were so many and so flagrant that he himself wrote a large volume of them,) resolved to pass over to the kingdom of Arragon; and covering his left eye, he took up the trades of puppet-playing and leger-demain, both of which he perfectly understood. Chancing to light upon some christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he purchased from them an ape, which he taught at a certain signal to leap upon his shoulder, and seem to mutter something in his ear. This done, before he entered any town which he intended to visit with his show and ape, he informed himself in the next village, or where he best could, what particular things had happened in such and such a place, and to whom. Bearing them carefully in his memory, the first thing he did was to exhibit his show, which was sometimes of one story and sometimes of another, but all diverting and well-known. The show ended, he used to propound the abilities of his ape, telling the people he divined all that was past and present, but as to what was to come, he did not pretend to any skill therein. He demanded two reals for answering each question, and to some he afforded it cheaper, according as he found the pulse of his clients beat. And coming sometimes to houses where he knew what had happened to the people that lived in them, though they asked no question, because they would not pay him, he gave the signal to his ape, and presently said, he revealed to him such and such a thing, which tallied exactly with what had happened. By this means, he gained infallible credit, and was followed by every body. At other times, being very cunning, he answered in such a manner that his answers came pat to the questions, and, as nobody went about to sift or press him to tell how his ape divined, he gulled every body and filled his pockets. Directly he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, which made it very easy for him to excite the wonder of them both, as well as of all that were present. But it would have cost him dear had Don Quixote directed his hand a little lower when he cut off King Marsilio's head and destroyed all his cavalry, as is related in the foregoing chapter. This is all that is necessary to be said respecting master Peter and his ape.

Returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, the historian says, he determined, before he went to Saragossa, first to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the parts thereabouts, since he had time enough and to spare before the jousts began. With this design, he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without lighting on any thing worth recording. But the third day, as he was going up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought a regiment of soldiers was marching that way, and he clapped spurs to Rocinante and ascended the hill to see them. When he got to the top, he perceived in the valley beneath above two hundred men, armed with various weapons, as spears, cross-bows, partizans, halberds, and pikes, with some guns and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near to the squadron that he plainly saw the banners, distinguished their colours, and read the devices they bore, especially one upon a banner or pennant of white satin. On it there was painted to the life the miniature of an ass, holding up its head, its mouth open and its tongue out, in the position of an ass braying. Around it were written in large characters these two verses: "The alcaldes twain brayed not in vain[400]."

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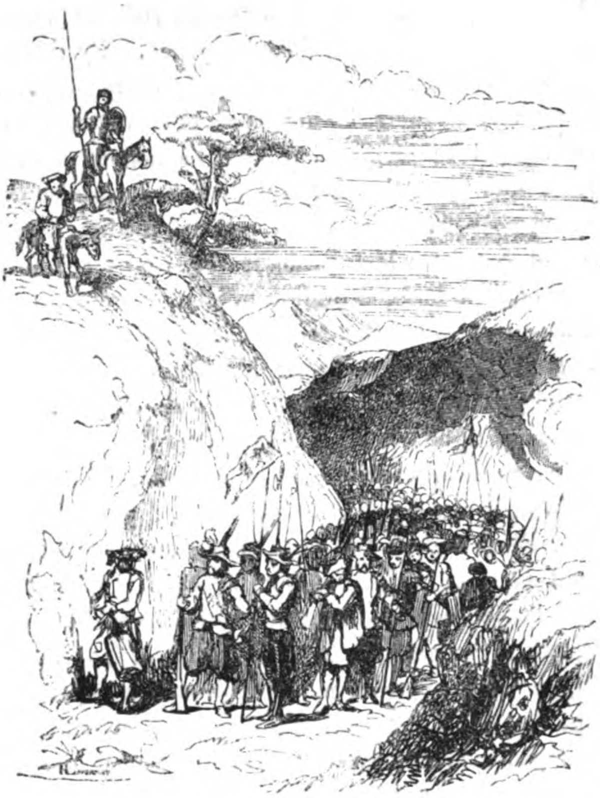
[400] In the original—

No rebuznaron en valde
El uno y el otro alcalde.



From this motto, Don Quixote gathered that these folks must belong to the braying village, and so he told Sancho, telling him also what was written on the banner. He added that the person who had given an account of this affair was mistaken in calling the two brayers regidors, since, according to the motto, they were two alcaldes. "That is neither here nor there, Sir," answered Sancho, "for it may very well be that the regidors who brayed, might, in process of time, become alcaldes of their village[461], and therefore may properly be called by both of those titles. Though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history whether the brayers were alcaldes or regidors, so long as they both brayed. An alcalde is as likely to bray as a regidor [408]."

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[461] The alcaldes are, in fact, elected from among the regidors.

Eventually, they found that the people of the derided village were sallied forth to attack the other village which had laughed at them too much, and beyond what was fitting for good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never loved to make one in these kinds of expeditions. Those of the squadron received him amongst them, taking him for some warrior of their party. Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army gathered about him to look at him, struck with the same surprise that every body was the first time of seeing him. Don Quixote, seeing them so intent upon looking at him, without any one's speaking to him or asking him any question, resolved to take advantage of this silence, and, breaking his own, he raised his voice and cried: "Brave gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you not to interrupt a discourse I shall make to you, till you find it disgusts and tires you. If that happen, at the least sign you shall make, I shall clap a seal on my lips and a gag upon my tongue." They all desired him to say what he pleased, and promised to listen to him with a very good will. With this licence Don Quixote proceeded, saying, "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant; my exercise is that of arms, and my profession is that of succouring those who stand in need of succour, and relieving the distressed. Some days ago I heard of your misfortune, and the cause that induces you to take arms at every turn to revenge yourselves on your enemies. Having often pondered your business in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted. In effect, no one person can affront all the people of a village, unless he do it by accusing them of treason conjointly, as not knowing in particular who committed the treason. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordonez de Lara, who challenged the whole people of Zamora, because he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone had committed the treason of killing his king. Therefore he challenged them all, and the revenge and answer belonged to them all. In good truth, signor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and greatly exceeded the limits of challenging; for he needed not have challenged the dead, the waters, the bread, or the unborn, nor several other minute matters mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass; for when choler overflows its dam, the tongue has no father, governor, nor bridle to restrain it[463]. This being the fact, then, that a single individual cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, or a whole town, it is clear there is no reason for your marching out to revenge such an affront, since it is really none. Would it not be pretty, indeed, if the *cazalleros*[464], the fruiterers[465], the whalebone-sellers[466], the soap-boilers[467], should attempt to dash every body's brains out who names them by their trade! Would it not be fine indeed if all these notable folks should be ashamed of their businesses, and be perpetually taking revenge, and making sackbuts of their swords upon any quarrel, though ever so trivial! No, no, God neither permits nor wills it. Men of wisdom and well-ordered commonwealth sought to take arms, draw their swords, and hazard their lives and fortunes, upon four accounts only. First, in the defence of the catholic faith; secondly, to defend their lives, which is agreeable to the natural and divine law; thirdly, in defence of their honour, family, or estate; fourthly, in the service of their king in a just war; and if we may add a fifth, which may be ranked with the second, it is in the defence of their country. To these five capital causes several others might be added, very just and very reasonable, and which oblige us to take arms. But to have recourse to them for trifles, subjects rather for laughter and pastime than for affront, looks like acting against common sense. Besides, taking an unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just), is acting directly against the holy religion we profess, whereby we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those who

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[408] In the romance of *Persilès and Sigismunda* (book iii., chap. x.), Cervantes relates that an alcalde sent the public crier (*pregonero*) to fetch two asses to carry two vagabonds condemned to be flogged through the streets. "Signor alcalde," said the crier on his return, "I have been unable to find any asses in the market, excepting the two regidors Berrueco and Crespo, who are there taking a walk."—"I sent you to seek asses, dotard," replied the alcalde, "and not regidors. But return and fetch them hither, in order that they may be present at the pronouncing of the sentence. It shall not be said that the sentence could not be executed for want of asses; for, thanks to Heaven, there is no scarcity of them in the country."

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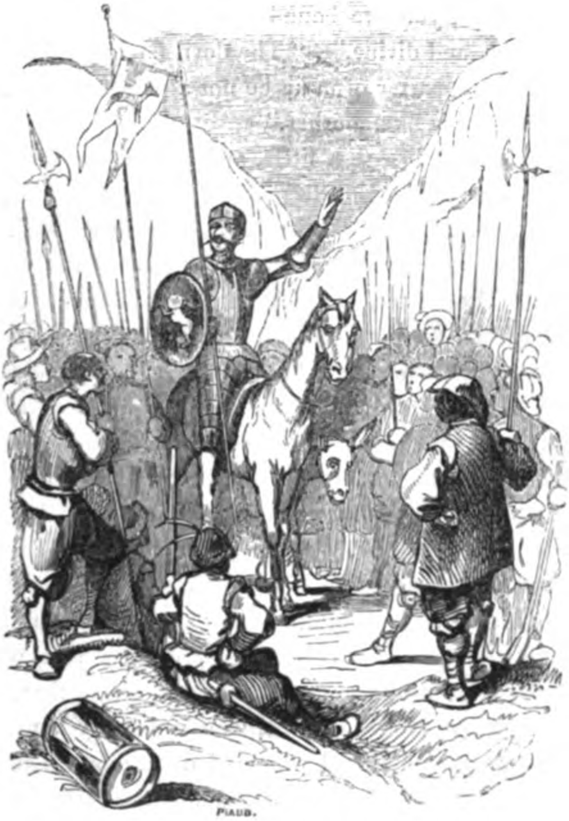
[463] The challenge of Don Diego Ordonez, as related in an ancient *romance* from the chronicle of the Cid (*Cancionero General*), is as follows: "Diego Ordonez, issuing from the camp in double armour, mounted on a bay-brown horse; he comes to challenge the people of Zamora for the death of his cousin (Sancho the Strong), who slew Vellido Dolfos, the son of Dolfos Vellido. I challenge you, people of Zamora, as traitors and felons; I challenge all the dead, and with them all the living. I challenge men and women, both unborn and born: I challenge both great and small, fish and flesh, the waters of the rivers, etc., etc."

[464] The inhabitants of Valladolid, in allusion to Augustin de Cazalla, who perished there on the scaffold.

[465] The inhabitants of Toledo.

[466] The inhabitants of Madrid.

[467] The inhabitants of Getafa, it is believed.

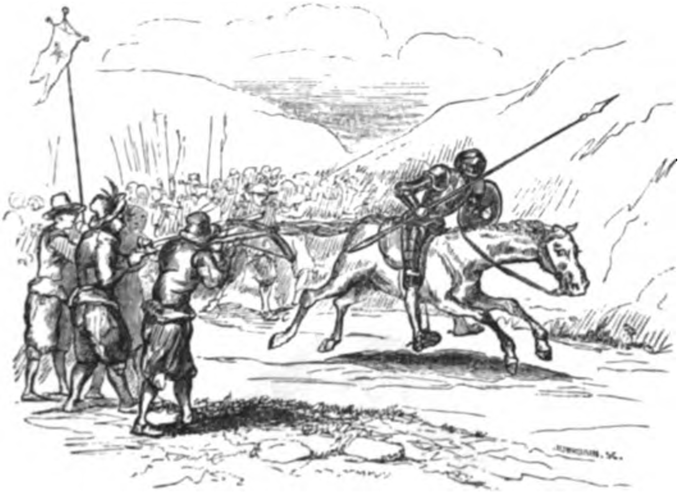


hate us. This precept, though seemingly difficult, is really not so to any but those who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit. Effectively, Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never lied nor could lie, and who is our legislator, has told us his yoke is easy and his burden light. Therefore he would not command us any thing impossible to be performed. So that, gentlemen, you are bound to be quiet and pacified by all laws both human and divine."—"The devil fetch me," said Sancho to himself, "if this master of mine be not a parson; if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another."

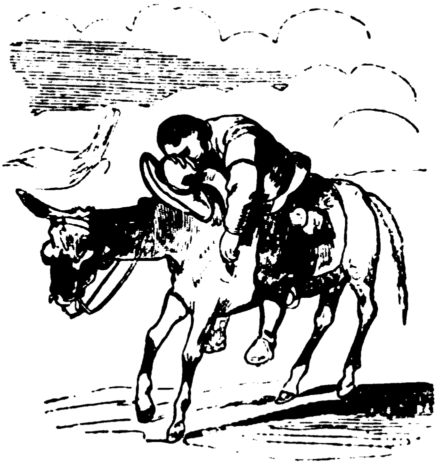
Don Quixote took breath a little, and perceiving that they still stood attentive, he had a mind to proceed in his discourse, and had certainly done so, had not Sancho's acuteness interposed. Observing that his master paused awhile, he took up the cudgels for him, saying: "My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, and now the *Knight of the Lions*, is a sage gentleman, and understands Latin and the vulgar tongue like a bachelor of arts; in all he handles or advises, he proceeds like an expert soldier, having all the laws and statutes of what is called duel at his fingers' ends. So there is no more to be done but to govern yourselves by his direction, and I will bear the blame if you do amiss. Besides, you are but just told how foolish it is to be ashamed to hear one bray. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed as often as I pleased, without any body hindering me, and with such grace, such propriety, that, whenever I brayed, all the asses in the town brayed; and for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were very honest people. Though for this rare ability I was envied by more than a few of the proudest of my neighbours, I cared not two farthings; and, to convince you that I speak the truth, do but stay and hearken; for this science is like that of swimming; once learned it is never forgotten."

Then, laying his hands to his nostrils, Sancho began to bray so strenuously, that the adjacent valleys resounded again. But one of those who stood close by him, believing he was making a mock of them, lifted up a pole he had in his hand, and gave him such a blow with it as brought poor Sancho Panza to the ground. Don

Quixote, seeing Sancho so evil entreated, made at the striker with his lance; but so many interposed, that it was impossible for him to be revenged. On the contrary, finding a shower of stones come thick upon him, and many cross-bows presented and guns levelled at him, he turned Rocinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among his enemies; praying to God, from the bottom of his soul, to deliver him from this danger, fearing at every step, lest some bullet should enter at his back and come out at his breast. And at every moment he fetched his breath, to try whether it failed him or not; but those of the squadron were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not shoot after him.

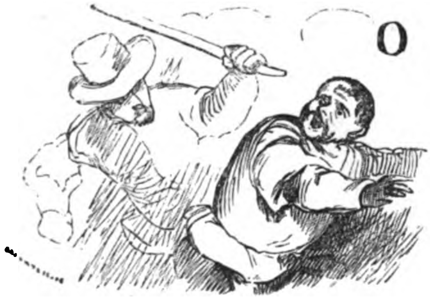


As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass, directly he came to himself, and suffered him to follow his master, not that the poor squire had sense to guide his donkey, but Dapple naturally followed Rocinante's steps, not enduring to be a moment from him. Don Quixote, having attained some distance from the hostile villagers, turned about his head, and, seeing that Sancho followed, and that nobody pursued him, stopped till he came up. Those of the squadron stayed there till night, and the enemy not coming forth to battle, they returned to their own homes joyful and merry; and had they known the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on that place.

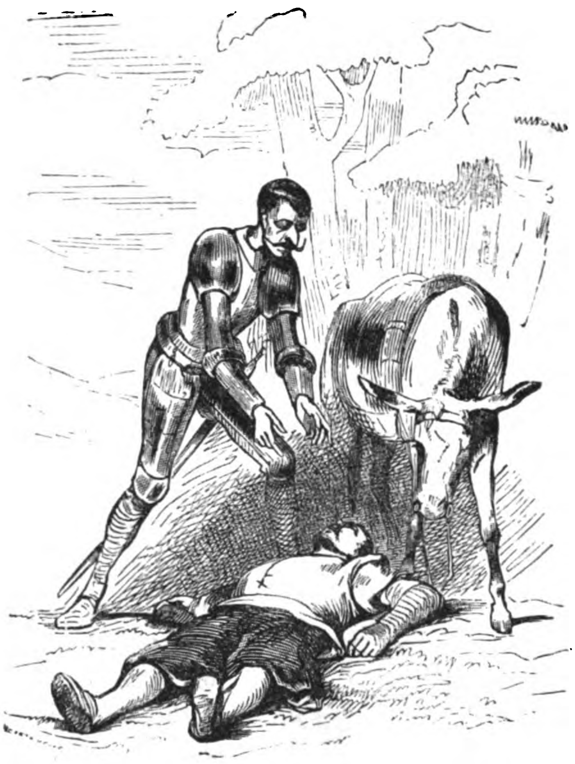


CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF THINGS WHICH BENENGELI SAYS, AND WHICH HE WHO READS THEM WILL KNOW, IF HE READS THEM WITH ATTENTION.



ONLY foul play or being overmatched can make the valiant fly; it being the part of wise men to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the people, and to the evil intentions of that resentful squadron, took to his heels; and, without bethinking him of Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, got as far on as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed him athwart his beast, as has been said. At last he came up to him, having recovered his senses, and, when he overtook his master, he fell from his ass at the feet of Rocinante, wounded, bruised, and out of breath. Don Quixote alighted to examine his wounds; but finding him whole from head to foot, with much choler he said: "In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must you needs show your skill in braying. Where did you learn that it was fitting to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To the music of braying, what counterpoint could you expect but that of a cudgel? Give God thanks, Sancho, that, instead of measuring your back



with a cudgel, they did not make the *per signum crucis*[468] on you with the blade of a scimitar."—"I am not now in a condition to answer," replied Sancho, "for methinks I speak through my shoulders. Let us mount and begone from this place. As for braying, I will have done with it; but I shall not with telling that knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies."—"To retire is not to fly," answered Don Quixote; "for you must know, Sancho, that the valour which has not prudence for its basis is termed rashness, and the exploits of the rash are ascribed rather to good fortune than their courage. I confess I did retire; but I did not fly. In so doing, I imitated sundry valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times. Of this histories are full of examples, which, being of no profit to you, or pleasure to me, I omit at present."

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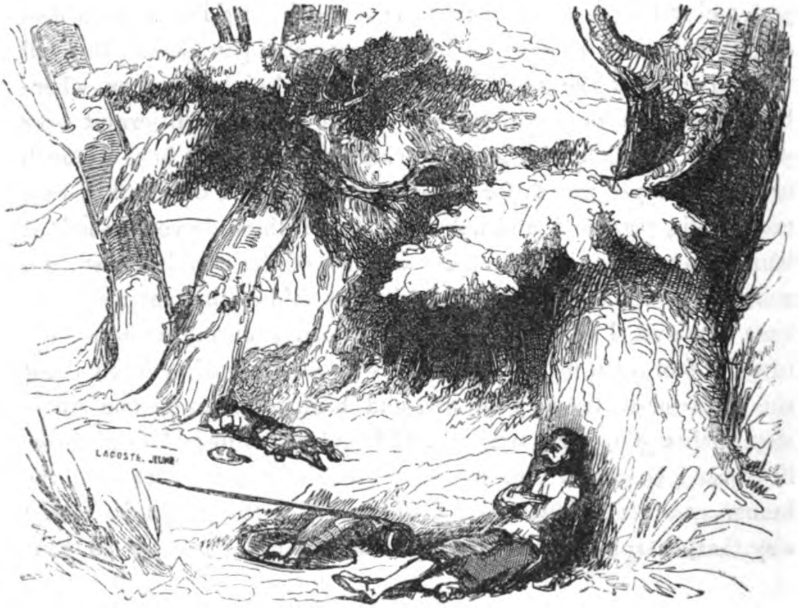
[468] A scar across the face was thus called.

By this time Sancho was mounted, with the assistance of Don Quixote, who likewise got upon Rocinante; and so, fair and softly, they took the way towards a little wood which they discovered about a quarter of a league off. Sancho every now and then fetched most profound sighs and doleful groans. Don Quixote asking him the cause of such bitter moaning, he answered that he was in pain from the lowest point of his backbone to the nape of his neck, in such manner that he was ready to swoon. "The cause of your pain," said Don Quixote, "must doubtless be this: the pole they struck you with, being a long one, took in your whole back, where lie all the parts that give you pain; and if it had reached farther, it would have pained you more."—"Before God," cried Sancho, "your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt, and explained it in very fine terms. Body of me! was the cause of my pain so hidden that it was necessary to tell me that I felt pain in all those parts which the pole reached? If my ancles ached, you might not perhaps so easily guess why they pained me. But to divine that I am pained because beaten, is no great business. In faith, master of mine other men's harms hang by a hair; and I descry land more and more every day in the little I am to expect from keeping your worship company. If this bout you left me to be beaten, we shall return again, and a hundred times again, to our old blanket-tossing and other children's games, which, if this time they have fallen upon my back, the next they will fall upon my eyes. It would be much better for me, but that I am a barbarian and shall never do any thing that is right while I live; I say again, it would be much better for me to return to my own house, and to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with the little God shall be pleased to give me, and not be following your worship through roads without a road, and pathless paths, drinking ill and eating worse. Then for sleeping, measure out, brother squire, seven foot of earth, and if that is not sufficient, take as many more, for it is in your own power to dish up the mess, and stretch yourself out to your heart's content. I wish I may see the first who set on foot knight-errantry burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squires to such idiots as all the knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present; for, your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and because I know your worship knows a point beyond the devil in all you talk and think."—"I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that, now you are talking on without interruption, you feel no pain in all your body. Talk on, my son, all that comes into your thoughts, and whatever comes uppermost. Provided that you feel no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinences give me; and if you have so great a desire to return home to your wife and children, God forbid I should hinder you. You have money of mine in your hands, see how long it is since we made this third sally from our village, how much you could or ought to get each month, and pay yourself."—"When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well," answered Sancho, "I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals. With your worship I cannot tell what I may get: though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be a squire to a knight-errant than servant to a farmer; for in fine we who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so hard in the daytime, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper from the pot, and we sleep in a bed; which is more than I have done since I have served your worship, excepting the short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda's house, the good cheer I had with the skimming of Camacho's pots, and while I ate, drank, and slept at Basilius's house. All the rest of the time I have lain on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what people call the inclemencies of heaven, living upon bits of bread and scraps of cheese, and drinking water, sometimes from the brook, sometimes from the fountain, such as we met with up and down by the way."—"Supposing I grant, Sancho," retorted Don Quixote, "that all you say is true; how much think you I ought to give you more than Thomas Carrasco gave you?"—"I think," answered Sancho, "if your worship adds two reals a month, I shall reckon myself well paid. This is to be understood as to wages due for my labour; but as to the promise your worship made of bestowing on me the government of an island, it would be just and reasonable you should add six reals more, which make thirty in all."—"It is very well," replied Don Quixote. "According to the wages you have allotted yourself, it is five and twenty days since we sallied from our town; reckon, Sancho, in proportion, see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have already said, with your own hand."—"Body of me!" cried Sancho, "your worship is clean out in the reckoning. With regard to the business of the promised island, we must compute from the day you promised me to the present hour."—"Well, and how long is it since I promised this island to you?" replied Don Quixote. "If I remember right," continued Sancho, "it is about twenty years and three days, more or less." Don Quixote gave himself a good clap on the forehead with the palm of his hand, and began to laugh very heartily. "Why," said he, "my rambling up and down the Sierra Morena, with the whole series of our peregrinations, scarce took up two months; and say you, Sancho, it is twenty years since I promised you the island? Well, I perceive you have a mind your wages should swallow up all the money you have of mine. If such be your desire, from henceforward I give it you, and much good may it do you; for so I get rid of so worthless a squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and penniless. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry, where have you seen or read that any squire to a knight-errant ever presumed to article with his master, and say, 'I must have so much or so much per month for my services?' Launch out, launch out, you bandit, vagabond, and hobgoblin, for all these do you resemble; launch out, I say, into the *mare magnum* of the chivalric histories, and, if you can find that any squire has said or thought what you have now said, I will give you leave to nail it on my forehead, and to write fool upon my face in capitals into the bargain. Turn about the bridle or halter of your ass, and begone home, for one single step further you go not with me. O bread ill-bestowed! O promises ill-placed! O wretch that savourest more of the beast than of the human creature! Now, when I thought of settling you in such a way that, in spite of your wife, you should have been styled your lordship, do you leave me! Now you are for going, now that I have taken a firm and effectual resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world! But, as you yourself have often said, honey is not for an ass's mouth. An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die; for I verily believe your life will reach its final period before you will perceive or be convinced that you are a beast."

Sancho looked wofully at Don Quixote, all the while he poured forth these bitter reproaches; so great was the compunction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and with a doleful and faint voice he said: "Dear sir, I confess that to be a complete ass I want nothing but a tail; if your worship will be pleased to put me on one, I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass all the remaining days of my life. Pardon me, sir, and have pity on my ignorance. Consider that if I talk too much it proceeds more from infirmity than malice. But he who errs and mends, himself to God commends."—"I should wonder, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "if you did not mingle some little proverb with your talk. Well, I forgive you, upon condition of your amendment, and that henceforward you show not yourself so



fond of your interest. Endeavour, on the contrary, to enlarge your heart; take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which though they are deferred, are not therefore desperate." Sancho answered that he would do so, though he should draw force from his weakness. Hereupon they entered the grove, where Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for such kind of trees have always feet but never hands. Sancho passed the night uneasily; the cold renewing the pain of his bruises. Don Quixote spent it in his wonted meditations, but, for all that, they both slept; and the next morning, at daylight, they pursued their way towards the banks of the famous river Ebro, where there befel them what shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BOAT.

EMERGING, as softly as they could tread, from the little wood, at the end of two days Don Quixote and Sancho came to the banks of the Ebro. The sight of this river gave Don Quixote great pleasure. He contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystal, which cheerful prospect brought to his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts. Particularly, he mused upon what he had seen in the cavern of Montesinos; for, though master Peter's ape had told him that these things were in part true and part false, he inclined rather to believe all true than false, quite the reverse of Sancho, who held them all for falsehood itself.

As they sauntered along in this manner, they perceived a small boat, without oars or any sort of tackle, tied to the trunk of a tree which grew on the brink of the river[469]. Don Quixote looked round about him every way, and, seeing nobody at all, without more ado he alighted from Rocinante and ordered Sancho to dismount from his ass, and to tie both beasts very fast to the trunk of a poplar or willow which grew there. Sancho asked the reason of his hasty alighting and tying up their animals. "You are to know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world than to invite me to embark in it, in order to succour a knight, or other person of high degree, who is in extreme distress. Such is, in effect, the practice of enchanters in the books of chivalry, when some knight happens to be engaged in a difficulty from which he cannot be delivered but by the hand of another knight. Though they are distant from each other two or three thousand leagues, or even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or furnish him with a boat to embark in; and, in less than the twinkling of an eye, they carry him through the air or over the sea, whither they list, and where his assistance is wanted. So that, O Sancho, this bark must be placed here for the self-same purpose; this is as true as that it is now day, and, before it be spent, tie Dapple and Rocinante together; then, may the hand of God be our guide, for I would not fail to embark, though barefooted friars themselves should entreat me to the contrary."—"Since it is so," answered Sancho, "and that your worship will every step be running into these same (I can call them nothing else) headlong extravagances, there is nothing to do but to obey and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb: 'Do what your master bids you and sit down by him at table.' But for all that, and for the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your worship that, to me, this same boat seems not to belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river, for here they catch the best shads in the world."

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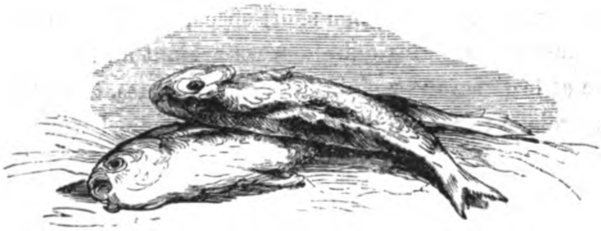
[469] This adventure of an enchanted bark is very common in the books of chivalry. We meet with it in *Amadis of Gaul* (book iv., chap. xii.), in *Olivan's de Laura* (book ii. chap. i.), etc., etc.



All this Sancho said while he was tying the cattle, leaving them to the protection and care of enchanters, to the great grief of his soul.

Don Quixote bade him be in no pain about forsaking the beasts; adding that he who was to carry them through to such remote regions would take care to feed them. "I do not understand your remote regions," said Sancho, "nor have I heard such a word as remote in all the days of my life."—"Remote," replied Don Quixote, "means a long distance off. No wonder you do not understand it, for you are not bound to know Latin, though some there are who pretend to know it and are quite as ignorant as yourself[470]."—"Now the beasts are tied," said Sancho; "what must we do next?"—"What?" answered Don Quixote, "why, bless ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean, embark and cut the rope wherewith the vessel is tied." Then, leaping into it, Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore. When Sancho saw himself about a couple of yards from the bank he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray and to see Rocinante struggling to get loose. He said to his master: "The ass brays as bemoaning our absence, and Rocinante is endeavouring to get loose to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace, and may the madness which separates you from us, converted into a conviction of our error, soon return us to your presence." At these words he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote grew angry, and said: "What are you afraid of, cowardly creature? What weep you for, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts you, soul of a house rat? Or what want you, poor wretch, in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Are you, peradventure, trudging barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No, but seated upon a bench like an archduke, gliding easily down the stream of this charming river, whence, in a short space, we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are out already, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues. Ah! if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell you

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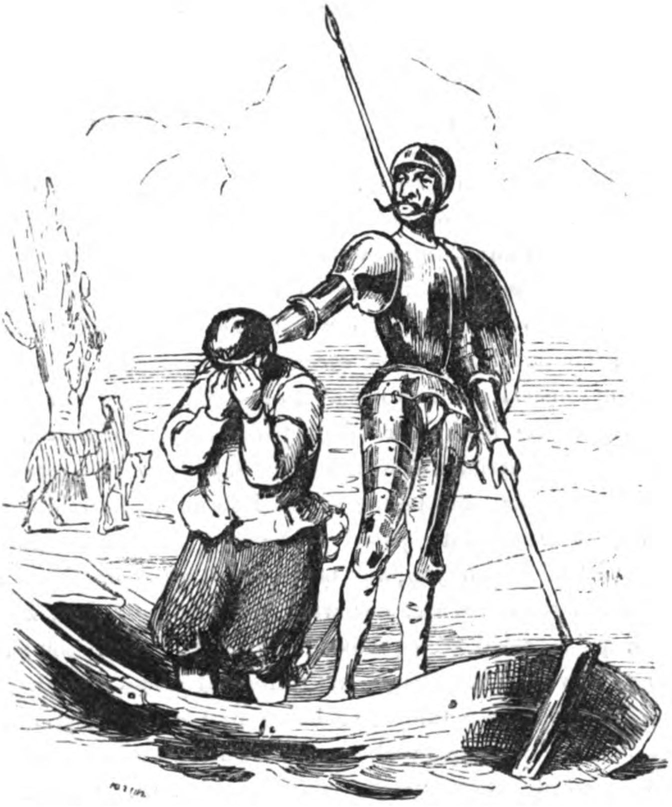
[470] In the original is *longincuos*, a pedantic word for which there is no equivalent in English.



how many we have gone; but, either I know little, or we are already past or shall presently pass the equinoctial line which divides and cuts the opposite poles at equal distances."—"And when we arrive at that line your worship speaks of," asked Sancho, "how far shall we have travelled?"—"A great way," replied Don Quixote; "for, of three hundred and sixty degrees contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, the greatest geographer we know of, we shall have travelled one half, when we come to the line I told you of."—"By the Lord," cried Sancho, "your worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same

Tolmy, with his amputation[471], to vouch the truth of what you say." Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders as to the name and computation of the geographer Ptolemy. He said: "You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which the Spaniards, and those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, discover whether they have passed the equinoctial line I told you of, is, that all the fleas upon every man in the ship die, not one remaining alive, nor is one to be found in the vessel, though they would give its weight in gold for it. Therefore, Sancho, pass your hand over your thigh; if you light upon any thing alive, we shall be out of this doubt; if not, we have passed the line."—"I believe nothing of all this," answered Sancho; "however, I will do as your honour bids me, though I do not know what occasion there is for making this experiment, since I see with my own eyes that we are not got five fathoms from the bank, nor fallen two fathoms below our poor beasts. Yonder stand Rocinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them, and, taking aim as I do now, I vow to God we do not advance an ant's pace."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "make the trial I bade you, and take no further care. You know not what things colures are, nor what are lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed. If you knew all these things, or but a part of them, you would plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, what constellations we are leaving behind us. Once more I bid you feel yourself all over, and fish, for I am of opinion you are as clean as a sheet of white writing-paper."

Sancho carried his hand softly and gently towards his left ham, and then lifted up his head; and looking at his master:—"Either the experiment is false," said he, "or we are not arrived where your worship says, not by a great many leagues."—"Why," demanded Don Quixote, "have you met with something then?"—"Ay, several somethings," answered Sancho; and shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, down whose current the boat was gently gliding, not moved by any secret influence, nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream of the water, then smooth and calm.

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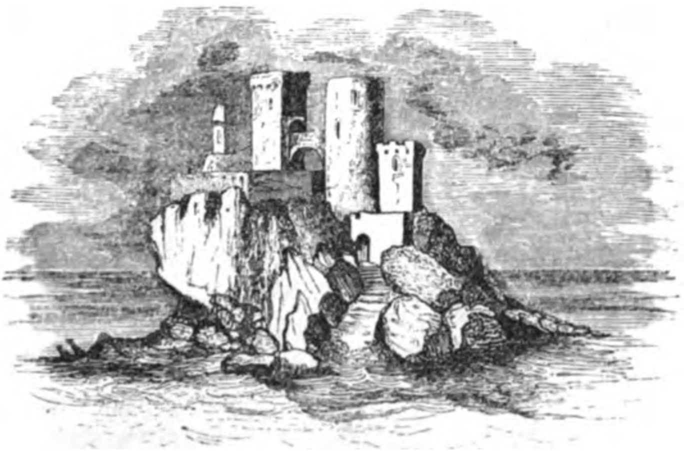
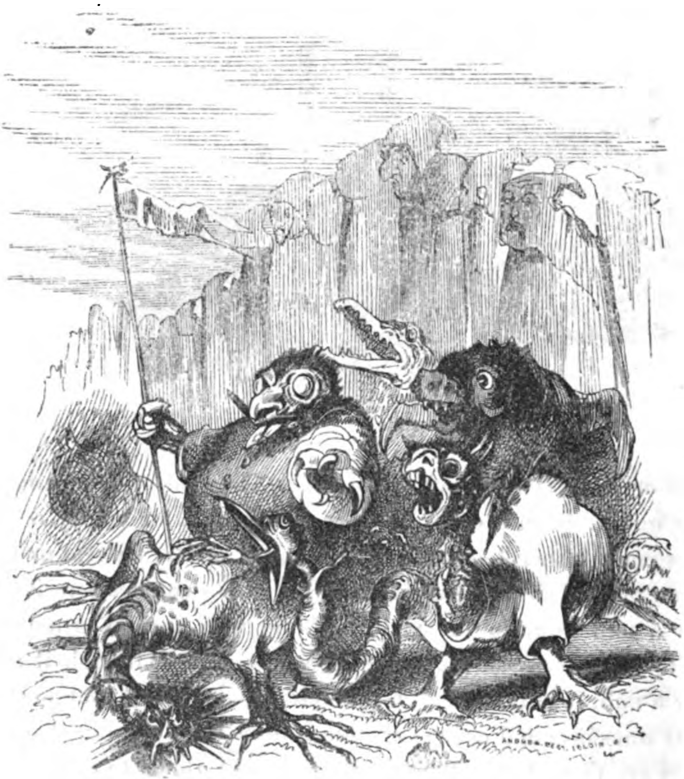
[471] The original says: "*puto* and *gafo* with the nick name of *meon.*" We have felt ourselves compelled slightly to abridge Sancho's exclamation.

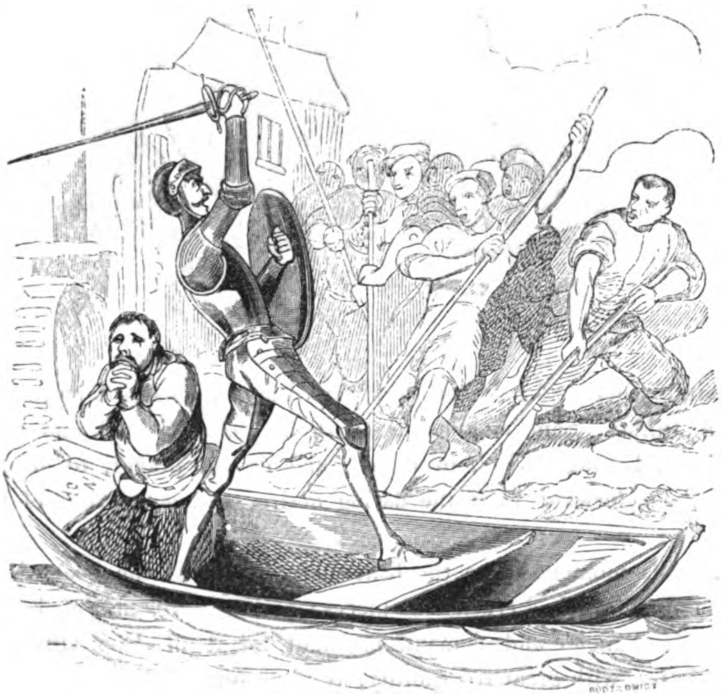
By this time they discovered a large water-mill standing in the midst of the river, and directly Don Quixote espied it, he cried with a loud voice to Sancho: "O friend, behold, yonder appears the city, castle or fortress in which some knight lies under oppression, or some queen, infanta or princess in evil plight, for whose relief I am brought hither."—"What the devil of a city, fortress or castle do you talk of, sir?" answered Sancho. "Do you not perceive that it is a mill built in the middle of the river for the grinding of corn?"—"Peace, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "though it seems to be a mill, it is not one. I have already told you that enchantments transform and change all things from their natural shape. I do not say they change them really from one thing to another, but only in appearance, as experience showed us in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."



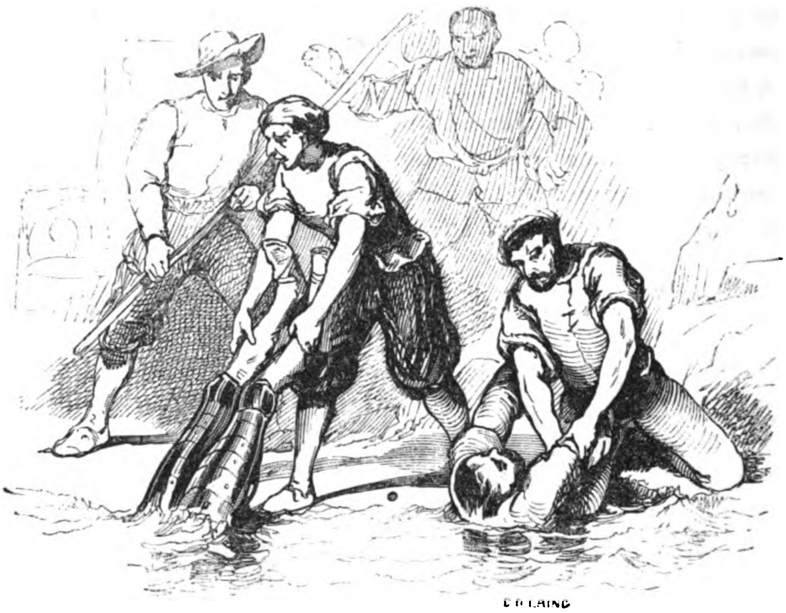
The boat, being now got into the current of the river, began to move a little faster than it had done hitherto. The millers, seeing it coming adrift with the stream, and that it was just going into the swift stream of the mill-wheels, several of them ran out in all haste with long poles to stop it, and their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they had somewhat the appearance of ghosts. They bawled out as loud as they could: "Devils of men, where are you going? Are ye desperate, that you have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"—"Did I not tell you, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "that we are come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? Look what a parcel of murderers and felons come out against me, see what



monsters, spectres, and hobgoblins advance to oppose us, and what hideous phantoms appear to scare us. Now ye shall see, rascals." Standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud: "Ill bred and worse advised scoundrels," cried he, "set at liberty and free the person you keep under oppression in this your fortress or prison, whether of high or low degree; I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, surnamed the *Knight of the Lions*, for whom, by order of the high heavens, the putting a happy end to this adventure is reserved." As he made an end of these words, he clapped his hand to his sword, and began to fence with it in the air against the millers; who, hearing but not understanding these foolish flourishes, set themselves with their poles to stop the boat, which was just entering into the eddy caused by the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed to heaven devoutly to deliver him from so manifest a danger, which it did, in effect, by the diligence and agility of the millers, who setting their poles against the boat, stopped it; though not so dexterously but that they capsized it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he knew how to swim like a goose; the weight of his armour actually did carry him twice to the bottom, and had it not been for the

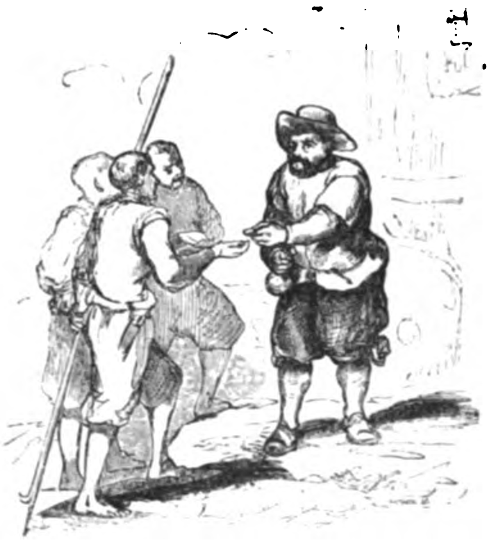


millers, who threw themselves into the river, and pulled them out, one by the head and the other by the heels, they must have inevitably perished. When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho kneeling, with his hands joined and eyes uplifted, besought God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master.



At this moment came the fishermen, owners of the boat which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; seeing it broken, they began to strip Sancho and demand payment for it of Don Quixote. The latter, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen he would pay for the boat, with all his heart, upon condition that they should deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person or persons who lay under oppression in their castle. "What persons or what castle do you mean, madman?" asked one of the millers; "would you carry off those who come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Enough," said Don Quixote to himself; "it will be preaching in the desert to endeavour by entreaty to prevail with such a mob to do any thing that is honourable. Besides, in this adventure, two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts; the one providing me a boat, and the other capsizing it. God help us! this world is nothing but machinations and tricks quite opposite one to the other; I can do no more." Then, looking towards the mills, he continued; "Friends, whoever you are that are confined in this prison, pardon me; through my misfortune and yours I cannot deliver you from your affliction; this adventure is doubtless reserved for some other knight."

Having so said, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will. "A couple of such embarkations," said he, "will sink our whole capital." The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, so out of the fashion and semblance of other men. They were unable to comprehend what Don Quixote drove at in his questions and the discourse he held with them. Looking upon them as madmen, they left them and betook themselves, the millers to their mill, the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.



CHAPTER XXX.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH A FAIR HUNTRESS.

In a sufficiently sad and dejected mood, the knight and squire rejoined their beasts, especially Sancho, who was grieved to the soul to touch the capital of the money; all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much taken from the apple of his eyes. Finally, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and quitted the famous river; Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought for the present farther off than ever. Blockhead as he was, he saw well enough that most of his master's actions were extravagances. Therefore he only waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts or discharges, to walk off some day or other and march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he feared.

It happened that the next day, about sunset, as he was going out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow and saw people at the farther side of it, and, drawing near, he found that they were hunters of high flight[473]. Drawing yet nearer, he observed among them a gallant lady upon a palfrey or milk-white pad, with green furniture and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself also was arrayed in green, and her attire so full of elegance and richness, that good taste itself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk, whence Don Quixote conjectured she must be a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was. So he said to Sancho: "Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk that I, the *Knight of the Lions*, kiss the hands of her great beauty; and if her highness gives me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss them, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command. And take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs."—"You have hit upon the interlarder," said Sancho; "why this to me? Is this the first time I ever carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life?"—"Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I know of none you have carried, at least none from me."—"That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety, and where there is plenty, dinner is not long dressing. I mean there is no need of advising me, for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of every thing."—"I believe it, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go in a good hour, and God be your guide."

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing his donkey out of his usual pace, and soon came up with the fair huntress. Alighting and kneeling before her, he said: "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the *Knight of the Lions*, is my master, and I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. The said *Knight of the Lions*, who not long ago was called he of *the Sorrowful Figure*, sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that, with your goodwill and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says and I believe, are no other than to serve your high-towering falconry and incomparable beauty. By granting my master this permission, your grandeur will do a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction."—"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the formalities which such embassies require. Rise up, for it is not

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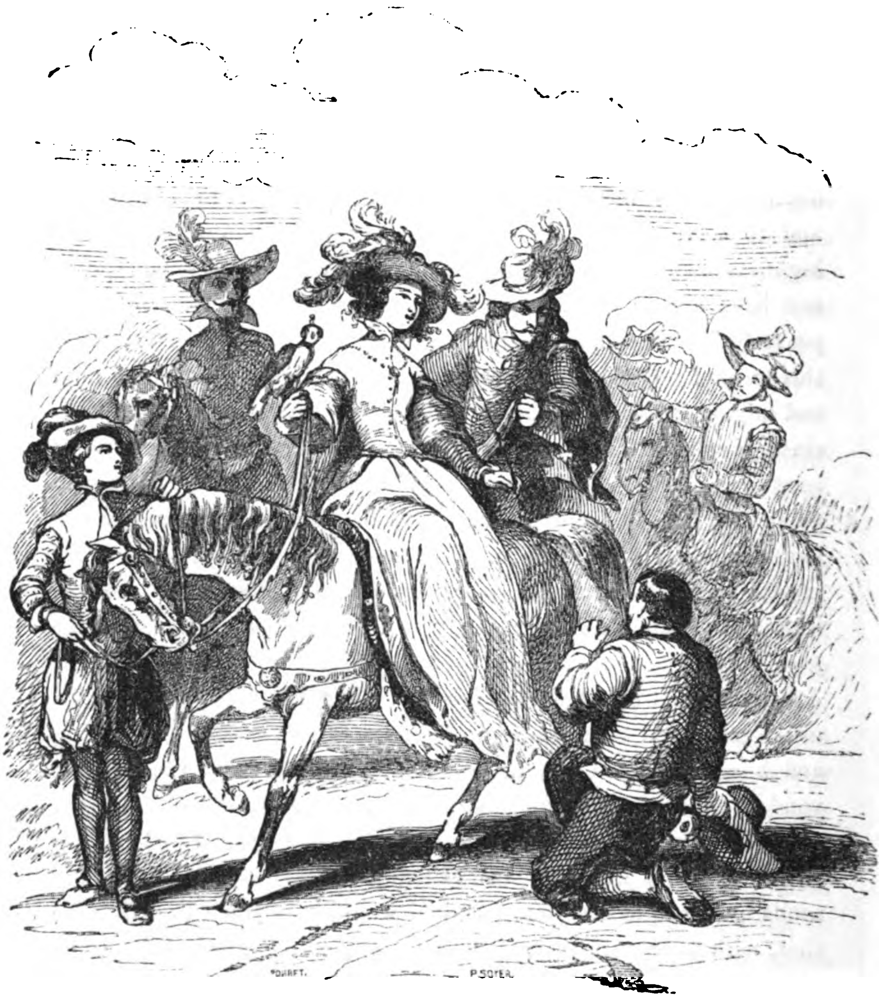
[473] This was the name given to the pursuit with falcons of birds of high flight, as the heron, the stork, the wild-duck, etc. Falconry was a recreation reserved for princes and noblemen.



fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of *the Sorrowful Figure* (of whom we have already heard a great deal in these parts) should remain upon his knees. Rise, friend, and tell your master he may come and welcome; for I and the duke my husband are at his service, together with the country-seat we have here hard by."

Sancho rose up, no less struck by the lady's great beauty than by her good breeding and courtesy, and especially that she had some knowledge of his master the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*; and, as she did not call him the *Knight of the Lions*, Sancho concluded it was because he had assumed it so very lately. The duchess, (whose title only is known [473],) said to him: "Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours the person of whom there goes about a history in print, called '*The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*,' who has for mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"The very same," answered Sancho, "and that squire of his, who is or ought to figure in that same history, called Sancho Panza, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle, I mean in the press."—"I am very glad of all this," said the duchess. "Go, brother Panza, and tell your master he is heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing could happen to me which could give me greater pleasure."

With this agreeable answer, Sancho returned, infinitely delighted, to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling to the skies in his rustic phrase, her beauty, her good humour, and her courtesy. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated himself gallantly in his saddle, adjusted his vizor, enlivened Rocinante's mettle, and, with a 'genteel assurance, advanced to kiss the duchess's hand, who, having caused the duke her husband to be called, had been telling him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message. Having both read the first part of this history, and having learned by it the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited for him with the greatest pleasure, anxiously desiring to be acquainted with him for the purpose of carrying on the humour, giving him his own way, treating him, in a word, like a knight-errant all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, which they had read and were also very fond of.

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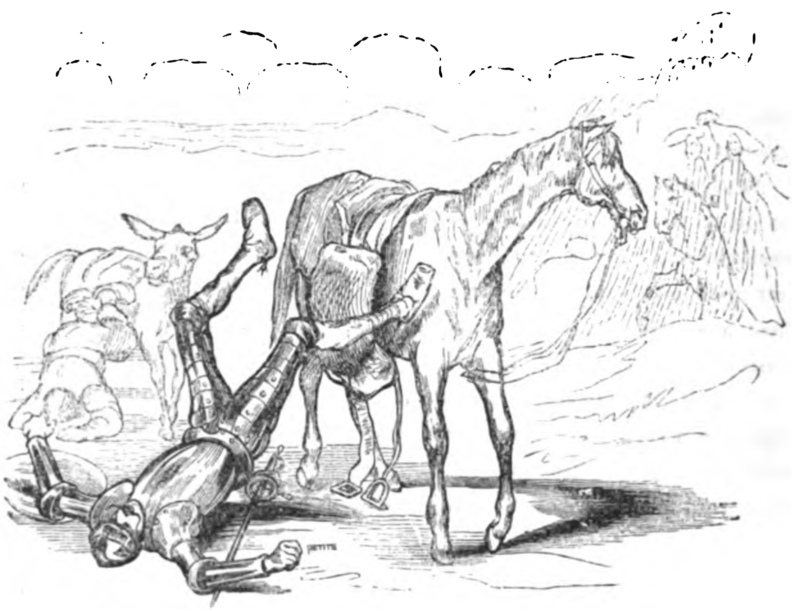
[473] These expressions prove that Cervantes did not intend to designate any Spanish grandee of his time, and that his duke and duchess are the pure offspring of his imagination. It has been conjectured, merely from the situation of the places, that the castle where Don Quixote was so well received is a villa called Buenavia, situated near the town of Pedrola in Aragon, in the possession of the dukes of Villahermosa.

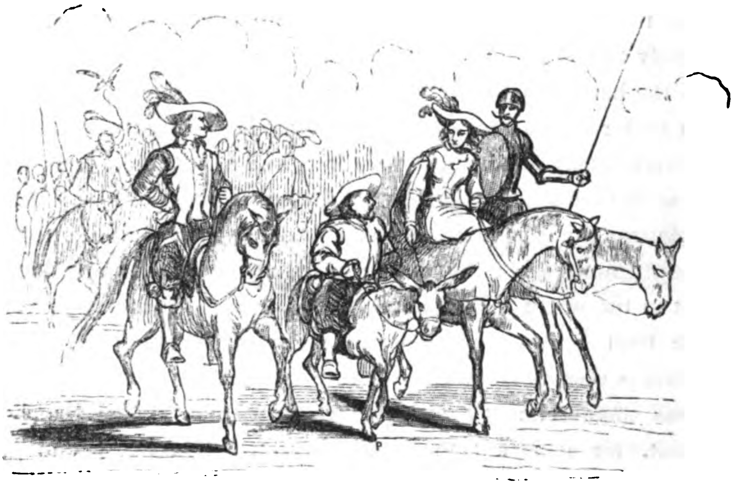
By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up; and, making a show of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup. But, as the unlucky squire was dismounting from his ass, his foot hung in one of the rope stirrups, in such manner that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself, and he hung by it, with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him Rocinante's saddle, which was ill girthed, both he and the saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and muttering many a heavy curse between his teeth on the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The duke commanded some



of his sportsmen to help the knight and squire. The latter raised up Don Quixote, in ill plight through his fall, who, limping as well as he could, immediately made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady; but the duke would by no means suffer it; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote. "I am very sorry, *Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,*" said he, "that your first arrival at my estate should prove to be so unlucky; but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances." "It could not be accounted unlucky, O valorous prince," answered Don Quixote, "though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of the deep abyss! for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even thence. My squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm. But whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your highness's service, and at that of my lady duchess, your worthy consort, worthy mistress of all beauty and universal princess of courtesy."—"Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," said the duke: "where lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised."

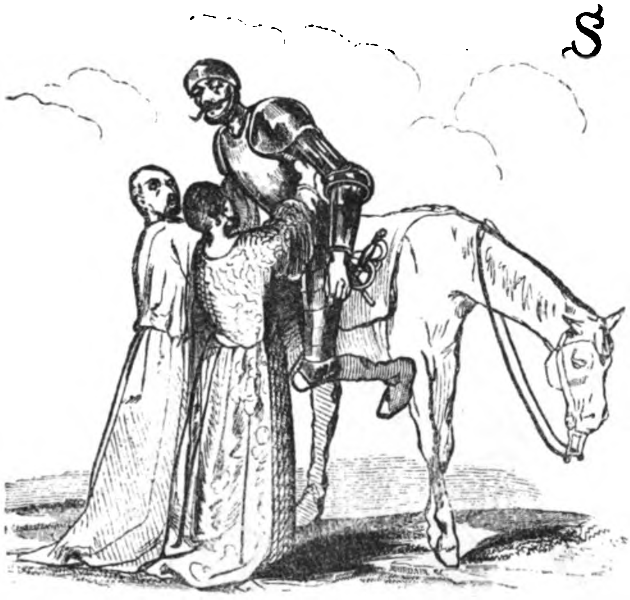
Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose, and chancing to be near, he said before his master could answer: "It cannot be denied that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful, and I am ready to swear to the fact; but where we are least aware, there starts the hare, and I have heard say, that what they call nature, is like a potter who makes earthen vessels. He who makes one handsome vessel, may also make two, three, and a hundred. This I say, because in God's faith, my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote, turning to the duchess, said: "I assure you, madam, never any knight-errant in the world had a more prating or a more merry-conceited squire than I have; and he will make my words good, if your highness is pleased to make use of my service for some days." The duchess answered: "I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant, for it is a sign he is discreet. Pleasantry and good humour, Signor Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles; and since Sancho is pleasant and witty, henceforward I pronounce him discreet."—"And a prate-a-pace," added Don Quixote. "So much the better," said the duke, "for many good things cannot be expressed in few words. But that we may not throw away all our time upon them, let us proceed, great *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*—" —"*Of the Lions*, your highness should say," interrupted Sancho; "the Sorrowful Figure is no more." "Vouchsafe to accompany us, *Sir Knight of the Lions*," pursued the duke, "to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I never fail to receive all knights-errant who honour it with their presence."

By this time Sancho had adjusted and girthed Rocinante's saddle, and Don Quixote mounting upon him, and the duke upon a very fine horse, they placed the duchess between them, and rode towards the castle. The duchess ordered Sancho to be near her, being mightily delighted with his conceits. Sancho was easily prevailed upon; and, stationing himself amidst the three, he made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon it as a notable piece of good fortune to entertain in their castle such a knight-errant, and such a talking squire.

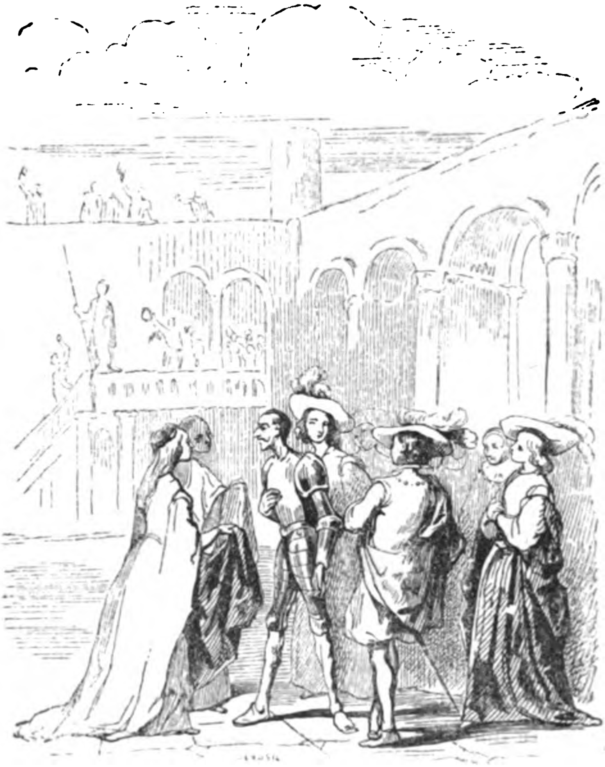


CHAPTER XXXI.

WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT THINGS.



SANCHO'S joy was excessive to find that he had become, as he thought, so great a favourite of the duchess, in whose castle he expected to fare as well as at Don Diego's or Basilius's; for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took by the forelock every opportunity of regaling himself, where and whenever it presented. The history relates that, before they came to the pleasure house or castle, the duke rode on before, and gave all the servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote. When the latter arrived with the duchess at the castle gate, there immediately issued out two lacqueys or grooms, clad in morning-gowns of fine crimson satin down to their heels, who, taking Don Quixote in their arms, lifted him from his saddle, and said to him: "Go, great sir, and take our lady the duchess off her horse." Don Quixote obeyed; but, after great compliments had passed between them, the duchess's positiveness got the better. She would not alight from her palfrey but into the duke's arms, saying, she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke came out and lifted her off her horse; and, on their entering into a large court-yard, two beautiful damsels came, and threw over Don



Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet. In an instant all the galleries of the court-yard were crowded with men and women servants belonging to the duke and duchess, crying aloud: "Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant!" and sprinkling whole bottles of sweet scented waters upon Don Quixote, and on the duke, and duchess. At all this Don Quixote wondered, and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight-errant, and not an imaginary one, finding himself treated just as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, abandoning his donkey, tacked himself close to the duchess, and entered into the castle. But his conscience soon pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, who among others came out to receive the duchess, and said to her in a whisper: "Mistress Gonzalez, or whatever is your duennaship's name . . . . . ."—"Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva[474]," answered the duenna: "what would you please to have with me, brother?"—"Be so good, my lady," answered Sancho, "as to step to the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine. Your ladyship will then have the goodness to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable, for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world."—"I the master be as discreet as the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely thriven. Go, brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, look after your beast, and learn that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such kind of offices."—"Why truly," answered Sancho, "I have heard my master, who is very deeply read in histories, relating the story of Lancelot, when he from Britain came, say that ladies took care of his person and duennas of his horse[475]. And certes, as to the particular of my ass, I would not change him for signor Lancelot's steed."—"If you are a buffoon, brother," replied the duenna, "keep your jokes for some place where they may make a better figure, and where you may be paid for them; for from me you will get nothing but a fig for them."

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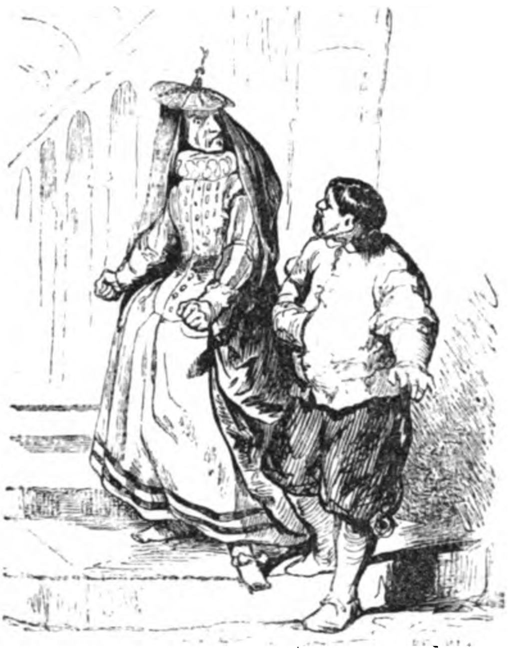
[474] The title of *Don* or *Donna*, like the English *Sir*, is only used before the Christian name. Usage had introduced an exception for Duennas, the title of Donna being bestowed upon them before their surname.

[475] In allusion to the verses of the *romance* of Lancelot cited in the first part.

"I am sure then it will be a ripe one," retorted Sancho, "there being no danger of your losing the game at your years for want of a trick."—"You son of a dog!" cried the duenna, all on fire with rage, "whether I am old or not to God I am to give an account, and not to you, rascal, garlick-eating lump." This she uttered so loud that the duchess heard it, and turning about, and seeing the duenna so disturbed and her eyes red as blood, asked her with whom she was so angry. "With this good man here," answered the duenna, "who has desired me in good earnest to go and set up an ass of his that stands at the castle gate, citing for a precedent that the same thing was done I know not where by one Lancelot, and telling me how certain ladies looked after him, and

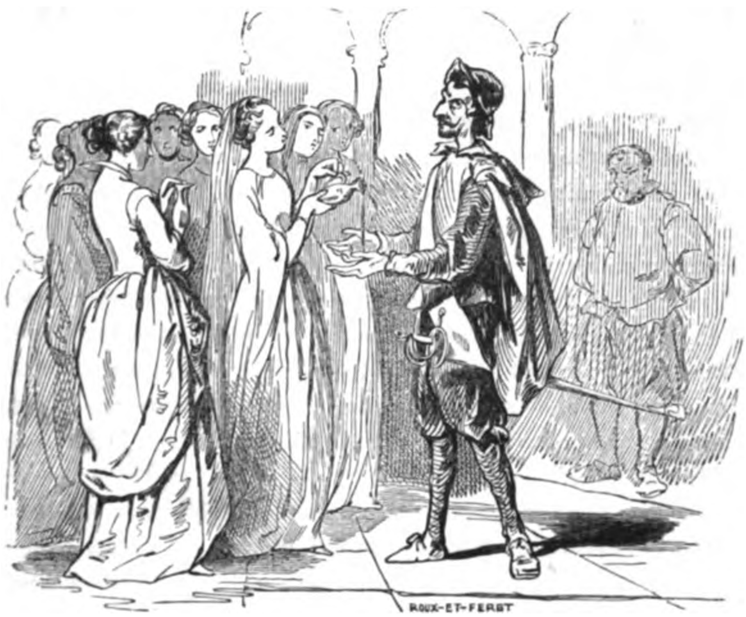


certain duennas after his steed; then, to mend the matter, in mannerly terms he called me an old woman."—"I should take that for the greatest affront that could be offered me," answered the duchess; and, turning to Sancho, she said: "Be assured, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is very young, and wears those veils more for authority and the fashion than on account of her years."—"May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper," answered Sancho, "if I meant her any ill; I only said it because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person than to signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote, who overheard all, could not forbear saying: "Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place?"—"Sir," answered Sancho, "every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of my donkey, and here I spoke of him; if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there."—"Sancho is very much in the right," added the duke, "and not to be blamed in anything. Dapple shall have provender to his heart's content, and let Sancho take no further care, for he shall be treated like his own person."

In the midst of these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted Don Quixote into a great hall hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant.

Don Quixote, being unarmed, remained in his strait *hauts de chausses* and chamois doublet, lean, tall and stiff, his cheeks being so hollow that they met and kissed each other inside his mouth: such a figure that, if the damsels who waited upon him had not taken care to contain themselves, in obedience to the strict orders of their lord and lady, they had died with laughing. They desired he would suffer himself to be undressed and put on a shirt, but he would by no means consent, saying that modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage. However he bade them give Sancho the shirt, and, shutting himself up with him in a room where stood a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and put on the shirt. When he found himself alone with Sancho: "Tell me," said he, "modern buffoon and antique blockhead, do you think it a becoming thing to dishonour and affront a duenna so venerable, so worthy of respect? Was that a time to think of your ass? or are these gentry likely to let our beasts fare poorly, who treat their owners so magnificently? For the love of God, Sancho, restrain yourself and do not discover the grain, lest it should be seen of how coarse a country web you are spun. Do you not know, hardened sinner, that the master is so much the more esteemed by how much his servants are civiler and better bred, and that one of the greatest advantages great persons have over other men, is that they employ servants as good as themselves? Do you not consider, wretched creature, that, if people perceive you are a gross peasant or a ridiculous fool, they will be apt to think I am some beggarly country squire, or knight of the sharping order? No, no, friend Sancho: avoid, avoid those dangerous thralls; whoever sets up for a talker and a railer, sinks, the first slip he makes, into a disgraced buffoon. Bridle your tongue, consider and deliberate upon your words before they go out of your mouth, and remember that we are come to a place whence, by the help of God and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered three or even five-fold in fortune and renown."

Sancho faithfully promised his master to sew up his mouth or bite his tongue before he spoke a word that was not to the purpose and well-considered, as he commanded. "You need be under no pain as to that matter," he added; "for no discovery shall be made to your prejudice by me." Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin *montera* which the damsels had given him, and, thus equipped, marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up in two ranks, as many on one side as the other, and all of them provided with flagons of perfumed water for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages with the gentleman-sewer, to conduct him to dinner,



where by this time the lord and lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and, with great pomp and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the hall door to receive him; they were accompanied by a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who govern great men's houses; one of those who, not being princes born, know not how to instruct those that are how to demean themselves as such; one of those who would have the magnificence of the great measured by the narrowness of their own minds; finally, one of those who, pretending to teach those they govern to be frugal, make them appear sordid misers[476]. One of this sort, doubtless, was the grave ecclesiastic who came out with the duke to receive Don Quixote. A thousand polite compliments passed upon this occasion, after which, taking Don Quixote between them, they went and sat down to table. The duke offered Don Quixote the upper end, and, though he would have declined it, the importunities of the duke prevailed on him to accept it. The ecclesiastic seated himself over against him, and the duke and duchess on each side. Sancho was present all the while, surprised and astonished to see the honour those princes did his master. When he perceived the many entreaties and ceremonies that passed between the duke and Don Quixote, to make his master sit at the head of the table, he said: "If your honours will give me leave, I will inform you of what once happened in our village in reference to places at table."

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[476] In Cervantes' time, it was almost universally the custom among the nobility to have public and appointed confessors as members of the household. These clerical favourites rarely confined themselves to administering to the conscience of their penitents; they also took a part in the direction of their patrons' temporal affairs, and made themselves the agents of their munificence, to the great prejudice of the unfortunate, and of their patrons' reputation.—At the same time that Cervantes censures the general vice, he exercises a little private vengeance. The reader has seen in his *Life* (vol. 1, page xxxii.) that one of these divines was violently opposed to the Duke of Bejar's accepting the dedication of the first part of *Don Quixote*. This divine he here delineates.

No sooner had Sancho said those words than Don Quixote began to tremble, persuaded that his squire was about to utter some absurdity. Sancho, perceiving what was passing in his master's mind, said: "Be not afraid, Sir, of my saying anything that is not pat to the purpose. I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me awhile ago, about talking much or little, well or ill." "I remember nothing, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "say what you will, so that you say it quickly."—"What I would say," said Sancho, "is very true, and should it be otherwise, my master, Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie."—"Lie as much as you will for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "I will not be your hindrance; but take heed what you are going to say." "I have so heeded and re-heeded it," continued Sancho, "that the bell-ringer is sure to be safe this time; this you are about to see by the operation."—"It will be convenient," said Don Quixote, "that your honours order this blockhead to be turned out of doors, for he will be making a thousand foolish blunders."—"By the life of the duke," said the duchess, "Sancho shall not stir a jot from me. I love him much, for I know he is mighty discreet."—"Many such years may your holiness live," cried Sancho, "for the good opinion you have of me, though it is not in me. But the tale I would tell is this: A certain hidalgo of our town, very rich and of a good family, for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina de Campo, and married Donna Mencia de Quinones, who was daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, Knight of the Order of St. James, who was drowned at the island of Herradura[477], about whom there happened that quarrel in our town some years ago, in which, as I take it, my master Don Quixote was concerned, and Tomasillo, the madcap son of Balbastro the smith, was hurt ...... Pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, by your life, that these gentlemen may not take me for some lying prattling fellow." —"Hitherto," said the ecclesiastic, "I take you rather for a prater than for a liar; but henceforward I know not what I shall take you for."—"You produce so many evidences and so many tokens, that I cannot but say," said Don Quixote, "it is likely you tell the truth. Go on and shorten the story, for you take the way not to have done in two days."—"He shall shorten nothing," cried the duchess; "and to please me he shall tell it his own way, though he shall not have done in six days, for should it take up so many, they would be to me the most agreeable of any I ever spent in my life."—"I say then, Sirs," proceeded Sancho, "that this same hidalgo, whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his, invited a farmer, who was poor but honest, to dinner."—"Proceed, friend, proceed," cried the ecclesiastic, "for you are going the way with your tale not to stop till you come to the other world."—"I shall stop before we get half way thither, if it pleases God," answered Sancho. "The farmer, coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house, God rest his soul, for he is dead and gone, by the same token it is reported he died like an angel; for I was not by, being at that time gone a reaping to Tembleque."—"Pr'ythee, son," cried the ecclesiastic, "come back quickly from Tembleque, and, without burying your hidalgo, unless you have a mind to make more burials, make an end of your tale."—"The business, then," said Sancho, "was that they, being ready to sit down to table . . . . . , methinks I see them now better than ever . . . . . ." The duke and duchess took great pleasure in seeing the displeasure the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and pauses of Sancho's tale, but Don Quixote was quite angry and vexed. "I say then," said Sancho, "that they both standing, as I have said, and just ready to sit down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the hidalgo to take the upper end of the table, and the hidalgo with as much positiveness pressed the farmer to take it, saying he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good-breeding, would by no means sit down, till the hidalgo in a fret, laying both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, made him sit down by main force, saying: 'Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl, for let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.' This is my tale, and truly I believe it was brought in here pretty much to the purpose."

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[477] This Alonzo de Maranon was in fact drowned near the island of Herradura, on the coast of Grenada, with a crowd of other soldiers, when a squadron sent by Philip II., to the assistance of Oran, who was besieging Hassan-Aga, the son of Barbarossa, was driven by the tempests on that island, in 1562.

The natural brown of Don Quixote's face was sparkled with a thousand colours. The duke and duchess contained their laughter, that Don Quixote might not be quite abashed, he having understood Sancho's slyness; and, to change the discourse, and to prevent Sancho's running into more impertinences, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or malandrins[478], since he must certainly have vanquished a great many. "My misfortunes, madam," answered Don Quixote, "though they have had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, caitiffs and malandrins, and have sent several; but where should they find her, if she should be enchanted and transformed into the ugliest country wench that can be imagined?"—"I know not," interrupted Sancho Panza; "to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world. At least in activity I am sure she will not yield the advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, lady duchess, she bounces from the ground upon an ass, as if she were a cat."—"Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" demanded the duke. "Seen her!" answered Sancho, "who the devil but I was the first that hit upon the business of her enchantment? she is as much enchanted as my father."

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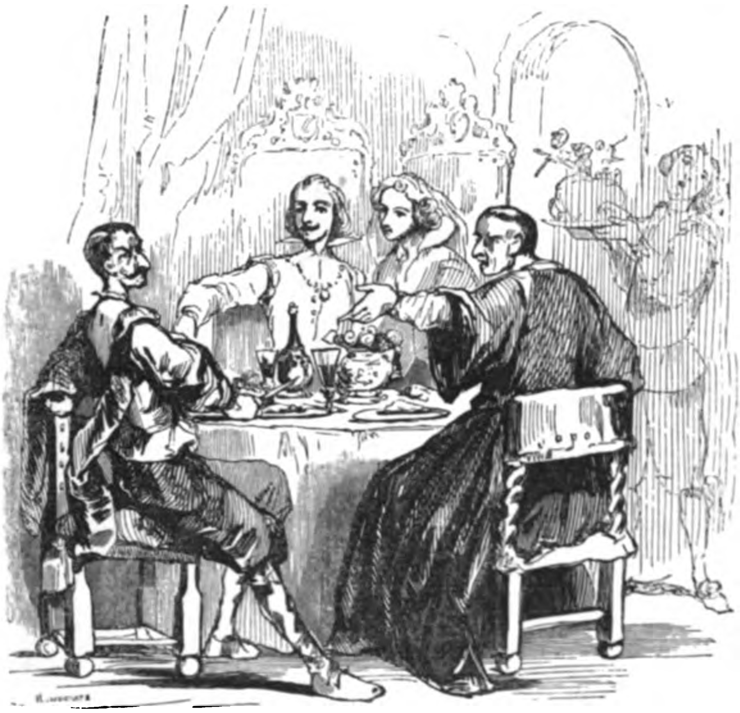
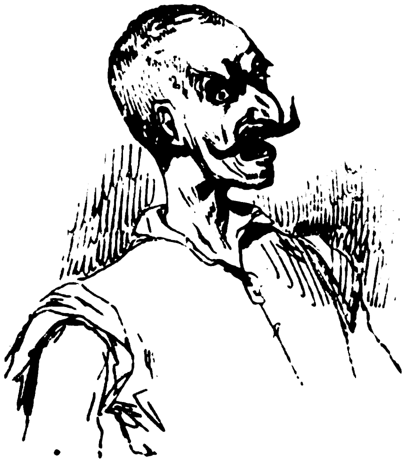
[478] In the time of the crusades, the Arab brigands who infested Syria and Egypt were called *malandrins*. This word still remains in the language of the south of Spain in the sense of a highway-robber or pirate, and frequently occurs in the books of chivalry.

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, malandrins and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke was commonly reading, which he had as frequently reproved him for doing, telling him it was extravagant to read such extravagances. When he was convinced of the truth of his suspicions, he said to the duke with much choler: "Your excellency, Sir, shall give an account to God for what this good man is doing. This Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or how do you call him, can hardly, I should think, be so great an idiot as your excellency would have him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies and impertinences." Then addressing Don Quixote, he added: "And you, stupid wretch, who thrust it into your



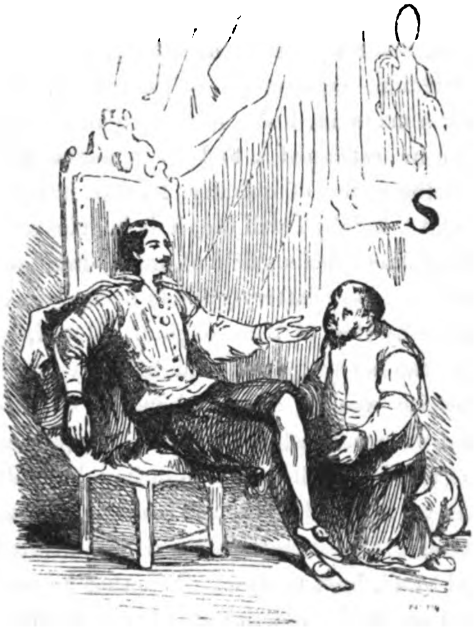
brain that you are a knight-errant, and that you conquer giants and seize malandrins? Depart in peace, return to your own house, breed up your children, if you have any, mind your affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and making all people laugh that know you or know you not. Where, in the devil's name, have you found that there have been or are knights-errant? Where are there any giants in Spain, or malandrins in La Mancha, or Dulcineas enchanted, or all the jumble of follies that are told of you?"

Don Quixote was very attentive to the words of this venerable man. Finding that he now held his peace, without minding the respect due to the duke and duchess, with an ireful mien and disturbed countenance, he started up and cried——But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.



CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE ANSWER DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO HIS CENSOR, WITH OTHER GRAVE AND PLEASANT EVENTS.



STARTING suddenly up and trembling from head to foot, as if he had been seized with an epileptic fit, Don Quixote cried, in a precipitate and disturbed voice: "The place where I am, the presence of the personages before whom I stand, the respect I ever had and shall always have for men of your profession, all contribute to restrain the hands of my just indignation. Therefore, as well upon account of what I have said, as being conscious of what every body knows, that the weapons of gownmen are the same as those of women, their tongues, I will enter with mine into combat with your reverence, from whom one rather ought to have expected good counsels than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well-meant reproof demands another kind of behaviour and language. At least, the reproving me in public, and so rudely, has passed all the bounds of decent reprehension, for it is better to begin with mildness than asperity; and it is not right, without knowledge of the fault, without more ado to call the offender madman and idiot. But tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have seen in me do you condemn and revile me, bidding me begone home, and take care of my house, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either? What! is there no more to do, but to enter boldly into other men's houses to govern the masters? and shall a poor pedagogue, who never saw more of the world, than what is contained within a district of twenty or thirty leagues, set himself at random to prescribe laws of chivalry, and to judge of knights-errant? Is it then, perchance, an idle scheme? Is it time thrown away to range the world, not seeking its delights but its austerities, whereby good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If gentlemen, persons of wealth, birth and quality, were to take me for a madman, I should look upon it as an irreparable affront; but to be esteemed a fool by pedants, who never entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry, I value it not a farthing. A knight I am and a knight I will die, if it be Heaven's good will. Some pass through the spacious field of proud ambition; others through that of servile and base flattery; others by the way of deceitful hypocrisy; and some by that of true religion. But I, by the influence of my star, take the narrow path of knight-errantry, for the exercise whereof I despise wealth, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolence, vanquished giants, and bearded spectres and hobgoblins. I am in love, but only because knights-errant must be so; and being so, I am no vicious lover, but a chaste Platonic one. My intentions are always directed to virtuous ends, to do good to all, hurt to none. Whether he who means thus, acts thus, who lives in the practice of all this, deserves to be called a fool, let your grandeurs judge, most excellent duke and duchess."

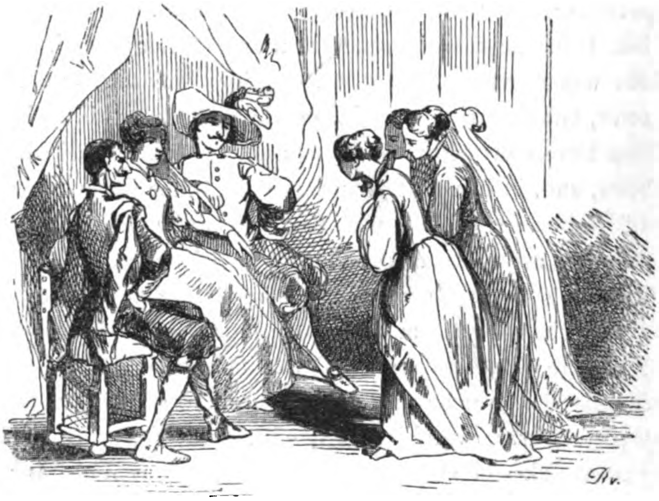
"Well said! in faith, very well said!" cried Sancho. "Say no more in vindication of yourself, good my lord and master; for there is no more to be said, nor to be thought, nor to be persevered in, in the world. Besides, this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there ever were or are knights-errant, it is no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking about."—"Peradventure, brother," asked the ecclesiastic, "you are that Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom your master has promised an island?"—"I am so," answered Sancho; "and I am he who deserves one as well as any other he whatever. I am one of those of whom they say: 'Associate with good men, and thou wilt be one of them;' and of those of whom it is said again: 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed;' and of those, moreover, of whom it is farther said: 'He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he.' I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure. If he lives and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern."—"That you shall not, friend Sancho," cried the duke; "for, in the name of Signor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value."—"Kneel, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you."

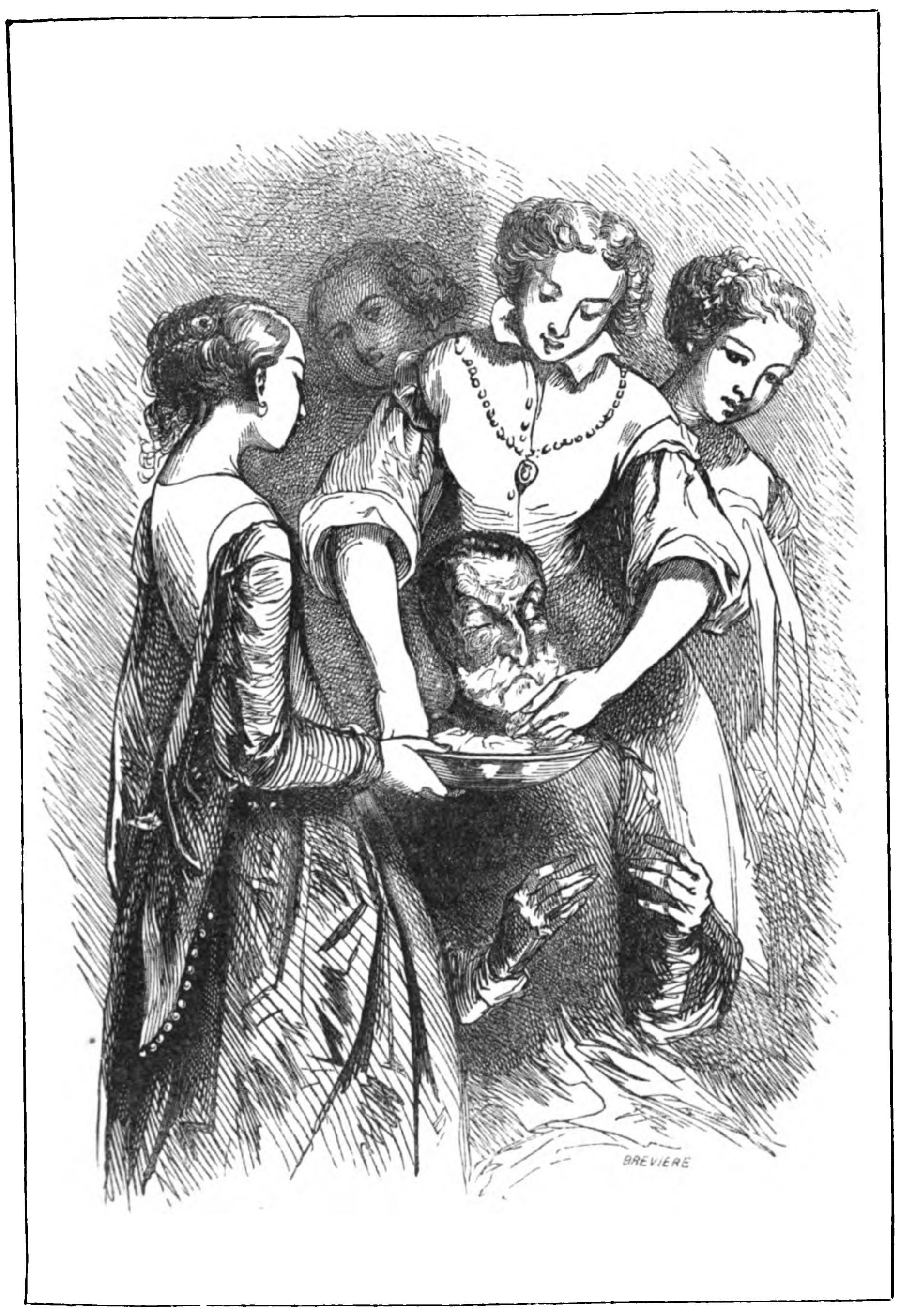
Sancho hastened to obey his master. When the ecclesiastic saw this, he rose from his seat at the table in a great pet: "By the habit I wear," cried he, "I could find in my heart to say your excellency is as simple as these sinners. What wonder that they are mad, since wise men authorize their follies? Your excellency may stay with them if you please; but, while they are in this house, I will stay in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy." Without saying a word or eating a bit more, away he went, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not availing to stop him. It is true, indeed, that the duke did not say much, through laughter occasioned by his impertinent passion.

His laugh being over, he said to Don Quixote: "Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answered so well, so victoriously, for yourself, that there remains nothing to demand satisfaction for in this case; for, though it has the appearance of an affront, it is by no means such; since, as women cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesiastics, as you better know."—"It is true," answered Don Quixote, "and the reason is, that whoever cannot be affronted, neither can he give an affront to any body. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves, though they are offended, so they cannot be affronted. Between an injury and an affront, as your excellency better knows, there is this difference: an affront comes from one who can give it, does give it, and then maintains it; an injury may come from any hand, without affronting. For example: A person stands carelessly in the street; ten others armed fall upon him and beat him; he claps his hand to his sword, as he ought to do; but the number of his adversaries hinder him from effecting his intention, which is to revenge himself. This person is injured, but not affronted. Another example will confirm the truth of my position. A man stands with his back turned; another comes and strikes him with a cudgel, but, after giving the blow, away he runs from the other man, who pursues but cannot overtake him. He who received the blow received an injury, but no affront, because the affront, to be such, must be maintained. If he who struck him, though he did it basely and unawares, draws his sword afterwards, and stands firm, facing his enemy, he who was struck is both injured and affronted: injured, because he was struck treacherously; affronted, because he who struck him maintained what he had done by standing his ground and not stirring a foot. Hence, according to the established laws of the cursed duel, I may be injured, but not affronted. Effectively, women and children can neither resent nor fly; nor can they stand their ground. The same may be said of men consecrated to holy orders, for these three sorts of people want offensive and defensive weapons. So, though they are naturally bound to defend themselves, yet are they not to offend any body. Although, therefore, I said before I was affronted, I now assert that I could in no wise be so; for he who cannot receive an affront can much less give one. For all these reasons, I neither do nor ought to resent what that good man said to me. Only I could have wished he had staid a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in thinking and saying that there are no knights-errant now, nor ever were any in the world. Had Amadis or any of his numerous descendants heard this blasphemy, I am persuaded it would not have fared over well with his reverence."—"That I will swear," cried Sancho; "they would have given him such a slash as would have cleft him from top to bottom, like a pomegranate or over-ripe melon. They were not folks, in good faith, to be jested with in that manner. By my beads, I am very certain that had Reynaldo of Montalvan heard the little gentleman talk at that rate, he would have given him such a blow on the mouth that he would not have spoken a word more in three years. Ay, ay, let him meddle with them, and see how he will escape out of their hands." The duchess was ready to die with laughter at hearing Sancho talk, and took him to be more ridiculous and more mad than his master; several other persons were at that time of the same mind.

At last Don Quixote became calm, and dinner ended. While the cloth was removing, there entered four damsels, one with a silver ewer, another with a basin, of silver also, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulders, and the fourth tucked up to her elbows, and, in her white hands (for doubtless they were white), a ball of Naples soap. She with the basin drew near, and, with a genteel air and assurance, clapped it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking a word, and, wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands. He therefore stretched out his own as far as he could, and instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the damsel with the soap to hurry over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising great flakes of snow (for the lathering was not less white) not only over the beard, but over the whole face and eyes of the obedient knight, insomuch that it made him shut them, whether he would or not. The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of all this, sat in expectation of the end of this extraordinary lavation. The barber-damsel having raised a lather a handful high, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, telling her Signor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. All that were present, being many, had their eyes fixed on him, and seeing him with a neck half an ell long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes shut and his beard all in a lather, it was a great wonder that they forbore laughing. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady. The latter were divided between anger and laughter, not knowing what to do, whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in beholding Don Quixote in that pickle.

At last the damsel of the ewer came, and they made an end of washing Don Quixote; then she who carried the towels, wiped and dried him with much deliberation; and all four at once, making him a profound reverence, were going off; but the duke, in order that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called the damsel with the basin, saying: "Come and wash me too, and take care you have water enough." The arch and diligent young lady came, and clapped

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the basin to the duke's chin, as she had done to Don Quixote's, very expeditiously washed and lathered him well, and, leaving him clean and dry, they made their courtesies and quitted the apartment. It was afterwards known that the duke had sworn that, had they not washed him as they did Don Quixote, he would have punished them for their pertness, which they, however, discreetly made amends for, by serving him in the same manner [479].

Sancho was very attentive to the ceremonies of this washing. "God be my guide," said he to himself, "is it the custom of this place to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights? On my conscience and soul, I need it much, and if they will give me the stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour." "What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?" demanded the duchess. "I say, madam," answered Sancho, "that in other princes' courts, I have always heard say that, when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards; therefore, one must live long to see much. It is also said that he who lives a long life must pass through many evils; though one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than a pain."—"Take no care, friend Sancho," said the duchess, "I will order my damsels to wash you too, and lay you a bucking, if need be."—"For the present I shall be satisfied as to my beard," answered Sancho; "for the rest, God will provide hereafter."—"Hark you, sewer," said the duchess, "mind what honest Sancho desires, and do precisely as he would have you." The sewer answered that signor Sancho should be punctually obeyed. Thereupon, away he went to dinner, taking Sancho with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of sundry and divers matters, all relating to the profession of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess entreated Don Quixote, since he seemed to have so happy a memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and her grace added that, if what fame proclaimed of her beauty was true, she took it for granted that

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[479] In the *Miscelanea* of Don Luis Zapata there is the recital of a similar trick played on a Portuguese gentleman at the residence of the count Benavente. Hence perhaps Cervantes took the idea of the trick played on Don Quixote.

Dulcinea must be the fairest creature in the world, and even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote sighed at hearing the duchess's request, and answered: "If I could pull out my heart, and lay it before your grandeur's eyes here upon the table in a dish, I might save my tongue the trouble of telling what can hardly be conceived, for there your excellency would see her painted to the life. But why should I go about to delineate and describe one by one the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea? Oh! it is a burden fitter for other shoulders than mine, an enterprise worthy to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, to paint them on canvass and on wood; the burins of Lysippus to engrave them on marble and brass; Ciceronian and Demosthenean rhetoric to praise them worthily."—"What is the meaning of Demosthenean, Signor Don Quixote?" demanded the duchess: "it is a word I never heard in all the days of my life."—"Demosthenean rhetoric," answered Don Quixote, "is as much as to say the Rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero, who were, in effect, the two greatest orators and rhetoricians in the world."—"That is true," said the duke, "and you betrayed your ignorance in asking such a question. But, for all that, Signor Don Quixote would give us a great deal of pleasure in painting her to us. Though it be but a rough draft or sketch only, doubtless she will appear such as the most beautiful may envy." "So she would, most certainly," answered Don Quixote, "had not the misfortune which lately befel her blotted her idea out of my mind; such a misfortune that I am in a condition rather to bewail than to describe her. Your grandeurs must know that, going a few days ago to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, commands and licence for this third sally, I found her quite another person than her I sought for. I found her enchanted and metamorphosed from a princess into a country wench, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a sober lady to a jumping Joan, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a clownish wench."—"Holy Virgin!" cried the duke, in a loud voice, "who may it be that has done so much mischief to the world? who is it that has deprived it of the beauty that cheered it, the good humour that entertained it, the modesty that did it honour?"—"Who?" answered Don Quixote; "who could it be but some malicious enchanter of the many that persecute me; one of that cursed race, born into the world to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to brighten and exalt the actions of the wicked? Enchanters have hitherto persecuted me, enchanters still persecute me, and enchanters will continue to persecute me, until they have tumbled me and my lofty chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion. They hurt and wound me in the most sensible part; for, to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to deprive him of the eyes he sees with, the sun that enlightens him, and the food that sustains him. I have already often said it, and now repeat it, that a knight-errant without a mistress is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, a shadow without a body that causes it."—"There is no more to be said," interrupted the duchess; "but for all that, if we are to believe the history of Signor Don Quixote, lately published, with the general applause of all nations [480], we are to collect from thence, if I remember right, that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea; that there is no such lady in the world; that she is only an imaginary lady, begotten and born of your own brain, and dressed out with all the graces and perfections you pleased." "There is a great deal to be said upon this subject," answered Don Quixote: "God knows whether there be a Dulcinea or not in the world, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary; and this is one of those things the proof whereof should not be too nicely inquired into. I neither begot nor brought forth my mistress, but I contemplate her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications which may make her famous over the whole world, as beautiful without a blemish, grave without pride, amorous with modesty, obliging as being courteous, and courteous as being well-bred; finally, of high descent, because beauty shines and displays itself with greater degrees of perfection when matched with noble blood than in subjects that are mean of extraction."—"True," said the duke; "but Signor Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history of his exploits forces me to speak. We must thence infer that, supposing it be allowed that there is a Dulcinea in or out of Toboso, and that she is beautiful in the highest degree, as your worship describes her to us, it must, I say, be inferred that, in respect of high descent, she is not upon a level with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madasimas[81], and a hundred others of the same sort, of whom the histories are full, as your worship well knows."—"To this I can answer," replied Don Quixote, "that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works, that virtue ennobles blood, and that a virtuous person, though mean, is more to be valued than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea has endowments which may raise her to be a queen with crown and sceptre; for the merit of a beautiful virtuous woman extends to the working of greater miracles, and though not formally, yet virtually she has in herself greater advantages in store."—"I say, Signor Don Quixote," retorted the duchess, "that you tread with great caution, and, as the saying is, with the plummet in hand. For my own part, henceforward I will believe, and make all my family believe, and even my lord duke, if need be, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, that she is this day living and beautiful, that she is especially well born, and well deserving that such a knight as Signor Don Quixote should be her servant, which is the highest commendation I can bestow on her. But I cannot forbear entertaining one scruple, and bearing a little grudge to Sancho Panza. The scruple is, that the aforesaid history relates that the said Sancho Panza found the said lady Dulcinea, when he carried her a letter from your worship, winnowing a sack of wheat, by the same token it says it was red, which makes me doubt the highness of her birth."—"Madam," answered Don Quixote, "your grandeur must know that most or all the things which befel me exceed the ordinary bounds, and what happens to other knights-errant, whether directed by the inscrutable will of the destinies, or ordered through the malice of some envious enchanter. It is already acknowledged as an established fact, that most of the famous knights-errant have some particular virtue: one is privileged from being subject to the power of enchantment; another's flesh is so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded, as was the case of the renowned Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it is related that he was invulnerable, except in the sole of his left foot, and in that only by the point of a great pin, but by no other weapon whatever. So that, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him in Roncesvalles, perceiving he could not wound him with steel, he hoisted him from the ground between his arms and squeezed him to death, recollecting the manner in which Hercules slew Antæus, that fierce giant who was said to be a son of the earth. I would infer from what I have said, that perhaps I may have some one of those privileges; not that of being invulnerable, for experience has often shown me that I am made of tender flesh and by no means impenetrable; nor that of not being subject to enchantment, for I have already found myself clapped into a cage, in which the whole world could never have been able to shut me up, had it not been by force of enchantments. But, since I freed myself, I am inclined to believe no other can touch me. Therefore, these enchanters, seeing they cannot practise their wicked artifices upon my person, revenge themselves upon what I love best, and have a mind to take away my life by evil entreating Dulcinea, in whom, and for whom I live. Therefore, I am of opinion that, when my squire carried her my message, they had transformed her into a country wench busied in the mean employment of winnowing wheat. But I have before said that the wheat was not red, nor, indeed, wheat at all, but grains of oriental pearl. For proof of this fact, I must tell your grandeurs, that, coming lately through Toboso, I could not find Dulcinea's palace; and that the next day, while Sancho, my squire, saw in her own proper figure, the most beautiful on the globe, to me she appeared a coarse ugly country wench, and not well-spoken, whereas she is discretion itself. Since, therefore, I neither am nor in all likelihood can be enchanted, she it is who is enchanted, injured, metamorphosed and transformed; in her my enemies have revenged themselves on me, and for her I shall live in perpetual tears, until I see her restored to her former state. All this I have said, that no stress may be laid upon what Sancho told of Dulcinea's sifting and winnowing, for, since to me she was changed, no wonder if she was metamorphosed to him. Dulcinea is well-born, of quality, and of the genteel families of Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very good. No doubt the peerless Dulcinea has a large share in them, for whom her town will be famous and renowned in the ages to come, as Troy was for Helen, and Spain has been fer Cava[182], though upon better grounds and a juster title. On the other hand, I would have your grandeurs understand that Sancho Panza is one of the most ingenious squires that ever served knight-errant. He has, at times, certain simplicities so acute, that it is no small pleasure to consider whether he has in him most of the simple or subtile; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and negligence enough to confirm him a dunce; he doubts of everything and believes everything; and, when I imagine he is falling headlong into stupidity, he lets fall such smart sayings as raise him to the skies. In short, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were given me to boot. Therefore, I am in doubt whether I shall do well to send him to the government your grandeur has favoured him with; though I perceive in him such an aptitude in the business of governing that, with a little polishing of his understanding, he would be as much master of that art as the king is of his customs. Besides, we already know, by sundry experiences, that there is neither need of much ability nor of much learning to be a governor, for there are a hundred of them up and down that can scarcely read, and yet govern as sharply as so many hawks. The main point is that their intentions be good, and that they desire to do everything right. There will never be wanting counsellors to advise and direct them in what they are to do, like your governors who, being swordsmen and not scohlars, have an assistant on the bench. My counsel to him would be, all bribes to refuse, but insist on his dues;

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[480] In several passages of the second part of his book, Cervantes strives to connect it with the first: and with this view he supposes between them, not a lapse of ten years, but only an interval of a few days.

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[81] Oriana, the mistress of Amadis of Gaul; Alastrajarea, the daughter of Amadis of Greece and queen Zalara; and Madasima, daughter of Famongomadan, the Giant of the Boiling Lake, are ladies of chivalric creation.

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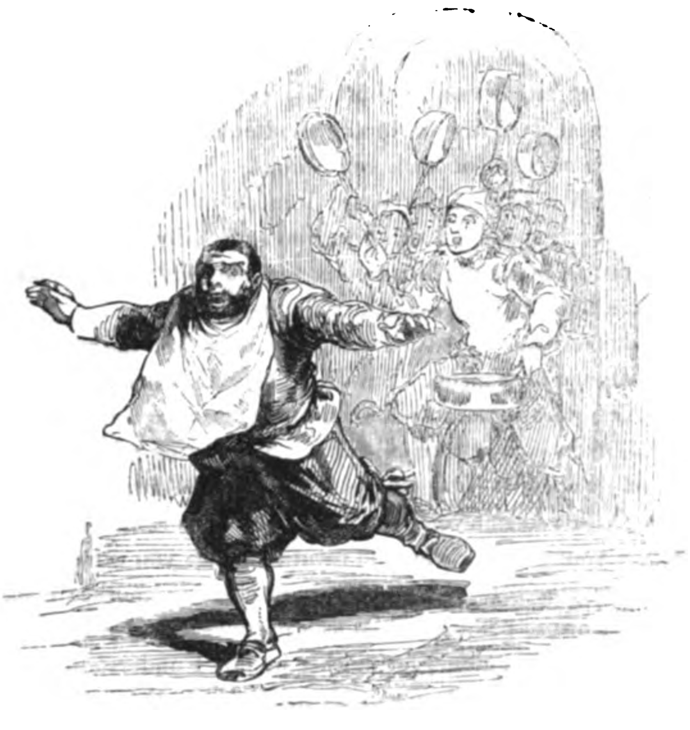
[182] The name given by the Arabian chronicles to Florinda, daughter of Count Don Julian.

with some other little matters which lie in my breast, and which I will communicate in proper time for Sancho's benefit and the good of the island he is to govern."

Thus far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote proceeded in their discourse, when they heard several voices and a great noise in the palace; all at once Sancho rushed into the hall, all in a chafe, with a dish-clout pinned round his neck instead of a napkin, followed by a parcel of kitchen-boys and scullions, one of them carrying a tray full of water, which, by its colour and uncleanness, seemed to be dish-water. This scullion followed and persecuted Sancho, endeavouring with all earnestness to fix it under his chin, and another scullion seemed as solicitous to wash his beard. "What



is the matter, brothers?" asked the duchess; "what is the matter, and what would you do to this good man? What! do you not consider that he is a governor elect?" The barber answered: "Madam, this gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed, as is the custom, and as our lord the duke and his master have been." "Yes, I will," answered Sancho, in great wrath; "but I would have cleaner towels and cleaner suds, and not such filthy hands; for there is no such difference between me and my master, that he should be washed with angel's water[483], and I with the devil's ley. The customs of countries and of princes' palaces are good, so far as they are not troublesome; but this custom of scouring here is worse than that of the whipping penitents. My beard is clean, and I have no need of such refreshings. Whoever offers to scour me or touch a hair of my head, I mean of my beard, with due reverence be it spoken, I will give him such a dowse that I will set my fist fast in his skull; for such ceremonies and soapings as these look more like jibes than courtesy to guests."

The duchess was convulsed with laughter to see the rage and hear the reasonings of Sancho. But Don Quixote was not over-pleased to see his squire so accoutred with the greasy dish-clout, and surrounded with such a kitchen-tribe. So, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if begging leave to speak, he turned to the rabble and said with a solemn voice: "Ho! gentlemen cavaliers, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return whence you came, or to any other place you list. My squire is as clean as another man, and these trays are as painful to him as a narrow-necked jug. Take my advice and let him alone, for neither he nor I understand jesting." Sancho caught the words out of his master's mouth, and proceeded, saying: "No! no! let them go on with their jokes; I will endure it as much as it is now night. Let them bring hither a comb or what else they please, and let them curry this beard, and if they find anything in it that offends against cleanliness, let them shear me cross-wise."

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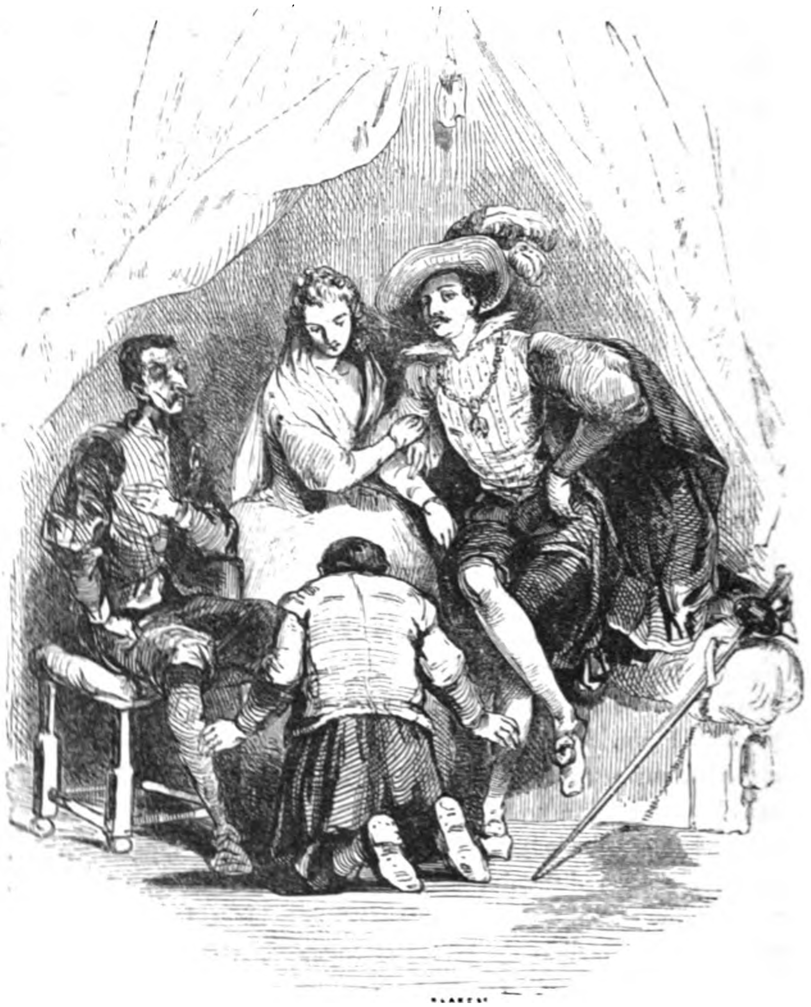
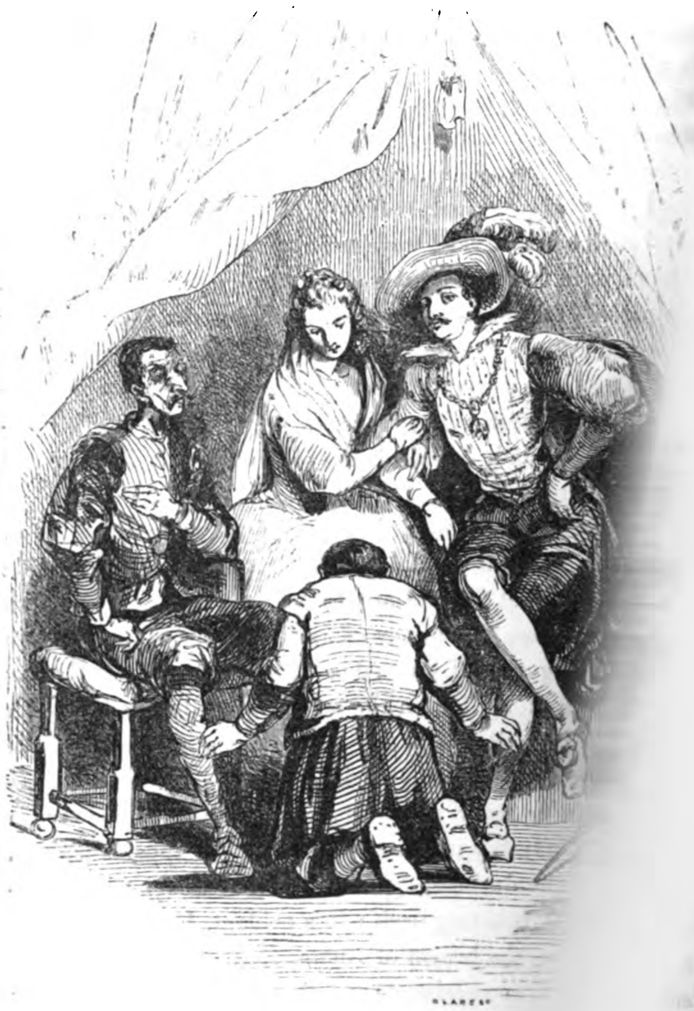
[483] A very popular perfume in Cervantes' time was so called. Angel's water (*aqua da angeles*) was composed of the essence of red roses, trefoil, lavender, honey-suckle, orange-flower, thyme, lilies, pinks, and oranges.

The duchess, still laughing, now said: "Sancho Panza is in the right in whatever he has said, and will be so in whatever he shall say. He is clean, and, as he says, needs no washing; and if he is not pleased with our custom, his soul is in his hand. Besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and careless—I may say presumptuous—in bringing to such a personage and such a beard your trays and dish-clouts, instead of ewers and basins of pure gold and towels of Dutch diaper. But, in short, you are a parcel of ill-born scoundrels, and cannot forbear showing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant." The roguish servants, and even the sewer who came with them, believed that the duchess spoke in earnest. They hastened to take Sancho's dish-clout off his neck, and, confused and ashamed, left Sancho and slunk out of the apartment.

When Sancho found himself thus rid of what he thought an imminent danger, he went and kneeled before the duchess, and said: "From great folks great favours are to be expected. That which your ladyship has done me to-day cannot be repaid with less than the desire of seeing myself dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am, Sancho Panza is my name, I am married, I have children, and serve as a squire. If in any one of these things I can be serviceable to your grandeur, I shall not be slower in obeying than your ladyship in commanding."—"It appears plainly, Sancho," answered the duchess, "that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself; it is evident, I would say, that you have been bred in the bosom of Signor Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of complaisance and the flower of ceremony, or cirimony as you say. Well fare such a master and such a man! the one the pole-star of knight-errantry, and the other the bright luminary of squirely fidelity. Rise up, friend Sancho, and I will make you amends for your civility, by prevailing upon my lord duke to perform, as soon as possible, the promise he has made you of the government."



Thus ended the conversation, and Don Quixote went to take his siesta. The duchess invited Sancho, if he had not an inclination to sleep, to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels, in a very cool hall. Sancho answered that, though, indeed, he was wont to sleep four or five hours a day during the afternoon heats of the summer, yet, to wait upon her goodness, he would endeavour, with all his might, not to sleep at all that day, and would be obedient to her commands: so away he went. The duke gave fresh orders about treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without deviating a tittle from the style in which we read the knights of former times were treated.



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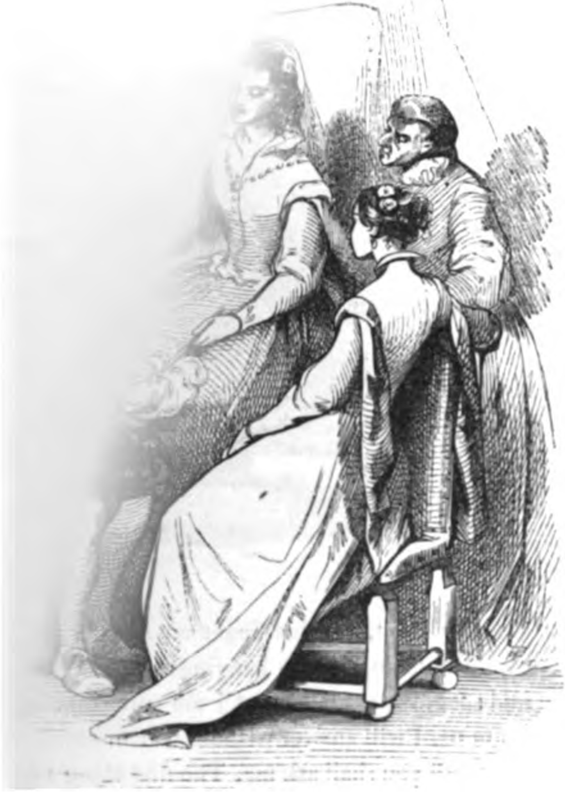

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE RELISHING CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THE DUCHESS, HER DAMSELS, AND SANCHO PANZA, WORTHY TO BE READ AND HAD IN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE.

In continuation, the history proceeds to relate that Sancho Panza did not indulge in his accustomed siesta that afternoon, but, to keep his word, he went directly he had dined to see the duchess, who, delighted to hear him talk, made him sit down by her on a low stool, though Sancho, out of pure good manners would have declined seating himself in her presence. But the duchess told him to sit down as a governor, and talk as a squire; since, in both those capacities, he deserved the very arm chair of the Cid Ruy Dias the Campeador[484]. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, obeyed and sat down. All the duchess's damsels and duennas gathered round about him, in profound silence, to hear what he would say.

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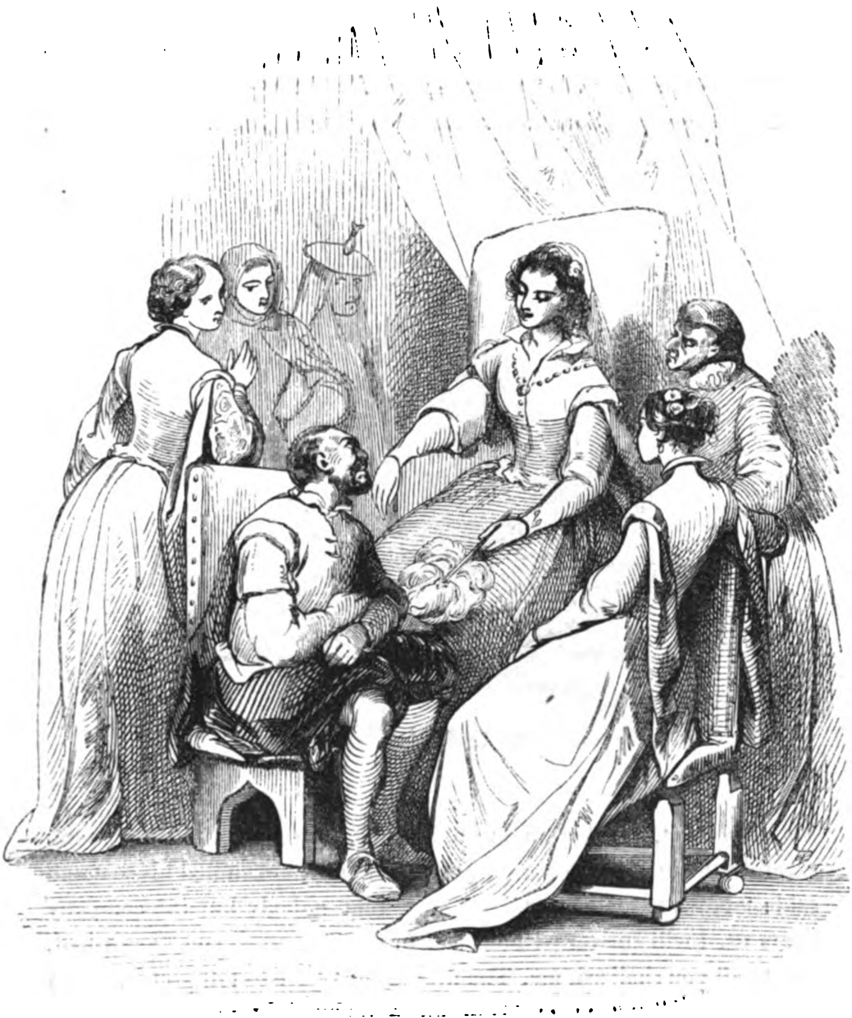
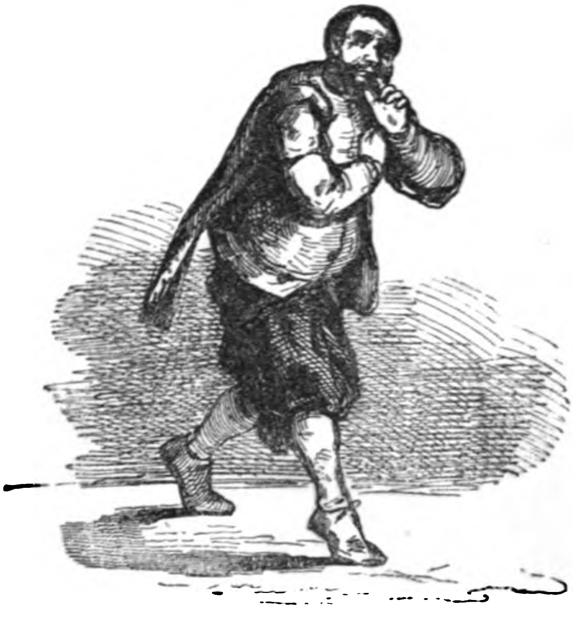
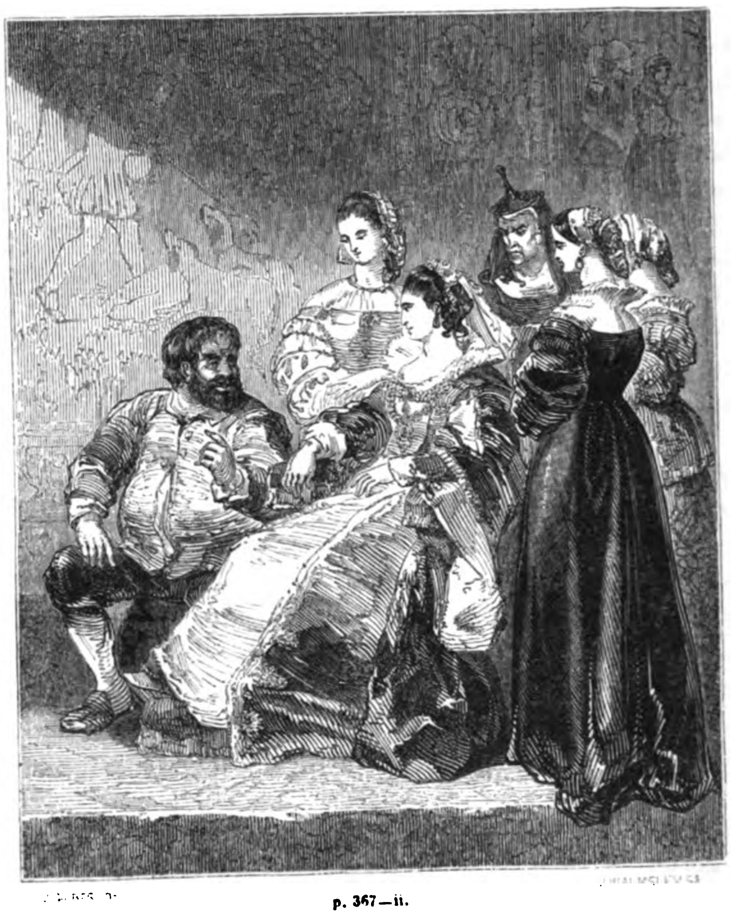
[484] This arm chair of the Cid (*escano*, bench with back,) is the one which he won at Valencia, according to his chronicle, from the grandson of Aly Mamoun, a Moorish king of that country.

But the duchess spoke first: "Now that we are alone and that nobody hears us," said she, "I would willingly be satisfied by Signor



Governor, as to some doubts which arose in my mind on my perusal of the printed history of the great Don Quixote. The first of these doubts is that, since honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor carried her Don Quixote's letter, it being left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena, how durst he feign the answer and the story of his finding her winnowing wheat, it being all a sham and a fiction, so much to the prejudice of the good character of the peerless Dulcinea, and so unbecoming the quality and fidelity of a trusty squire?" At these words, without making any reply, Sancho rose from his seat, and, with stealthy steps, his body bent, and his finger on his lips, he crept round the room, carefully lifting up the hangings. That done, he resumed his seat and said: "Now, madam, that I am sure that nobody but the company hears us, I will answer without fear or emotion to all you have asked, and to all you shall ask me. The first thing I have to tell you is, that I take my master Don Quixote for a down-right madman, though sometimes he says things which, to my thinking and in the opinion of all that hear him, are so discreet, so well put together, that Satan himself could not speak better. Yet, notwithstanding all that, in good truth and without any doubt, I am firmly persuaded that he is

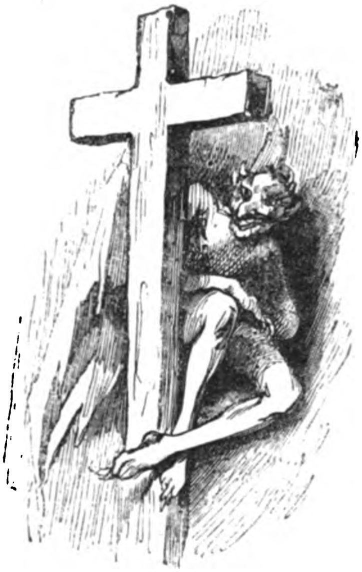




p. 367—ii.

mad; and since that thought has entered my mind, I dare undertake to make him believe anything that has neither head nor tail, like the business of the answer to the letter, and another affair of some six or eight days' standing, which is not yet in print, I mean the enchantment of my mistress Donna Dulcinea of Toboso; for I made him believe she was enchanted, though it was a cock and bull story of my own invention from beginning to end."

The duchess requested him to relate to her the particulars of this enchantment or mystification, and Sancho recounted the whole exactly as it had passed, at which the hearers were not a little pleased. Then the duchess, proceeding in her discourse, said: "From what honest Sancho has just told me, a certain scruple has started into my head, and something whispers me in the ear: 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is a fool, an idiot, and a madman, and Sancho Panza, his squire, knows it, and yet serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises, without doubt he must be more mad and more stupid than his master. This being really the case, it will turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza you give an island to govern; for how should he who knows not how to govern himself know how to govern others?'"—"By my faith, madam," cried Sancho, "this same scruple comes in the nick of time. Please your ladyship to bid it speak out plain and as it lists, for I know it says true, and, had I been wise, I should have left my master long ere now. But such was my lot and evil destiny. I can do no more; follow him I must: we are both of the same place, I have eaten his bread, I love him; he returns my kindness, he gave me his ass-colts, and above all I am faithful. Therefore it is impossible anything should part us but the sexton's spade and shovel. If your highness has no mind the government you promised should be given me, God made me of less, and it may be the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conscience. As great a fool as I am, I understand the proverb which says: 'The pismire had wings to her hurt.' Perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven than for Sancho the governor; they make as good bread here as in France, and all cats are grey in the dark; unhappy is he who has not breakfasted at three; no stomach is a span bigger than another, and may not be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay; of the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care, and four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenca are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge: at our leaving this world and going into the next, the prince travels in as narrow a path as the day-labourer, and the pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's, though the one be higher than the other, for when we come to the grave, we must all shrink and lie close, or be made to shrink and lie close in spite of us, and so good night. Therefore, I say again, that if your ladyship will not give me the island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care a fig for it. I have heard say that the devil lurks behind the cross, and all is not gold that glitters; I have also heard say that Wamba, the husbandman[485], was taken from among his ploughs, his yokes, and oxen to be king of Spain, and that king Rodrigo[486] was taken from his brocades, pastimes, and riches, to be devoured



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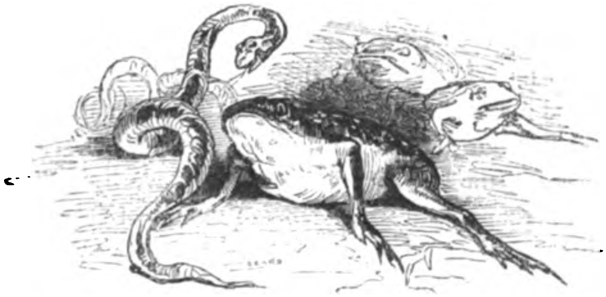
[485] Wamba reigned over Gothic Spain from 672 to 680.

[486] Roderic, the last Gothic king, who was conquered by Thârik at the Castle of Guadaleté, in 711 or 712.

by snakes, if ancient romances do not lie."—"How should they lie?" cried the duenna Rodriguez, who was one of the auditors; "there is a romance which tells us that king Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and that, two days after, the king said, from within the tomb, with a mournful and low voice: 'Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me, in the part by which I sinned most[487]'. According to this, the gentleman has a great deal of reason to say, he would rather be a peasant than a king, if such vermin must eat him up."



The duchess could not forbear laughing to hear the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring to hear the reasonings and proverbs of Sancho. "Honest Sancho knows full well," said she to the latter, "that whatever a knight once promises, he endeavours to perform, though it cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight. Therefore, he will make good his word as to the promised island, in spite of the envy and the wickedness of the world. Let Sancho be of good cheer; when he least thinks of it, he shall find himself seated in the chair of state of his island and of his territory, and shall so handle his government as soon to gain a second and richer one. What I charge him, is to take heed how he governs his vassals, remembering that they are all loyal and well-born."—"As to governing them well," answered Sancho, "there is no need of giving

[487] Ya me comen, ya me comen
Por dò mas pecado habia.

The verses do not stand precisely thus in the *romance* of the Penitence of king Rodrigo. (Vide the *Cancionero General* of 1555, vol. xvi., page 128.) They were doubtless altered by being handed from mouth to mouth.

me advice upon that score, for I am naturally charitable and compassionate to the poor. None will dare the loaf to steal from him that sifts and kneads the meal. But, by my beads, they shall put no false dice upon me: I am an old dog, and understand trap; I know how to snuff my eyes in proper time, and will not suffer cobwebs to blind me, for I know where the shoe pinches. All this I say, that the good may be sure to have me both heart and hand, and the bad neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, the whole business of governing lies in the beginning, and when I have been fifteen days a governor, perhaps I may know more of the art of government than of the labour of the field, to which I was bred."—"You are in the right, Sancho," said the duchess; "nobody is born learned, and bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But, to resume the discourse we were just now upon, concerning the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, I am very certain that Sancho's design of putting a trick upon his master, by making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, and that, if his master did not know her, it must proceed from her being enchanted, I say I feel quite convinced that it was all a contrivance of some one or other of the enchanters who persecute Signor Don Quixote. In good truth, I know from excellent authority, that the wench who jumped upon the ass really was Dulcinea del Toboso, and that honest Sancho, in thinking he was the deceiver, was himself deceived. There is no more doubt of this truth, than of things we never saw. Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters who love us, and who tell us plainly and sincerely, without any tricks or devices, all that passes in the world. Believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was Dulcinea del Toboso, who is enchanted like the mother that bore her; when we least think of it, we shall see her in her own proper form, and then Sancho will be convinced of the mistake he now lives in."—"All this may very well be," cried Sancho Panza; "and now I begin to believe what my master told of the cavern of Montesinos, where he pretends he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in the very same dress and garb I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her for my own pleasure alone. Whereas, your good ladyship says this must have been quite otherwise; for it cannot and must not be presumed that my poor invention should in an instant start so cunning a device, nor do I believe my master is such a madman as to credit so extravagant a thing upon no better a voucher than myself. However, madam, your goodness ought not therefore to look upon me as an ill-designing person; for a dunce like me is not obliged to penetrate into the thoughts and crafty intentions of wicked enchanters. I invented that story to escape the upbraidings of my master, and not with design to offend him; if it has fallen out otherwise, God is in heaven, who judges the heart."—" Nothing is more true," said the duchess; " but tell me, Sancho, what is it you were saying of the cavern of Montesinos? I should be glad to know it." Then Sancho related, with all its circumstances, what has been said concerning that adventure.

When the duchess heard the conclusion of Sancho's recital: " We may infer from this event," said she, " that since the great Don Quixote says he saw the very same country wench whom Sancho met coming out of Toboso, it is Dulcinea, beyond all doubt, and that the enchanters hereabouts are very busy and excessively curious."—" For my part," returned Sancho, " I say that, if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, so much the worse for her; I do not think myself bound to engage with my master's enemies, who must needs be many and malicious. True it is that she I saw was a country wench; for such I took her, and such I judged her to be, and if she was Dulcinea, it is not to be placed to my account. It would be fine indeed if I must be called in question at every turn with, 'Sancho said it,' 'Sancho did it,' 'Sancho came back,' 'Sancho returned,' as if Sancho were who they would, and not that very Sancho Panza handed about in print all the world over, as Sampson Carrasco told me, who is at least a candidate to be a bachelor at Salamanca; and such persons cannot lie, excepting when they have a mind to it, or when it turns to good account. There is therefore no reason why anybody should fall upon me; and since I have a good name—and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than riches—case me in this same government, and you will see wonders; for a good squire will make a good governor."—" All that honest Sancho has now said," responded the duchess, " are Catonian sentences, or at least extracted from the very marrow of Michael Verino himself, '*florentibus occidit annis*'[188]. In short, to speak in his own way, a bad cloak often covers a good drinker."—"Truly, madam," answered Sancho, "I never in my life drank for any bad purpose; for thirst it may be I have, for I am no hypocrite. I drink when I have a mind, and when it is given me, not to be thought shy or ill-bred. When a friend drinks to one, who can be so hard-hearted as not to pledge him? But, though I put on the shoes, I do not dirty them. Besides, the squires of knights-errant most commonly drink water; for they are always wandering about woods, forests, meadows, mountains and craggy rocks, without meeting the poorest pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it."—"I believe so too," added the duchess; "but, for the present, go, Sancho, and repose yourself. We will hereafter talk more at large, and order shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government."

Sancho again kissed the duchess's hand, and begged of her as a favour that good care might be taken of his Dapple, which was the light of his eyes. "What Dapple?" demanded the duchess. "My ass," replied Sancho, "for, to avoid calling him by that name, I sometimes call him Dapple. I desired this mistress duenna here, when I first came into the castle, to take care of him; but she was very angry, as if I had said she was ugly or old, though in faith, it should be more proper and natural for duennas to dress asses than to set off drawing-rooms. God be my help! how ill a gentleman of our town agreed with these madams!"—"He must have been some country clown like yourself," cried Donna Rodriguez, "for, had he been a gentleman and well born, he would have placed them above the horns of the moon."—"Enough, enough," said the duchess, "let us have no more of this; peace, Donna Rodriguez, and you, Signor Panza, be quiet.

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[188] Miguel Verino, of Majorca, was the author of the little elementary book, entitled: *De Puerorum Moribus Disticha*, anciently in use in schools. Cervantes, who doubtless had to explain Verino's *distiques* in his class, at his master's, Juan Lopez de Hoyos, remembered also his epitaph, composed by Angelo Policiano, which begun thus:

Michael Verinus Florentibus occidit annis,
Moribus ambiguum major, an ingenio, etc.

Leave the care of your Dapple to me, and since he is a jewel of Sancho's, I will lay him upon the apple of my eye."—"It will be sufficient for him to lie in the stable," answered Sancho, "for upon the apple of your grandeur's eye, neither he nor I are worthy to lie one single moment; I would no more consent to it than I would poniard myself. Though my master says, that in complaisance, we should rather lose the game by a card too much than too little, yet when the business is asses and eyes, we should go with compass in hand[489]."—"Carry him, Sancho," said the duchess, "to your government; there you may regale him as you please, and turn him out to grass."—"Think not, my lady duchess, you have spoken in jest," said Sancho; "I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and, if I should carry mine, it would be no new thing." Sancho's reasonings renewed the duchess's laughter and satisfaction. Having dismissed him to his repose, she went to give the duke an account of what had passed between them. They devised together the means of putting a famous jest upon Don Quixote, which should be perfectly consonant to the style of knight-errantry, in which style they played him many, so proper and so ingenious, that they are assuredly the best incidents contained in this grand history.

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[489] Sancho was doubtless thinking of this proverb: "If you play with the ass, he will thrust his tail in your face."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD PRESCRIBED FOR DISENCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF THIS BOOK.

IMMENSE was the pleasure the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But what the duchess most wondered at, was that Sancho should be so very simple as to believe for certain that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and impostor in that business. Persisting in the design they had of playing their guests some tricks which should savour mightily of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already told them of the cavern of Montesinos to dress up a famous one[490]. Having instructed their servants how they were to behave, at the end of six days they carried Don Quixote hunting, with a train of hunters and huntsmen, not inferior to that of a crowned head. They gave him a hunting-suit, and Sancho another, of the finest green cloth. Don Quixote would not put his on, nor accept it, saying he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and that he could not carry a wardrobe about him. But Sancho took what was given him, with a design to sell it the first opportunity he should have.

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[490] M. Viardot says in this place: "I have transposed the two preceding phrases in order to place them in the natural order of the events; and I believe that, in so doing, I have only corrected an error of the press, committed in the first edition of *Don Quixote*." The English editor has followed his example, Jarvis having translated the sentences as they stand in the original.

The expected day being come, Don Quixote armed himself; Sancho put on his new suit and mounted his donkey, which he would not quit though they offered him a horse, and thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The duchess issued forth, magnificently dressed, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness and civility, held the reins of her palfrey[491], though the duke would hardly consent to it. At last they came to a wood, situated between two very high mountains; then, posting themselves in places where the toils were to be pitched, and all the company having taken their different stands, the hunt began with a great hallooing and noise, insomuch that they could not hear one another, as well for the cry of the hounds as the winding of the horns. The duchess alighted, and, with a sharp spear[492] in her hand, took her stand in a place where she knew wild boars used to pass. The duke and Don Quixote alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. Sancho planted himself in the rear of them all, without alighting from his ass, which he durst not quit lest some mischance should befal him.

Scarcely were they on foot and ranged in order, with several of the servants round them, when they perceived an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs and followed by the hunters, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks and tossing foam from his mouth. When Don Quixote saw him, he braced his shield, and, laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him. The duke did the like, with his javelin in his hand, and the duchess would have advanced before them, had not the duke prevented her.

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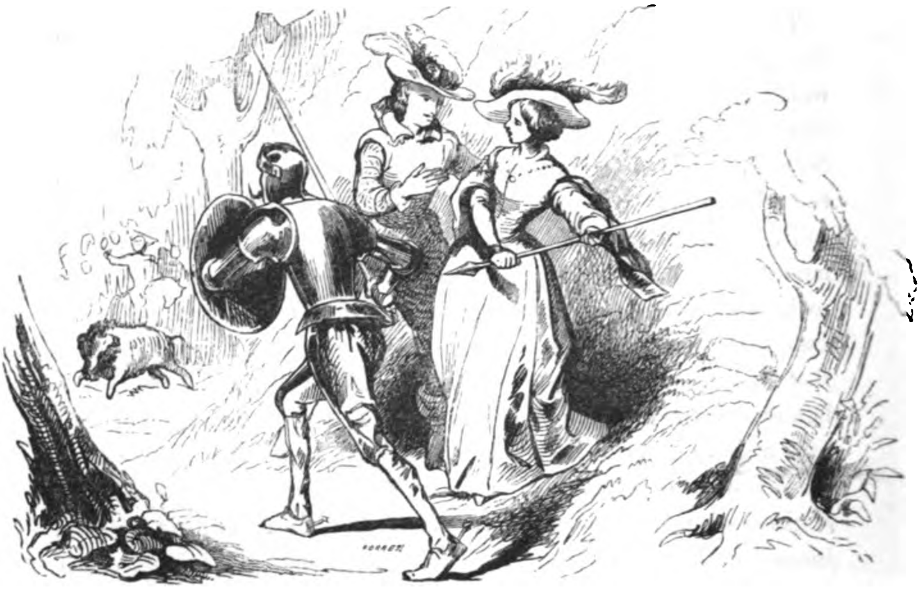
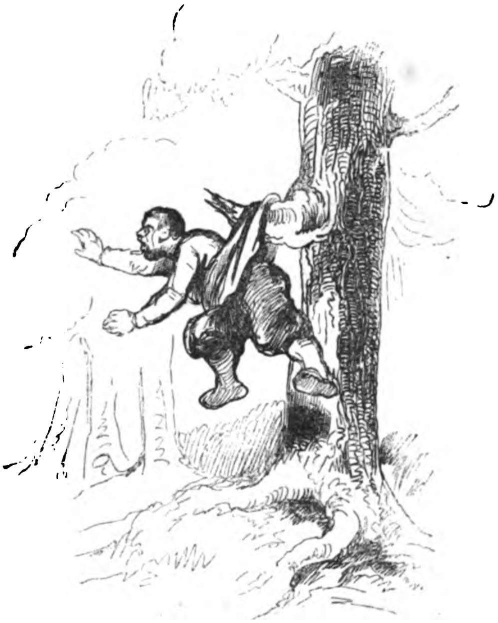
[491] This kind of politeness to ladies was not exclusively used in books of chivalry, in which, however, numerous instances of it occur. Mariana relates that when the Infanta Isabella, after the treaty of *los Toros de Guisando*, which settled on her the crown of Spain, appeared in the streets of Segovia, in 1474, King Henry IV., her brother, held the reins of her palfrey to do her honour.

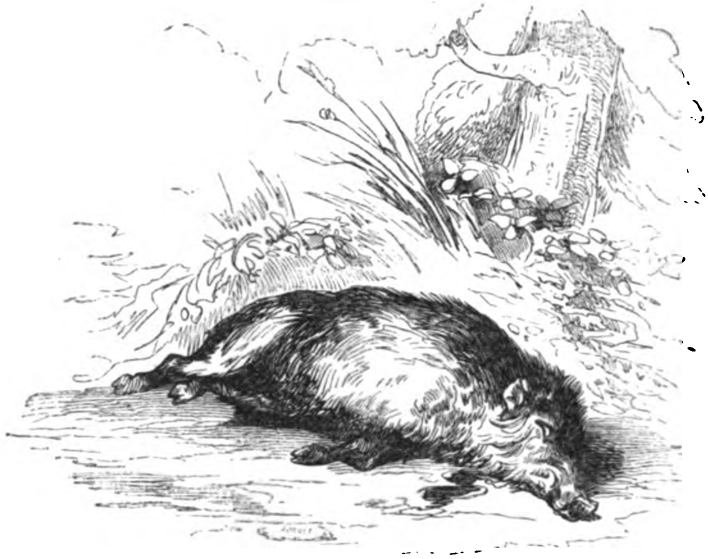
[492] In Spanish *venablo*. This was the name of a sort of javelin, shorter than a lance, used in the wild boar hunting.



Only Sancho, at sight of the fierce animal, quitted his ass and ran away as fast as he could; he then endeavoured to climb up into a tall oak, but did not succeed; for when he got about half-way up, as he was holding by a bough and striving to mount to the top, the bough unfortunately broke; and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air, suspended to the stump of the branch, without coming to the ground. Finding himself in this situation, feeling that the green loose coat was tearing, and considering that, if the furious animal came that way, he should be within his reach, he began to cry out so loud, and to call for help so violently, that all who heard him and did not see him thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast.



Finally, the long-tusked boar was laid his length by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him, and Don Quixote, turning his head about at Sancho's cries, (by which he knew him,) saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward, and close by him his donkey, which deserted him not in his calamity. And Cid Hamet says he seldom saw Sancho Panza without his ass, or Dapple without Sancho; such was the amity and cordial love maintained between them. Don Quixote went and disengaged Sancho, who, finding himself freed and upon the ground, examined the rent in his hunting-suit, which grieved him to the soul, for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee-simple.



They laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and, having covered it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, they carried it, as the spoil of victory, to a large field-tent erected in the middle of the wood. There they found the tables ranged in order, and dinner set out so sumptuously and grand, that it easily discovered the greatness and magnificence of the donors.

Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess: "Had this been a hare-hunting," said he, "or a fowling for small birds, my coat had been safe from the extremity it is now in. I really do not understand what pleasure there can be in waiting for a beast which, if he reaches you with a tusk, may cost you your life. I remember the verse of an old romance, which says:

'May Fabila's sad doom be thine,
And hungry bears upon thee dine.' "—

"He was a Gothic king[493]," said Don Quixote, "who, going to

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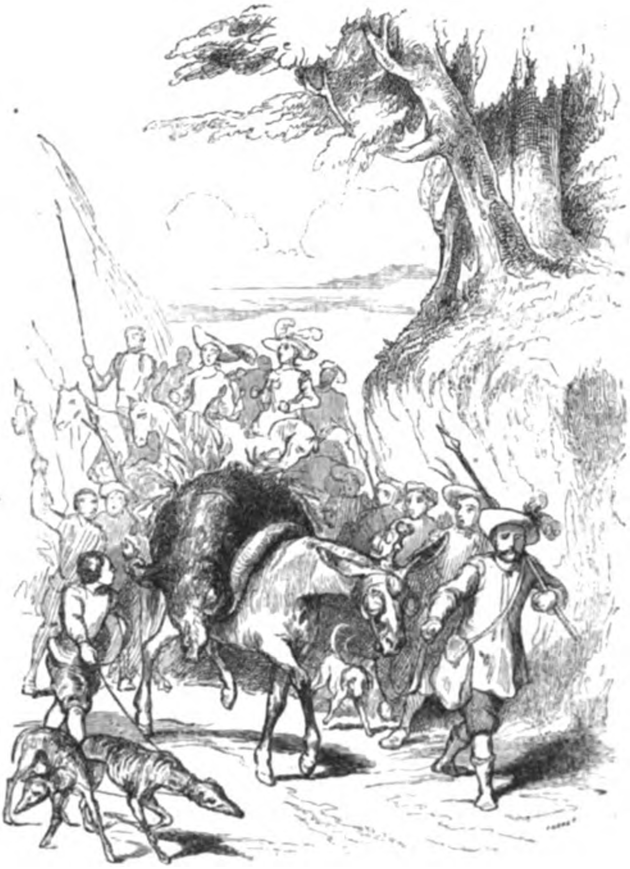
[493] Favila was not exactly a Gothic king. He was the successor of Pelagius in Asturias. His reign, or rather his command, lasted from 737 to 739.



hunt wild beasts in the mountains, was devoured by a bear."—"What I say," answered Sancho, "is that I would not have princes and kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure, which methinks ought not to be so, since it consists in killing a creature that has not committed any fault."—"You are mistaken, Sancho; it is quite otherwise," answered the duke; "for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is more proper and necessary for kings and princes than any other. Hunting is the image of war; in it there are stratagems, artifices and ambuscades, to overcome your enemy without hazard to your person; in it you endure pinching cold and intolerable heat; idleness and sleep are contemned; natural vigour is strengthened by it, and the members of the body made active; in short, it is an exercise which may be used without prejudice to anybody, and with pleasure to many. Moreover, the greatest advantage of it is, that it is not for all people, as are all other country sports, excepting hawking at high flight, which is also peculiar to kings and great persons. Change your opinion, therefore, Sancho, and, when you are a governor, exercise yourself in hunting; you will find your account in it."—"Not so," answered Sancho; "the good governor and the broken leg should keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to come fatigued about business to seek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations. At that rate, the government might go to wreck. In good truth, Sir, hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions than for governors. What I design to divert myself with, shall be playing at brag the four days of Easter[494], and at bowls on Sundays and holidays. But with regard to your huntings, they benefit not my condition, nor do they agree with my conscience."—"God grant you prove as good as you say, for saying and doing are at a wide distance," said the duke. "Be it so," replied Sancho; "the good paymaster is in pain for no pawn; and God's help is better than early rising, and the belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly; I mean that, with the help of God and a good intention, I shall doubtless govern better than a goshawk. Ay, ay, let them put their finger in my mouth, and then they shall see whether I can bite or not."—"The curse of God and of all his saints light on thee, accursed Sancho," cried Don Quixote. "When will the day come, as I have often said, that I shall hear thee utter one current and coherent sentence without proverbs? I beseech your grandeurs to let this blockhead alone; he will grind your souls to death, not between two but between two thousand proverbs, introduced so little to the purpose, and so ill-timed, that, forasmuch as I wish God may grant him health and me, I desire not to hear them."—"Sancho

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[494] Christmas, Epiphany, Easter and Whitsuntide.

Panza's proverbs," said the duchess, "though they exceed in number those of the Greek commentator[493], yet they are not to be less valued for the brevity of the sentences. For my own part, I must own they give me more pleasure than any others, though better timed and better applied."

With these, and other no less entertaining discourses, they left the tent and went into the wood, to visit the toils and nets. The day was soon spent, and night came on, not so clear nor so calm as the season of the year, which was the midst of summer, seemed to promise; but a kind of clear obscure, which contributed very much to help forward the duke and duchess's designs. Night coming on soon after the twilight, on a sudden the wood seemed on fire from all the four quarters. Presently were heard, on all sides, an infinite number of trumpets and other martial instruments, as if a great body of horse were passing through the wood. The blaze of the fire and the sound of the warlike instruments almost blinded and stunned the eyes and ears of all present, and even of all that were in the wood. Anon, there resounded many and long-sustained *lelilis*, after the fashion of the Moors, when they are just going to join battle[494]. Trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played simultaneously, so fast and so continuously, that he must have had no sense who had not lost it at the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was astonished, the duchess alarmed, Don Quixote amazed, and Sancho Panza seized with a fit of trembling, and even they who were in the secret were terrified. Consternation held them all in silence; and at this juncture, a post-boy, habited like a devil, passed defore them, winding, instead of a bugle, a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a hoarse and horrible sound. "So ho, brother courier," cried the duke, "who are you, whither go you? and what soldiers are those who are crossing this wood?" The courier answered in a harsh and dreadful voice: "I am the devil; and I am going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; the people you inquire about are six troops of enchanters, who are conducting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso in a triumphal chariot; she comes enchanted, with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to inform Don Quixote how that same lady is to be disenchanted."—"If you were the devil, as you say, and as your figure denotes you to be," answered the duke, "you would before now have known that same knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, for he now stands here before you."—"Before Heaven and upon my conscience," replied the devil, "I did not see him: for my thoughts are distracted about so many things, that I forgot the principal business I came about."—"Doubtless," cried Sancho, "this devil must needs be a very honest fellow, and a good christian; else he would not have sworn by Heaven and his conscience. Now, for my part, I verily believe there are some good folks in hell itself."

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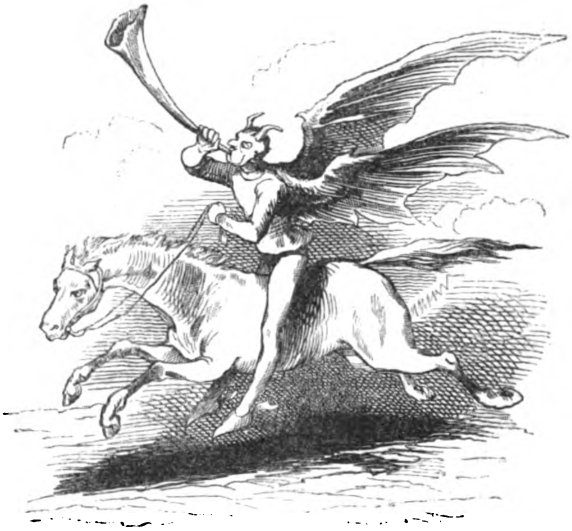
[493] *El Comendador Griego.* The celebrated humanist Fernan Nunez de Guzman, who in the early part of the seventeenth century, professed Greek, Latin and rhetoric in the university of Salamanca, was so called. He was also called *el Pinciano*, because he was born at Valladolid, which is believed to be the *Pincia* of the Romans. His collection of proverbs did not appear till after his death, which happened in 1555. Another humanist, Juan de Mallara, of Seville, wrote a commentary on it, intituled *Filosofia Vulgar.*

[494] Hence, probably, came the Spanish hunting-cry of *halali!*



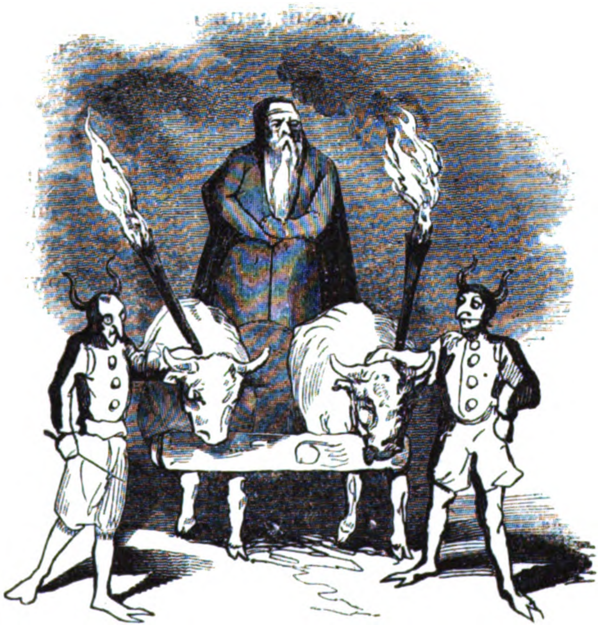
Then the devil, without alighting, turning his eyes on Don Quixote, said: "To you, Knight of the Lions, (may I see you between their paws,) the unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos sends me, commanding me to tell you from him to wait for him at the spot I meet you in, for he brings with him her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her. This being all I came for, I must stay no longer. Devils like me be with you, and good angels with this lord and lady." So saying, he blew his monstrous horn, turned his back and went his way, without staying for an answer from anybody.

The surprise and astonishment of all present increased, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote; Sancho, to see how, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted; and Don Quixote, in uncertainty concerning the actual truth or falsehood of what had happened to him in the cavern of Montesinos. While he stood wrapped up in these cogitations, the duke asked him: "Does your worship, Signor Don Quixote, design to wait here?"—"Why not?" answered he; "here will I wait, intrepid and courageous, though all hell should come to assault me."—"Now for my part," replied Sancho, "I will no more stay here to see another devil and hear another such horn than I will go to Flanders."

The night set in and grew darker, and numberless lights began to run about the wood, like those dry exhalations from the earth, which glancing along the sky, seem to our sight like shooting stars. There was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, from whose harsh and continued creaking it is said wolves and bears fly away, if there chance to be any within hearing. To this hurly-burly was added another uproarious noise, which augmented the whole; it seemed as if there were simultaneously fought four engagements at the four quarters of the wood. Here sounded the deafening and dreadful noise of artillery; there were discharged infinite volleys of small shot; the shouts of the combatants seemed to be near at hand; the Saracenic *lelilies* were heard at a distance. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, arquebuses, and, above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed together so confused and horrid a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to endure it without terror. But Sancho's soon quite failed him; he fell down in a swoon, upon the train of the duchess's robe, who presently ordered cold water to be thrown in his face. That done, he recovered his senses at the instant one of the creaking waggons arrived at the spot. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, all covered with black palls, and a large lighted torch of wax fastened to each horn. At the top of the waggon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow itself, and so long that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram, for the waggon was so illuminated, that one might easily discern and distinguish whatever was in it. The drivers were two ugly devils, similarly habited in buckram, and of such hideous aspect, that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes close that he might not see them a second time.

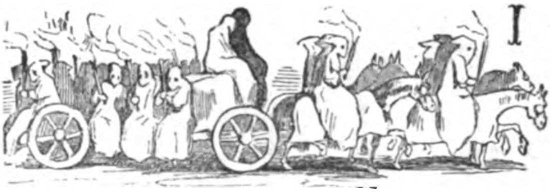
When the waggon was arrived close up to the place where the company were assembled, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and, standing upon his feet, with a loud voice, he said: "I am the sage Lirgandeo;" and the waggon passed forward without his speaking another word. After this, there passed a second waggon in the same manner, with another old man enthroned, who, making the waggon stop, with a voice as solemn as the other, said: "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and he passed on. Then advanced a third waggon with the same pace. But he who was seated on the throne was not an old man like the two former, but a robust and ill-favoured fellow. When he came near, standing up as the others had done, he said in a voice more hoarse and more diabolical: "I am Arcalaús the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadis of Gaul and all his kindred;" and on he went.

These three waggons halted at a little distance, and the irksome jarring noise of their wheels ceased. Soon was heard no other noise than the sound of sweet and regular music. Sancho was much rejoiced, and took this for a good sign. "Where there is music, madam," he said to the duchess, from whom he had not budged an inch, "there can be no harm."—"Nor where there are lights and brightness," answered the duchess. "The fire may give light," retorted Sancho, "and bonfires may be bright, as we see by those that surround us, and yet we may very easily be burnt by them. But music is always a sign of feasting and merriment."—"That we shall see presently," added Don Quixote, who had listened to all that was said; and he said right, as is shown in the following chapter.



CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD PRESCRIBED TO DON QUIXOTE FOR THE DISENCHANTING OF DULCINEA, WITH OTHER WONDERFUL EVENTS.



IN exact time with the agreeable music, they perceived advancing towards them one of those cars they call triumphal, drawn by six grey mules, caparisoned with white linen, and mounted upon each of them, came a penitent of the light[*], clothed also in white, and bearing a great wax torch lighted in his hand. The car was thrice as big as any of the former. The sides and top of it were occupied by twelve other penitents, as white as snow, and all carrying lighted torches: a sight which at once caused terror and admiration. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph clad in a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with numberless leaves of gold tinsel; which made her appear, if not very rich, at least very gorgeous. Her face was covered with a transparent and delicate silk gauze; so that, without any impediment from its fleecy texture, you might discover through it the face of a very beautiful damsel. The multitude of lights gave an opportunity of distinguishing her beauty and her age, which seemed not to reach twenty years, nor to be under seventeen. Close by her sat a figure arrayed in a gown of state, which reached to his feet, his head being covered with a black veil.

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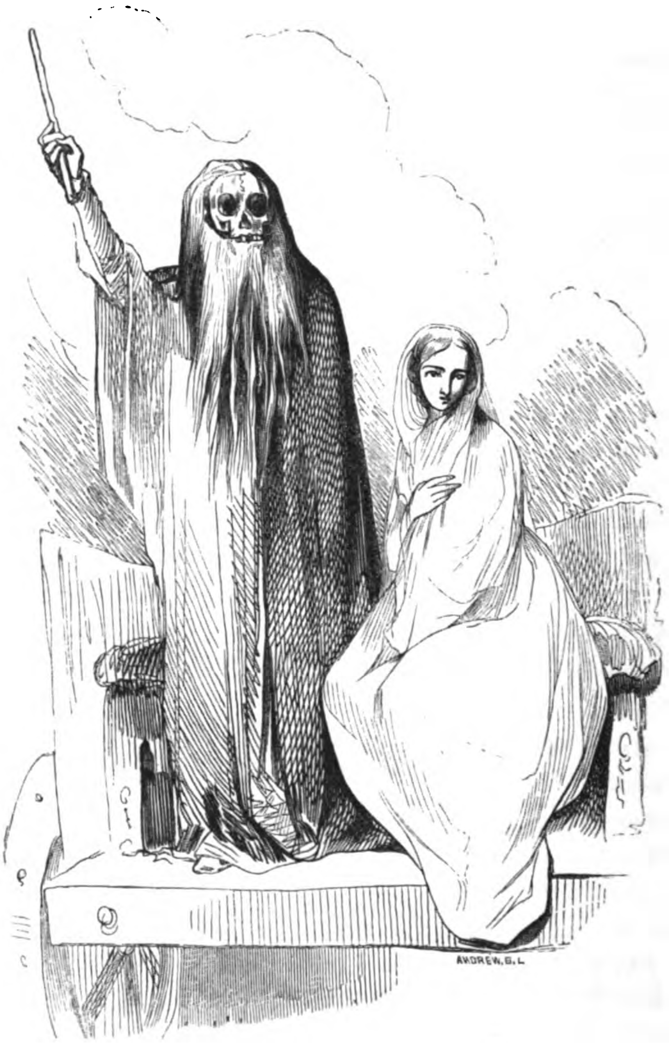
[*] *Disciplinante de luz.* "*A penitent of the light,*" says the royal dictionary, "they call in Germany him who is to be exposed in a public manner, by being led through the streets or set in the pillory." Thus far the royal dictionary. Here in England, a white sheet and a candle or torch in hand is called doing penance; and, under the same appearance of white and a torch, the *amende honorable* is performed in France.

The moment the car came up, just over against where the duke, and duchess, and Don Quixote stood, the music of the clarions, ceased, and, presently after, that of the harps and lutes which played in the car. Then the figure in the gown, standing up, and throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from off his face, discovered plainly the very figure and skeleton of Death, hideous and fleshless. Don Quixote was startled and turned pale, Sancho sickened with terror at the sight of it, and the duke and duchess made a show of some timorous concern. This living Death, rising on its feet and standing up, with a voice somewhat drowsy, and a tongue not quite awake, spoke to the following purpose:

"Merlin I am, miscalled the devil's son
In lying annals, authorized by time;
Monarch supreme and great depositary
Of magic art and Zoroastic skill;
Rival of envious ages, that would hide
The glorious deeds of errant-cavaliers,
Favour'd by me, and my peculiar charge.
Though vile enchanters, still on mischief bent,
To plague mankind their baleful art employ,
Merlin's soft nature, ever prone to good,
His power inclines to bless the human race.

"In hell's dark chambers, where my busied ghost
Was forming spells and mystic characters,
Dulcinea's voice (peerless Tobosan maid)
With mournful accents reach'd my pitying ears.
I knew her woe—her metamorphosed form,
From high-born beauty, in a palace graced,
To the loath'd features of a cottage wench.



With sympathizing grief I straight revolv'd
The numerous tones of my detested art,
And, in the hollow of this skeleton
My soul enclosing, hither am I come,
To tell the cure of such uncommon ills.

"O glory thou of all that case their limbs
In polish'd steel, and fenceful adamant,
Light, beacon, polar star, and glorious guide
Of all, who, starting from the lazy down,
Banish ignoble sleep, for the rude toil
And painful exercise of errant arms;
Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight,
Whose valiant deeds outstrip pursuing fame!
Wouldst thou to beauty's pristine state restore
Th' enchanted dame, Sancho, thy faithful squire,
Must to his brawny buttocks, bare expos'd,
Three thousand and three hundred stripes apply,
Such as may sting, and give him smarting pain.
The authors of her change have thus decreed;
And this is Merlin's errand from the shades."

"I vow to God," cried Sancho at this period, "I say not three thousand, but I will as soon give myself three stabs as three lashes. The devil take this way of disenchanting! I cannot see what my haunches have to do with enchantments. Before God, if Signor Merlin can find out no other way to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for me."—"I shall take you, Don Peasant, gorged with garlic," cried Don Quixote, "and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and I say not three thousand and three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes will I give you, and those so well laid on that you shall not be able to let them off at three thousand three hundred hard tugs. And answer me not a word, or I will tear out your very soul." When Merlin heard this: "It must not be so," he rejoined, "for the lashes that honest Sancho is to receive must be with his good-will, and not by force, and at what time he pleases, for there is no term set. He may, however, if he pleases, to save himself the pain of one half of this flogging, suffer the other half to be laid on by another hand, although it be somewhat weighty." — "Neither another's hand nor my own, nor one weighty nor to be weighed, shall touch me," persisted Sancho. "Did I bring forth the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that my hams must pay for the transgression of her eyes? My master indeed, who is part of her, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, his stay, can and ought to lash himself for her, and take all the necessary measures for her disenchantment; but for me to whip myself, me? *abernuncio*."

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the silvered nymph, who sat close by the shade of Merlin, standing up, and throwing aside her thin veil, discovered a face, in every one's opinion, more than excessively beautiful; with a manly assurance and no very feminine voice, she then proceeded to address herself directly to Sancho Panza: "O unlucky squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, and bowels full of gravel and flints, had you been bid, audacious thief, to throw yourself headlong from some high tower; had you been desired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; had any body endeavoured to persuade you to kill your wife and children with some bloody and sharp scimitar; no wonder if you had betrayed an unwillingness and aversion. But to make a stir about three thousand three hundred lashes, which every puny school-boy receives every month, it amazes, stupifies, and affrights the tender bowels of all who hear it, and even of all who shall hereafter be told it. Cast, miserable and hard-hearted animal, cast, I say, those eyes of a little starting mule of thine upon the balls of mine, brilliant as glittering stars, and you will see them weep, drop after drop, stream after stream making furrows, tracks, and paths down the beauteous fields of my cheeks. Relent, subtile and ill-intentioned monster, at my blooming youth, still in its teens, for I am past nineteen, and not quite twenty, pining and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench. If at this time I appear otherwise, it is by the particular favour of Signor Merlin, here present, merely that my charms may soften you, for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, untamed beast, lash that brawny flesh of thine, and rouse from base sloth that courage which only inclines you to eat and eat again; set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the beauty of my face. But if, for my sake, you will not be mollified, nor come to any reasonable terms, be so for the sake of that poor knight by your side; you master, I mean, whose soul I see sticking crosswise in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, expecting nothing but your rigid or mild answer, either to jump out of his mouth, or to return to his stomach."

When Don Quixote heard these words, he put his finger to his throat to feel: "Before God, sir," cried he, turning to the duke, "Dulcinea has said the truth; for here I feel my soul sticking in my throat like the stopper of a cross-bow."—"What say you to this, Sancho?" demanded the duchess. "I say, madam," answered Sancho, "what I have already said: as to the lashes, *abernuncio*.' —"*Abrenuncio*[497], you should say, Sancho," rejoined the duke, "and not what you said."—"Please your grandeur to let me alone," answered Sancho; "at present I cannot stand to mind niceties, nor a letter more or less; for these lashes, which are to be given me, or I must give myself, keep me so disturbed, that I know not what I say or what I do. But I would fain know from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned the way of entreaty she uses. She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and, at the same time, calls me a soul of a pitcher, untamed beast, and a bead-roll of ill-names that the devil may bear for me. Does she, peradventure, think my flesh is made of brass? or is it anything to me whether she be disenchanted or not? Instead of bringing a basket of fine linen, shirts, night-caps, and socks, (though I wear none,) to mollify me, here is nothing but reproach upon reproach, when she might have known the common proverb, that an ass loaded with gold mounts nimbly up the hill, and that presents break rocks, and pray to God devoutly and hammer on stoutly, and that one 'take' is worth two 'I'll give thees.' Then my master, instead of wheedling and coaxing me to make myself of wool and carded cotton, says that if he takes me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the dose of stripes. Besides, these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider that they do not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were telling him to take some honey after his cherries. Let them learn, let them learn in an ill hour, how to ask and entreat, and to be polite; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this time ready to burst with grief to see my green jacket torn, and people come to desire me to whip myself, of my own good-will, I having as little mind to it, as to turn cacique."—"In truth, friend Sancho," said the duke, "if you do not relent and become softer than a ripe fig, you will obtain no government. It were good, indeed, that I should send my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who relents not at the tears of afflicted damsels, nor at the entreaties of ancient and erudite enchanters and sages. In fine, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or let others whip you, or be no governor."—"My lord," answered Sancho, "may I not be allowed two days to consider what is best for me to do?" —"No, in no wise," interrupted Merlin; "here, this very instant, the business must be settled. Either Dulcinea must return to the cavern of Montesinos, in her former condition of a country wench, or else, in her present form, be carried to the Elysian fields, where she must wait till the number of the lashes be fulfilled."—"Come, honest Sancho," cried the duchess, "be of good cheer, and show gratitude for the bread you have eaten of your master, Don Quixote, whom we are all bound to serve for his good qualities, and his high exploits of chivalry. Say yes, son, consent to this whipping bout, and let the devil take the devil, and let the wretched fear, for a good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know."

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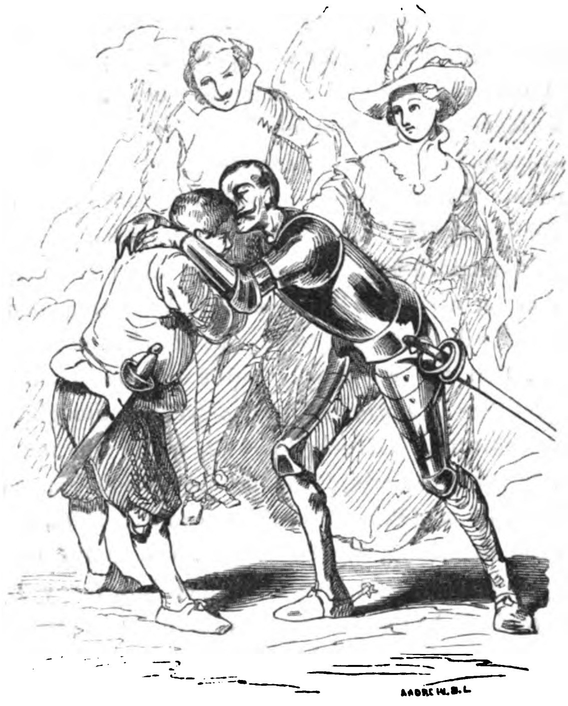
[497] A Latin word which, from common usage, has become naturalised in Spain.

Instead of replying, Sancho, turning towards Merlin: "Pray tell me, Signor Merlin," he said, "the courier-devil who came hither delivered my master a message from Signor Montesinos, bidding him await him here, as he was coming to give directions about the disenchantment of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; but to this hour we have neither seen Montesinos, nor any likeness of his: pray where is he?"—"The devil, friend Sancho," answered Merlin, "is a blockhead and a very great rascal. I sent him in quest of your master, not with a message from Montesinos, but from me; for Montesinos is still in his cavern, looking for his disenchantment, of which the tail still remains to be flayed. If he owes you aught, or if you have any business with him, I will fetch him hither and set him wherever you think fit. But, at present, consent to this discipline; believe me, it will redound much to your good, as well of your soul as of your body. For your soul, in regard of the charity with which you will perform it; for your body, because I know you to be of a sanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can do you no harm."—"What a number of doctors there are in the world; the very enchanters are doctors," replied Sancho. "But since every body tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say that I am contented to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times; but I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest that I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; since, contrary to what I thought, she is in reality most beautiful. I article likewise, that I will not be bound to draw blood with the whip, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall be taken into the account. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall keep the account and give me notice how many I want, or have exceeded."—"As for the overplus there is no need of keeping account," answered Merlin; "for, as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso will be instantly disenchanted, and will come in a most grateful manner to seek honest Sancho, to thank and recompense him for the good deed done. There need, therefore, be no scruple about the overpluses or deficiencies, and Heaven forbid I should cheat any body, of so much as a hair of their head."—"Go to, then, in God's name," cried Sancho; "I submit to my ill-fortune, that is to say, I accept of the penance upon the conditions stipulated."

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when the music again struck up, and a loud salvo of muskets was again discharged. Don Quixote clung about his squire's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and cheeks. The duke and duchess and all the bystanders gave signs of being mightily pleased with this happy finale. The car at length began to move on, and, in passing by,



the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low courtesy to Sancho.

By this time the rosy smiling dawn came on apace. The flowers of the field expanded their fragrant bosoms and erected their heads; the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring through the white and grey pebbles, went to pay their tribute to the rivers that expected them. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene; all manifest tokens that the day which trod upon Aurora's heels would be fair and clear. The duke and duchess, satisfied with the sport, and with having executed their design so ingeniously and happily, returned to the castle, with an intention of following up their jest, since nothing real could have afforded them so much pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE AND NEVER-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE DUENNA DOLORIDA, OTHERWISE COUNTESS TRIFALDI, WITH A LETTER WRITTEN BY SANCHO PANZA TO HIS WIFE TEREZA PANZA.

LIVING in his service, the duke had a steward, of a very pleasant and facetious wit. He it was who represented Merlin, contrived the whole conduct of the late adventure, composed the verses, and made a page act Dulcinea. And now, at the duke and duchess's request, he prepared another adventure, of the pleasantest and strangest contrivance imaginable.

The next day, the duchess asked Sancho whether he had begun the penance he was to perform for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He replied that he had, and had given himself five lashes that night. The duchess desired to know with what he had given them. He answered with the palm of his hand. "That," rejoined the duchess, "is rather clapping than whipping. I am of opinion that Signor Merlin will hardly be contented at so easy a rate. Honest Sancho must get a rod made of whipcord, with iron knots, that the lashes may be felt. For letters written in blood, it is said, stand good, and the liberty of so great a lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased at so low a price."—"Give me then, madam," answered Sancho, "some scourge or convenient whip, and I will whip myself with it, provided it do not smart too much: for I would have your ladyship know that, though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and it would not be just that I should lacerate myself for other folks' good."—"You say well," answered the duchess; "to-morrow I will give you a whip which shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it were its own brother."—"Your highness must know, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has befallen me since I parted from her. I have it here in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I wish your discretion would read it, for methinks it runs as becomes a governor to write."—"And who indited it?" demanded the duchess. "Who should indite it, but I myself, sinner as I am?" answered Sancho. "And did you write it?" said the duchess. "No, indeed," answered Sancho, "for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark."—"Let us see it," said the duchess, "for no doubt you show in it the quality and sufficiency of your genius."

Sancho pulled an open letter out of his bosom, and the duchess, taking it in her hand, found that it was conceived in the following terms:

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER

TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

"If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted; if I have got a good government, it has caused me many good lashes.

This, my dear Teresa, you will not understand at present; another time, you will. You must know, Teresa, that I am determined you shall ride in your coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all fours[498] like a cat. You are a governor's wife; see now whether any body will tread on your heels. Herewith I send you a green hunting-suit, which my lady duchess gave me; fit it up so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and a petticoat. They say, in this country, my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman, and a pleasant fool; and that I am not a whit short of him. We have been in the cavern of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me for the disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso, who is called, among you, Aldonza Lorenzo. With three thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to any body, for you know the proverb: 'Go to give counsel about what is your own, and one will cry it is white, another it is black.' A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money; for I am told all new governors go with the same intention. I will feel its pulse, and send you word whether you shall come and join me or not. Dapple is well, and sends his hearty service to you; I do not intend to leave him, though I were to be made the Grand Turk. The duchess, my mistress, kisses your hand a thousand times; return her two thousand, for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, as my master says, than compliments of civility. God has not been pleased to bless me with another portmanteau and another hundred crowns, as once before; but be in no pain, my dear Teresa; for he that has the repique in hand is safe, and all will out in the bucking of the government. Only one thing troubles me, for I am told that if I once try it I shall eat my very fingers after it. If so, it would be no very good bargain, though the crippled and lame in their hands enjoy a kind of petty-canonry in the alms they receive. Thus, by one means or another, you are sure to be rich and happy. God make you so, as he easily can, and keep me to serve you. From this castle, the 20th July, 1614.

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[498] A carriage, in Cervantes' time, was an article of luxury of the utmost rarity, and was an object of ambition among ladies of the highest rank. Families literally ruined themselves in order to indulge in this expensive object of vanity and pride, and six laws (*pragmaticas*) were passed in the short space between 1578 and 1626, to repress the abuses of this then new fashion. According to Sandoval (*Historia de Carlos Quinto*, part ii.), it was in the reign of Charles V., and in the year 1546, that the first carriage ever used in Spain was introduced into that country from Germany. Whole towns, says he, rushed to behold this curiosity, and were as much astonished as they would have been at the sight of a centaur or a monster. The rage for carriages, so fatal to small fortunes, was, on the contrary, advantageous to great lords, who till then never went out unattended by a cortège of servants of all ranks. It is the remark of a contemporary, Don Luis Brochero (*Discurso del uso de los coches*) that, "by means of carriages, the nobility dispense with an army of domestics, an avant-guard of lackeys, and a rear-guard of pages."

"Your husband, the governor,

Sanchopanza

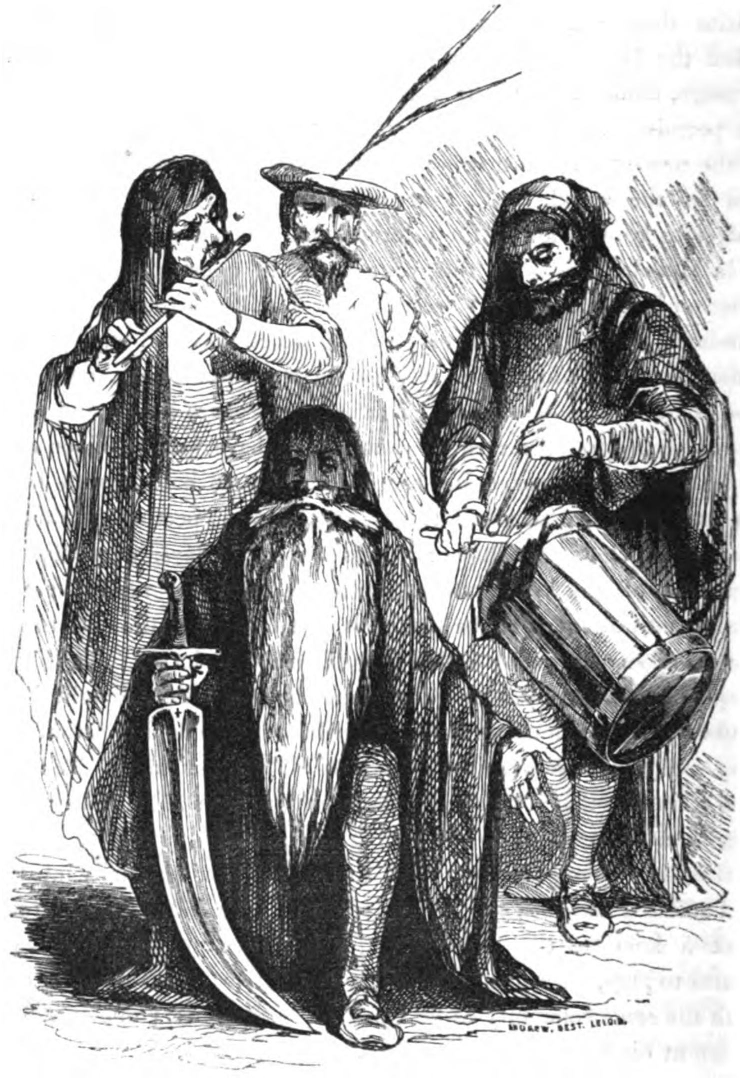
The duchess, having read the letter, said to Sancho: "In two things the good governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying or insinuating that this government is given him on account of the lashes he is to give himself, while he knows and cannot deny that, when my lord duke promised it him, nobody dreamed of any such things as lashes in the world. Secondly, he shows himself in it very covetous, and I would not have him be griping, for avarice bursts the bag, and the covetous governor sells, instead of administering, justice."—"That is not my meaning, madam," answered Sancho; "if your ladyship thinks this letter does not run as it should do, it is but tearing it to pieces and writing a new one."—"No, no," replied the duchess;

"this is a very good one, and I will have the duke see it." They then went to a garden, where they were to dine that day.

The duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's amusing conversation, on a sudden they heard the shrill sound of a fife, accompanied by that of a hoarse and unbraced drum. They all discovered some surprise at this martial and doleful harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not contain himself in his seat through pure emotion. As for Sancho, it is enough to say that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the skirts of the duchess's robe; for the sound they heard was really most sad and melancholy. In the midst of the general silence and suspense, they perceived two men enter the garden clad in mourning-robes, so long that they swept the ground. Each of them came beating a large drum, covered also with black. By their side marched the fifer, black and lugubrious like the rest. The three musicians were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, not clad, but mantled about with a robe of the blackest dye, its immense train trailing along the ground a long distance in his rear. The robe was girt about with a broad black belt, to which there hung an enormous scimitar, black-hilted and in a black scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which appeared a very lengthy beard, as white as snow. He marched to the sound of the drums with much gravity and composure. In short, his huge bulk, his stateliness, his blackness, his cortège, might very well surprise all who beheld him and were not in the secret. Thus he came with the stateliness and solemnity aforesaid, and kneeled down before the duke, who, with the rest, received him standing. But the duke would in no wise suffer him to speak till he rose. The monstrous spectre did so, and, as soon as he was upon his feet, he lifted up the veil that concealed his features. He thus exposed to view the horridest, the longest, the whitest, and the thickest beard that human eyes till then had ever beheld. He soon sent forth from his broad and ample breast a grave and sonorous voice, and, fixing his eyes on the duke, he said:

"Most mighty and puissant Sir, I am called Trifaldin of the White Beard; I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Duenna Dolorida, from whom I bring your grandeur a message, namely, that your magnificence would be pleased to give her permission and leave to enter, and tell her distress, which is one of the newest and most wonderful that the most painful imagination in the world could ever have conceived. But first she desires to know whether the valorous and invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha resides in this your castle, in quest of whom she is come on foot, and without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya, to this your territory, a thing which may and ought to be considered as a miracle, or ascribed to the force of enchantment. She stands at the door of this fortress or pleasure house, and only awaits your good pleasure to come in. I have said." Upon this he hemmed, and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands; and, with much tranquillity, stood expecting the duke's answer, which was as follows: "It is now many days, honest Squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, since we have had notice of the misfortunes of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have occasioned to be called the Duenna Dolorida. Tell her, stupendous Squire, she may enter, and that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous disposition she may safely promise herself all kinds of aid and assistance. Tell her also from me, that if my favour be necessary, it shall not be wanting, since I am bound to it by being a knight, seeing that to such it particularly belongs to protect all sorts of women, especially injured and afflicted matrons, such as her ladyship." Trifaldin, hearing this, bent a knee to the ground, and, making a sign to the fife and drums to play, he walked out of the garden to the same tune and with the same solemnity as he came in, leaving every one in admiration at his figure and deportment.

The duke then turned to Don Quixote: "In short," he said to him, "renowned knight, neither the clouds of malice nor those of ignorance can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say, because it is hardly six days that your goodness has been in this castle, and behold the sorrowful and afflicted are already come


BOUFFE. BEST. LEIGH.

in quest of you, from far distant and remote countries, not in coaches, or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting they shall find in that strenuous arm of yours, the remedy for their troubles and distresses, thanks to your grand exploits, which run and spread themselves over the whole face of the earth."—"I wish, my lord duke," answered Don Quixote, "that the ecclesiastic who the other day expressed so much ill-will and so great a grudge to knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his eyes whether or not such knights are necessary in the world. At least he would be made sensible that the extraordinarily afflicted and disconsolate, in great cases and in enormous mishaps, do not fly for a remedy to the houses of scholars, nor to those of country parish-priests, nor to the cavalier who never thinks of stirring from his own town; nor the lazy courtier, who rather inquires after news to tell again, than endeavours to perform actions and exploits for others to relate or write of him. Remedy for distress, relief in necessities, protection of damsels, the consolation of widows, are nowhere so readily to be found as among knights-errant. And that I am one, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble that can befal me in so honourable an exercise. Let this matron come, and make what request she pleases; I will commit her redress to the force of my arm and the intrepid resolution of the heart which impels it."

The duke and duchess were highly delighted to see how well Don Quixote answered their intention; and their pleasure was augmented when they heard Sancho chime in as follows:—

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE DUENNA DOLORIDA.

I SHOULD be loth," said Sancho, "that this madam duenna should lay any stumbling-block in the way of my promised government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like a goldfinch, say that, where duennas have to do, no good thing can e'er ensue. Holy Virgin! what an enemy was that apothecary to them! Hence I conclude that, since all duennas are troublesome and impertinent, of what quality or condition soever they be, what must the afflicted, or doleful, or dolorous[499] be, as they say this same countess Three skirts or Three tails is[500], for in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are all one."—"Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote: "since this lady duenna comes in quest of me from so remote a country, she cannot be one of those the apothecary has in his list. Besides, this is a countess, and when countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon queens and empresses; for in their own houses they command, and are served in their turn by other duennas."

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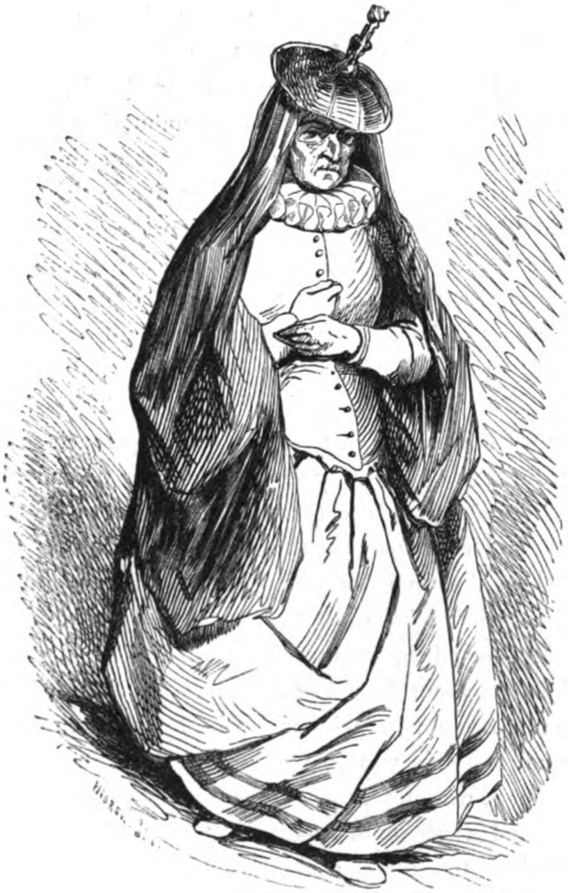
[499] Various meanings of the word *dolorida.*

[500] Sancho is here guilty of a pun on the name of the countess Trifaldi. *Falda* means the skirt of a coat, the lappet of a gown.

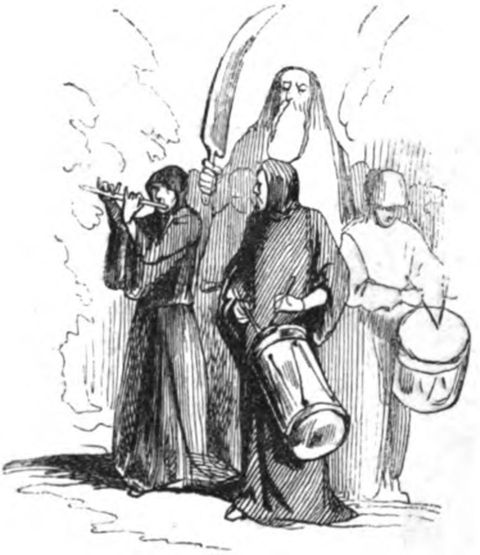
To this, Donna Rodriguez, who was present, quickly added: "My lady duchess has duennas in her service who might have been countesses, if fortune had pleased. But laws go on kings' errands.



Let no one, however, speak ill of duennas, especially of the ancient maiden ones, for, though I am not of that number, yet I well know and clearly perceive the advantage a maiden duenna has over a widow duenna; though a pair of shears cut us all out of the same piece."—" For all that," replied Sancho, " there is still so much to be sheared about your duennas, according to my apothecary, that it is better not to stir the rice, though it burn to the pot."—" These squires," rejoined Donna Rodriguez, " are always our enemies; as they are a kind of fairies that haunt the anti-chambers, and spy us at every turn, the hours they are not at their beads, which are not a few, they employ in speaking ill of us, unburying our bones and burying our reputations. But let me tell these moving blocks, that, in spite of their teeth, we will continue to live in the world and in the best families, though we starve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate bodies with a threadbare black petticoat, as people cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry on a procession day. In faith, if I might and had time, I would make all here present, and all the world besides, know that there is no virtue but is contained in a duenna."—" I am of opinion," said the duchess, " that my good Donna Rodriguez is in the right, and very much so. But she must wait for a fit opportunity to stand up and defend herself and the rest of the duennas, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and root out what the great Sancho has in his breast." —" Ever since the fumes of government have got into my head," rejoined Sancho, " I have lost the megrims of squireship, and care not a wild fig for all the duennas in the world."

This dialogue about duennas might have continued, had they not heard the drums and fifes strike up again, by which they understood the Duenna Dolorida was just entering. The duchess asked the duke whether it was not proper to go and meet her, since she was a countess and a person of quality. " As she is a countess," said Sancho, before the duke could answer, " it is very fit your grandeurs should go to receive her; but, as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you should not stir a step."—" Who bid you intermeddle in this matter, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. " Who, sir?" answered Sancho; " I myself, who have a right to intermeddle, as a squire who has learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the best-bred knight courtesy ever produced. In these matters, as I have heard your worship say, one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little, and a word to the wise is sufficient."—"It is even so, as Sancho says," added the duke; "we shall soon see what kind of a countess this is, and by that we shall judge what courtesy is due to her."

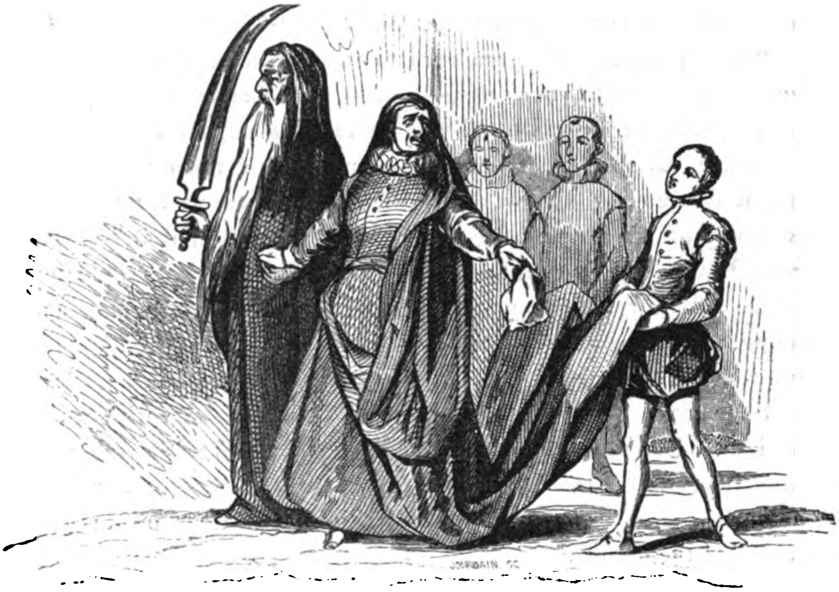
The drums and fife now entered, as they did the first time; and here the author ends this short chapter to begin another, in which he continues the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE DUENNA DOLORIDA'S UNHAPPY FATE.

DON Quixote beheld twelve duennas enter the garden after the doleful music; they were divided into two files, all clad in large religious robes of milled serge, with white veils of thin muslin, so long that only the border of the robe appeared. After these came the countess Trifaldi, whom Squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand. She was clad in a robe of the finest serge, which, if knapped, each grain would have been of the size of a large pea. The train or tail was divided into three corners, supported by three pages, clad in black, making a sightly and mathematical figure with the three acute angles formed by the three corners; whence all that saw them concluded she was therefore called the countess Trifaldi, as much as to say, the



Countess of the Three skirts. Ben Engeli says that was the truth of the matter; and that her right title was the countess Wolfina, because her domain abounded in wolves, and had these wolves been foxes, she would have been styled countess Reynard; it being the custom in those parts for great persons to take their titles from the thing or things in which their estates most abounded. But this countess, in favour of the new cut of her train, quitted her title of Wolfina, to take that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas with the lady advanced a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not transparent, like Trifaldin's, but, on the contrary, so close that nothing could be seen through them. Upon the appearance of this squadron of duennas, the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote rose from their seats, as did all the rest who beheld the grand procession. The twelve duennas halted, and formed a lane, through which the Dolorida advanced, without Trifaldin's letting go her hand. The duke, duchess, and Don Quixote, stepped forward about a dozen paces to receive her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather harsh and coarse than harmonious and delicate, said:

"May it please your grandeurs to spare condescending to do so great a courtesy to your valet,—I mean your handmaid,—for such is my affliction that I shall not be able to answer as I ought. In effect, my strange and unheard-of misfortune has carried away my understanding I know not whither, though surely it must be a vast way off, since the more I seek it, the less I find it."—"He would want it, lady countess," answered the duke, "who could not judge of your worth by your person, which, without seeing any more, merits the whole cream of courtesy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies." And, raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the duchess, who also received her with much civility. Don Quixote held his peace, and Sancho was dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or some one of her many duennas. But it was not possible, till they of their own accord unveiled themselves.

Every one now keeping silence, in expectation who should break it first, the Duenna Dolorida began in these words: "Confident I am, most mighty lord, most beautiful lady and most discreet bystanders, that my most utter wretchedness will find in your most valorous breasts a protection no less placid than generous and dolorous; for such it is that it is sufficient to mollify marble, soften diamond, and melt the steel of the hardest heart in the world.—But, before it ventures on the public stage of your hearing (not to say of your ears), I should be glad to be informed whether the refinedissimo knight, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimo Panza, be in the bosom of this illustrissime company."—"Panza," cried Sancho, before any body else could answer, "is here; also Don Quixotissimo. You, therefore, Dolorodissima Duennissima, may say what you pleasissima, for we are all ready and preparedissimo to be your servantissimos." *

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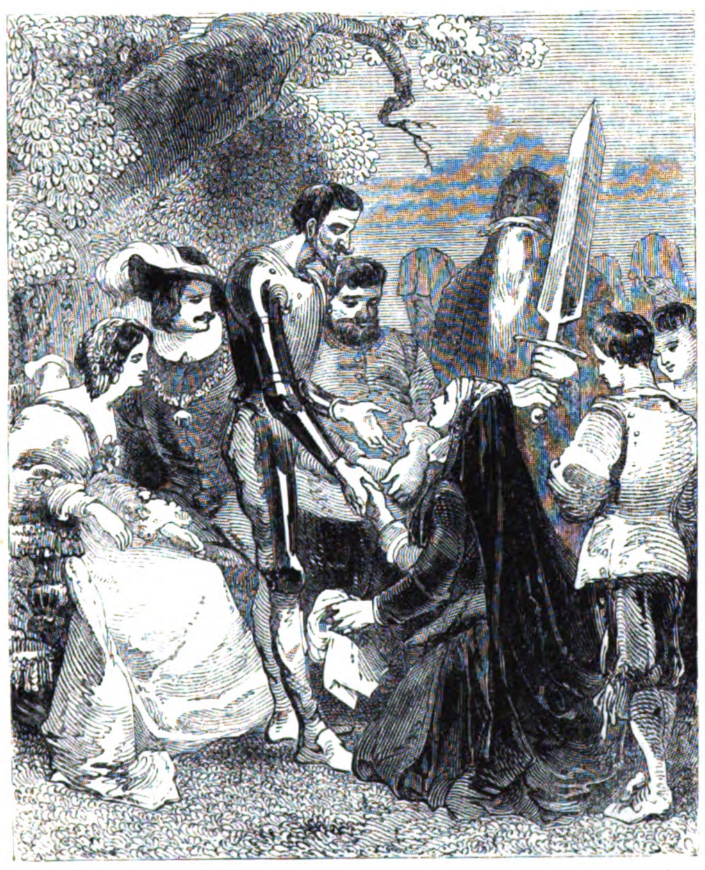
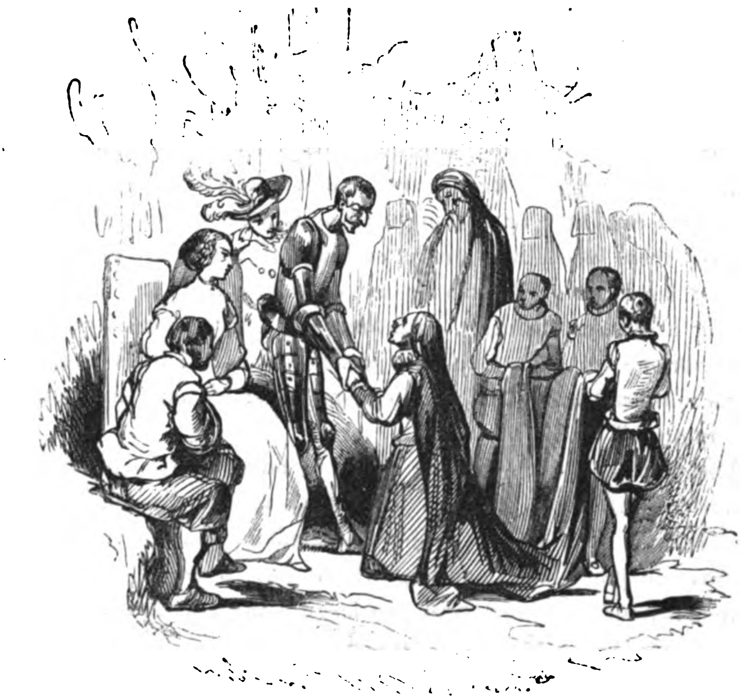
* It is observable, that Sancho has acuteness enough to answer the matron in her own fustian style, while Don Quixote, having no notion of ridicule, lets it pass. The reader must have taken notice how much Sancho is improved in this second part; for acuteness or affectation seem not to have belonged to his original character.



p. 410—II.

Upon this, Don Quixote stood up, and directing his discourse to the Duenna Dolorida, he said: "If your distresses, afflicted lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of a knight-errant, behold mine, which, though weak and scanty, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to succour the distressed of all sorts. This being the case, as it really is, you need not, madam, bespeak good will, nor have recourse to preambles; but, plainly and without circumlocution, tell your griefs. You are within hearing of those who know how to compassionate, if not to redress them."

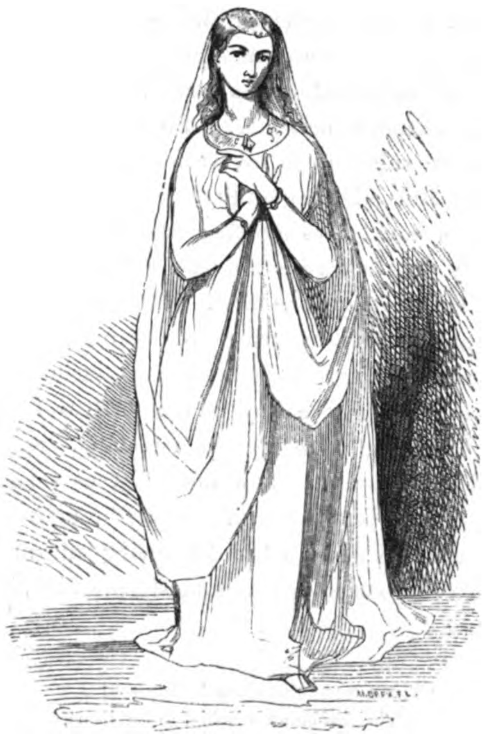
When the Duenna Dolorida heard this, she made a show as if she would prostrate herself at Don Quixote's feet, and actually did so; and, struggling to kiss them, said: "I prostrate myself, O



invincible knight, before these feet and legs, as the bases and pillars of knight-errantry. These feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortunes hangs and depends, O valorous errant, whose true exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous ones of the Amadises, Esplandians, and Belianises." Then, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza, and taking him by the hand, said: "O thou, the most trusty squire that ever served knight-errant, in the present or past ages, whose goodness is of greater extent than the beard of my companion Trifaldin, here present! well mayest thou vaunt that, in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve in miniature the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms in the world. I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy own fidelity and goodness, to become an importunate intercessor for me with my lord, that he would instantly favour the humblest and unhappiest of countesses."

Sancho answered: "Whether my goodness, madam, be or be not as long and as broad as your squire's beard, signifies little to me. So that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards here below. Moreover, without these wheedlings and beseechings, I will desire my master (who I know has a kindness for me, especially now that he wants me for a certain business), to favour and assist your ladyship in whatever he can. Unfold your griefs, madam, let us into the particulars, and leave us alone to manage, for we shall understand one another."

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing, and commended in their thoughts the smartness and dissimulation of the Trifaldi. The latter, having re-seated herself, said: "Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, was queen Donna Magoncia, widow of king Archipiela, her lord and husband. From their marriage sprung the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom, which Infanta Antonomasia was educated under my care and instruction, as being the most noble and ancient duenna among those who waited upon her mother. Now, in process of time, the young Antonomasia attained the age



of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it a pitch higher, and, what is more, discretion itself was but a child to her. In good truth, she was as discreet as she was fair; and she was the fairest creature in the world, and is so still, if envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not cut short her thread of life. But surely they have not done it; for heaven would never permit that so much injury should be done to the world, as to tear off such an unripe cluster from the fairest vine on the face of the earth. Of this beauty, never sufficiently extolled by my feeble tongue, an infinite number of princes, as well natives as foreigners, grew enamoured. Among them, a private gentleman of the court dared to raise his thoughts to the heaven of so much beauty, confiding in his youth, his handsome person, his many abilities and graces, and the facility and felicity of his wit. For I must tell your grandeurs, if it be no offence, that he touched the guitar so as to make it speak; that he was, moreover, a poet and a fine dancer, and that he could make bird-cages so well as to get his living by it in case of extreme necessity. So many qualifications and endowments were sufficient to overturn a mountain, much more a tender virgin. But all his gentility, graceful behaviour, and fine accomplishments would have signified little or nothing towards the conquest of my pupil's fortress, if the audacious robber had not artfully contrived to reduce me first. The assassin and barbarous vagabond began by endeavouring to obtain my good will, and suborn my inclination, that I might, like a treacherous keeper as I was, deliver up to him the key of the fortress I guarded. He succeeded in imposing upon my understanding, and got from me my consent, by means of I know not what toys and trinkets he presented me with. But that which chiefly brought me over to his purpose, was a stanza which I heard him sing one night through a grate that looked into an alley where he stood, which, if I remember right, ran thus:

'The tyrant fair, whose beauty sent
  The throbbing mischief to my heart,
The more my anguish to augment,
  Forbids me to reveal the smart[501].'

"The stanza seemed to be of gold, and his voice of honey;

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[501] De la dulce mi enemiga
Nace un mal que al alma hiere,
Y por mas tormento quiere
Que se sienta y no se diga.

This quatrain is translated from the Italian. The original as written by Serafino Aquilano, is as follows:

Da la dolce mia nemica
Nasce un duol ch'esser mon suole:
E par piu tormento vuole
Che si senta e non si dica.

and many a time since have I thought, considering the mishap I fell into, that poets, at least amatory poets, ought, as Plato advised, to be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths; for they write couplets, not like those of the marquis of Mantua, which divert women, and make children weep, but such pointed things as, like smooth thorns, pierce the soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and unsinged. Another time he sung:

'Come, Death, with gently stealing pace,
And take me unperceived away,
Nor let me see thy wished-for face,
Lest joy my fleeting life should stay,[302]'

with other such couplets and ditties as enchant when sung, and delight when written. But when the poets condescend to compose a kind of verses, at that time in fashion in Candaya, which they call *seguidillas*[303], they presently occasion a dancing of the soul, a tickling of the fancy, perpetual agitation of the body, and lastly, a kind of quicksilver of all the senses. Therefore I say, most noble auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the Islands of Lizards[304]. But, in truth, they are not to blame; the simpletons who commend them, and the idiots who believe them, only are in fault. Had I been the honest duenna I ought, his nightly serenades had not moved me, nor had I believed those poetical expressions, *dying I live, in ice I burn, I shiver in flames, in despair I hope, I go yet stay*, with other impossibilities of the same stamp, with which his serenades abounded. And when we are promised the phœnix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the hairs of the sun, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tiber, and the balsam of

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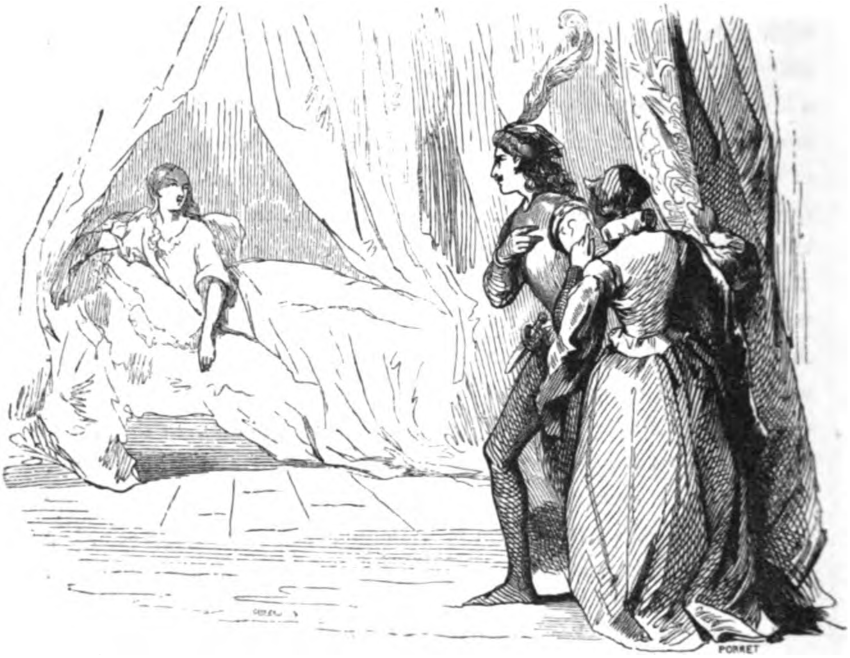
[302] Ven, muerte, tan escondida
Que no te sienta venir,
Porque el placer del morir
No me torne à dar la vida.

This quatrain was first written, with a slight variation in the second and third lines, by the commander Escriba.

[303] The *seguidillas*, also called *coplas de la seguida* (sequent couplets), which began to be in fashion in Cervantes' time, are short strophes in little verses, set to light and quick music. They are dances as well as poetry.

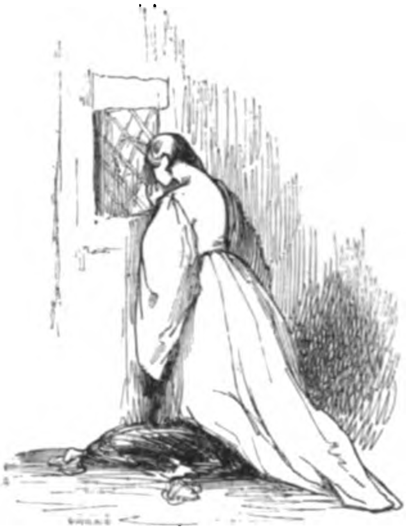
[304] The desert islands.

Pancaya, the poets give their pen the greatest scope; it costing them little to promise what they are unable to perform. But, woe is me, unhappy wretch! whither do I stray? what folly or what madness hurries me to recount the faults of others, having so many of my own to relate? Woe! woe is me, unhappy creature that I am! Not his verses and serenades, but my own simplicity vanquished me. My imprudence, my great ignorance, and my little caution, melted me down, opened the way and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo, for that is the name of the aforesaid cavalier. Through my intervention, he entered, not once, but often, in the chamber of the (not by him but by me) betrayed Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful husband; for, though a sinner, I would never have consented, without his being her husband, that he should have come within the shadow of her shoe-string. No, no; marriage must be the forerunner of any business of this kind undertaken by me. Only there was one mischief in it, which was the disparity between



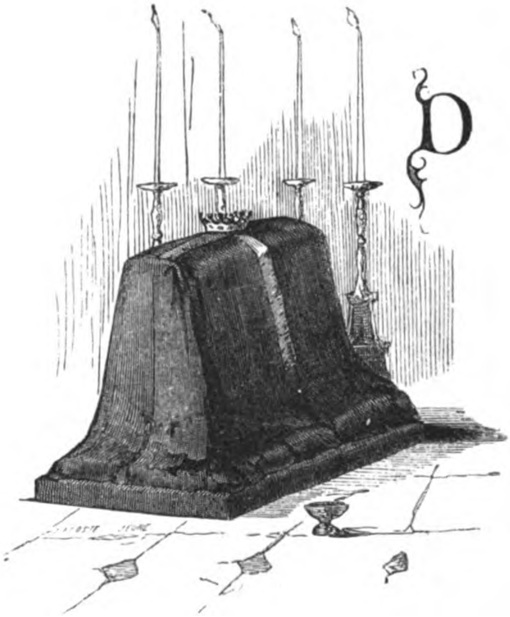
them, Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have already said, of the kingdom. This intrigue lay concealed and wrapped up in the sagacity of my cautious management for some time; but I soon perceived it begin to show itself in I know not what kind of rounding of Antonomasia's person. The dread of discovery made us three lay our heads together, and the result was that, before the unhappy slip should come to light, Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a written promise, signed by the Infanta and given him, to be his wife, worded by my wit, and in such strong terms, that the force of Samson was not able to break through it. The necessary steps were taken; the vicar saw the contract and took the lady's confession; she acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the custody of an honest alguazil of the court."

"What!" cried Sancho, "are there court-alguazils, poets and *seguidillas* in Candaya too? I swear I think the world is the same everywhere. But, madam Trifaldi, pray make haste; it grows late, and I die to hear the end of this so very long story."—"That I will," answered the countess.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEREIN THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER SURPRISING AND MEMORABLE HISTORY.



Don Quixote was at his wits' end, and the duchess was highly delighted at every word Sancho spoke. The knight, however, ordered him to keep silence, while the Dolorida continued as follows: "In short, after many pros and cons, the Infanta standing stiffly to her engagement, without varying or departing from the declaration first made by her, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, and gave her to him to wife; at which the queen, Donna Magoncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, was so much disturbed, that we buried her in three days' time."—"She died, then, I suppose," said Sancho. "Most assuredly," answered Trifaldin, "for in Candaya they do not bury the living, but the dead." —"Master Squire," replied Sancho, "it has happened ere now that a person in a swoon has been buried for dead, and, in my opinion, queen Magoncia ought to have swooned away rather than have died, for, while there is life there is hope. The Infanta's transgression, moreover, was not so great that she should lay it so much to heart. Had the lady married a page, or any other servant of the family, as I am told many others have done, the mischief had been without remedy; but she having made choice of a cavalier, so much a gentleman, and of such parts as he is described to us, verily, verily, though it was foolish, it was not so very much so as some people think. For, according to the rules of my master, who is here present, and will not let me lie, as bishops are made out of learned men, so kings and emperors may be made out of cavaliers, especially if they are errant."—"You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good luck, ranks next to be the greatest lord in the world. But let madam Dolorida proceed, for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind."—"The bitter behind!" answered the countess: "Aye, and so bitter, that in comparison, wormwood is sweet and rue savoury."

"The queen being now dead, and not swooned away, we buried her; but scarcely had we covered her with earth, and pronounced the last farewell, when suddenly, *quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis*[303]! upon the queen's sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno, Magoncia's cousin-german, who, besides being cruel, is also an enchanter. This giant, in revenge of his cousin's death, and in chastisement of the boldness of Don

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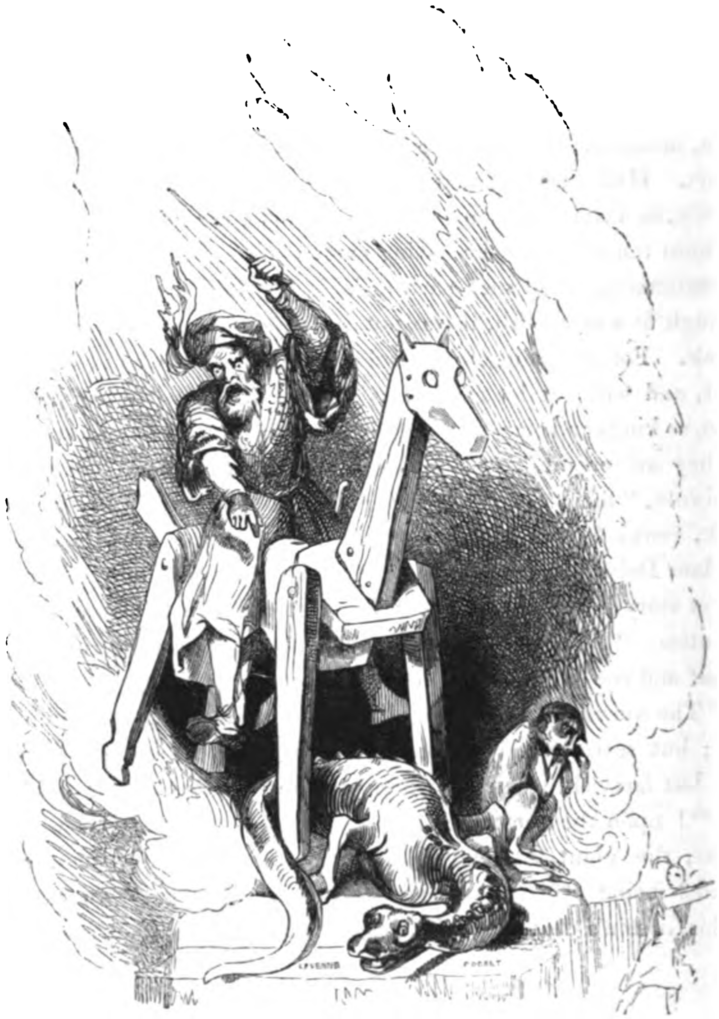
[303] In ironical allusion to the celebrated apostrophe of Virgil, in which Æneas recounts to Dido the misfortunes of Troy.

Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssei,
Temperet a lacrymis. . . . . . (Æn., Lib. II.)

Clavijo and the folly of Antonomasia, left them both enchanted by his art upon the very sepulchre; her he converted into a monkey

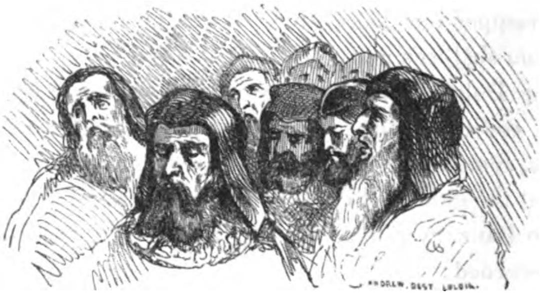


of brass, and him into a fearful crocodile of an unknown metal. Between them lies a plate of metal likewise, with letters engraven upon it in the Syriac language, which being rendered into the

Candayan, and now into the Castilian, contains this sentence: '*These two presumptuous lovers shall not recover their pristine form till the valorous Manchegan shall enter into single combat with me; for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure for his great valour alone.*' This done, he unsheathed a ponderous scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of my head, he made show as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was frightened to death, and my voice stuck in my throat; nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, with a trembling and doleful voice I used such entreaties as prevailed with him to suspend the execution of his rigorous purpose. Finally, he sent for all the duennas of the palace, being those here present, and after having exaggerated our fault and inveighed against the qualities of duennas, their wicked plots and worse intrigues, at the same time charging them with all the blame that I alone deserved, he said he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with other lengthened pains, which would put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death. The very moment that he made an end of speaking, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and a pricking pain all over them like the pricking of needles. Immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall see presently."

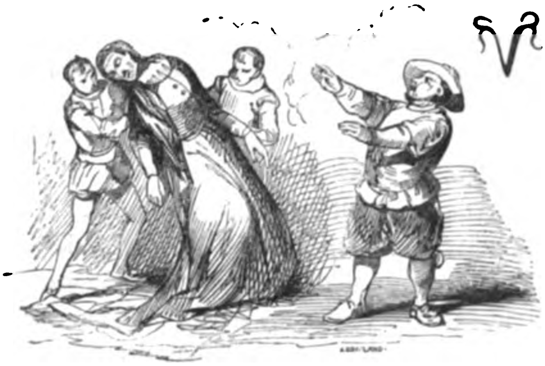
Then the Dolorida and the rest of the duennas, lifted up the veils which concealed them, and discovered their faces all planted with beards, some red, some black, some white, and some piebald. At this sight the duke and duchess seemed to wonder, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were amazed, and all present astonished. The Trifaldi proceeded:

"Thus that wicked and evil-minded felon Melambruno punished us, covering the soft smoothness of our faces with the ruggedness of these bristles. Would to Heaven he had struck off our heads with his enormous scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with these brushes that overspread them! for, noble lords and lady, if we rightly consider it......., and what I am now going to say I would speak with rivers of tears; but the consideration of our misfortune, and the seas our eyes have already wept, keep them without moisture, and as dry as beards of corn, therefore I will speak it without tears. I say then, whither can a duenna with a beard go? what father or what mother will bewail her? who will succour her? for if, when her grain is the smoothest and her face tortured with a thousand sorts of washes and ointments, she can find scarcely any body to show kindness to her, what must she do when her face is become a wood? O ye duennas, my dear companions, in an unlucky hour were we born, and in an evil minute did our fathers beget us!" So saying, the Trifaldi feigned to faint away.



CHAPTER XL.

OF MATTERS RELATING TO THIS ADVENTURE AND TO THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.



VERILY and of a truth, all who take pleasure in such histories as this, ought to be thankful to its original author, Cid Hamet, for his curious exactness in recording the minutest circumstances thereof, without omitting anything, how trifling soever, but bringing every thing distinctly to light. He paints thoughts, discovers imagination, answers the silent, clears up doubts, resolves arguments, and, lastly, manifests the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! live each, jointly and severally, infinite ages for the general pleasure and pastime of the living!

Now the story says that when Sancho saw the Dolorida faint away, he cried: "Upon the faith of an honest man, and by the blood of all my ancestors the Panzas, I swear I never heard or saw, that my master never told me, and that such an adventure as this never entered into his thoughts. A thousand devils take thee (I would not curse anybody) for an enchanter and a giant, Malambruno!

Couldst thou find no punishment to inflict upon these sinners but that of bearding them? Had it not been better (I am sure it had been better for them) to have whipt off half their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have clapped them on beards? I will lay a wager they have not wherewith to pay for shaving."—"That is true, sir," answered one of the twelve; "we have not wherewithal to keep ourselves clean. Therefore, to shift as well as we can, some of us use sticking plasters of pitch. These, applied to the face and pulled off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar. Though there are women in Candaya who go from house to house to take off the hair of the body, and shape the eye-brows, and do other jobs pertaining to women[506];—yet we, who are my lady's duennas, would never have any thing to do with them; for most of them smell of the procuress; and if we are not relieved by Signor Don Quixote, with beards shall we be carried to our graves."—"Mine," cried Don Quixote, "shall be plucked off in the country of the Moors, rather than not free you from yours."

By this time the countess Trifaldi was come to herself. "The murmuring sound of that promise, valorous knight," said she, "reached my ears in the midst of my swoon, and was the occasion of my coming out of it, and recovering my senses. So once again I beseech you, illustrious, errant and invincible sir, that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds."—"It shall not rest with me," answered Don Quixote. "Inform me, madam, what it is I am to do, for my inclination is fully disposed to serve you."—"The case is," answered the Dolorida, "that from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, it is five thousand leagues, one or two more or less. But if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must know also, that Malambruno told me that, when fortune should furnish me with the knight our deliverer, he would send him a steed, much better and with fewer vicious tricks than a post-horse returned to his stage, for it is to be that very wooden horse, upon which the valiant Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona[307]. This horse is governed by a peg he has in his forehead, which serves for a bridle, and he flies through the air with such swiftness, that one would think the devil himself carried him. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was the workmanship of the sage Merlin, who lent him to Count Peter, who was his friend, and who took great journeys on the wooden steed's back, and stole, as has been said, the fair Magalona, carrying her behind him through the air, and leaving all who beheld him from the earth staring and astonished. Merlin lent him to none but particular friends, or such as paid him a handsome price; and since the grand Peter to this time, we know of nobody that has been upon his back. Malambruno procured him by his art, and

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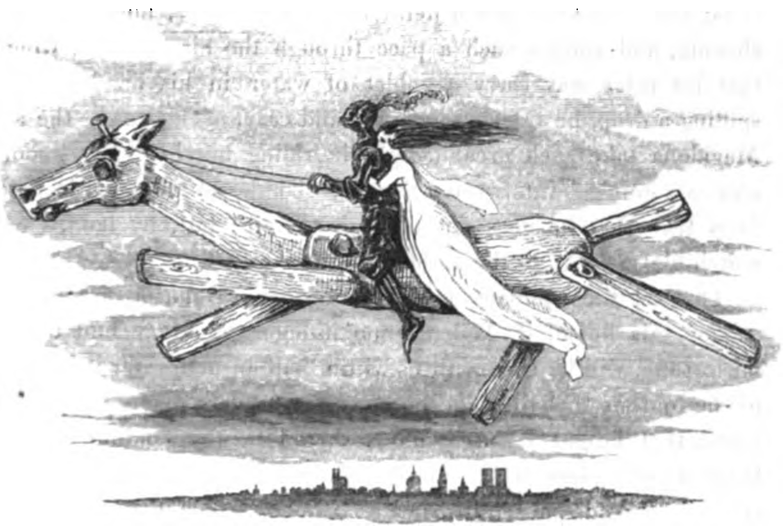
[506] These women, whose office was very popular in Cervantes' time, were then called *vclleras*.



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[307] Cervantes took the idea of his wooden horse from the *History of the fair Magalona, daughter of the king of Naples, and of Peter, son of the Count of Provence*, a chivalric romance printed at Seville in 1535. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who died in 1400, speaks of a horse similar to this, which belonged to Cambuscan, king of Tartary; he flew through the air and was guided by means of a peg situated in his ear. Cambuscan's horse, however, was of bronze.

keeps him in his power, making use of him in the journeys he often takes through divers parts of the world, to-day he is here, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi, and the best of it is, that this same horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor wants any shoeing, and ambles such a pace through the air, without wings, that his rider may carry a goblet of water in his hand without spilling a drop, he travels so smooth and easy. This made the fair Magalona take such great delight in riding him."—" For smooth and easy goings," interrupted Sancho, " commend me to my Dapple. It is true that he goes not through the air; but, by land, I will match him against all the amblers in the world."

This set the company laughing, and the Dolorida proceeded: " Now this horse, if Malambruno intends to put an end to our misfortune, will be here with us within half an hour after it is dark; for he told me that the sign by which I should be assured of having found that knight I sought after, should be the sending me the horse to the place where the knight was, with conveniency and speed."—" And pray," demanded Sancho, " how many can ride upon this same horse?"—" Two persons," answered the Dolorida, " one on the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper, and generally these two persons are the knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case."—" I should be glad to know, madam Dolorida," said Sancho, " the name of this horse."—" His name," answered the Dolorida, " is not Pegasus, as was that of Belerophon, not Bucephalus, as was that of Alexander the Great, nor Brilladore, as was that of Orlando Furioso, nor is it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos of Montalvan, nor Frontino, which was Rogero's, nor is it Boötes or Peritoa, as they say the horses of the sun were called[508], neither is he called Orelia, the horse which the unfortunate Roderigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted, in the battle wherein he lost his kingdom and life."—" I will venture a wager," cried Sancho, " that since they have given him none of those famous and well-known names, neither have they given him that of my master's horse Rocinante, which in propriety exceeds all that have been hitherto named."—" True," answered the bearded countess; " but still it suits him well, for he is called Clavileno the Winged[509], which name answers to his being of wood, to the peg in his forehead, and to the swiftness of his motion. Thus, in respect of his name, he may very well come in competition with the renowned Rocinante."—" I dislike not the name," replied Sancho; " but with what bridle or halter is he guided?"—" I have already told you," answered the Trifaldi, " that he is guided by a peg. The knight who is mounted on his back, by turning it this way or that, makes him go either aloft in the air, or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth, or in the middle region, which is what is generally aimed at, and is to be kept to in all well-ordered actions."—" I have a great desire to see him," answered Sancho; " but to think that I will get upon him, either in the saddle, or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a good jest indeed for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than silk, to think now of getting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion. In good faith, I do not intend to flay myself to take off anybody's beard. Let every one shave as he likes best; I shall not bear my master company in so long a journey. Besides, I am out of the question, for I can be of no service towards the shaving these beards, as I am for the disenchanting of my lady Dulcinea."—" Indeed but you can, friend," answered the Trifaldi, " and of so much service that without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all."—" In the king's name," cried Sancho, " what have squires to do with their master's adventures? Must they run away with the fame of those they accomplish, and must we undergo the fatigue? Body of me! did the historians but say such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the help of such a one his squire, without whom it had been impossible for him to finish it, it were something; but you shall have it drily written thus: 'Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars achieved the adventure of the six Vampires,' without naming his squire, who was present all the while, as if there had been no such person in the world. I say again, good my lord and lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may it do him. I will stay here by my lady duchess. Perhaps, when he comes back, he may find lady Dulcinea's business pretty forward; for I intend, at idle and leisure whiles, to give myself such a whipping-bout that not a hair shall interpose to ward off its rigour."—"For all that, honest Sancho," interrupted the duchess, "you must bear your master company, if need be, and that at the request of good people. It would be a great pity the faces of these ladies should remain thus bushy through your needless fears."—"In the king's name, once more," replied Sancho, "were this piece of charity undertaken for modest sober damsels, or for poor innocent hospital-girls, a man might venture upon some painstaking. But to endure it to rid duennas of their beards, with a murrain to them, I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, and from the nicest to the most slatternly."—"You are upon very bad terms with the duennas, friend Sancho," said the duchess, "and are much of the Toledo apothecary's mind. By my troth you are in the wrong. I have duennas in my family fit to be patterns to all duennas, and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who will not contradict me."—"Your excellency may say what you please," quoth Rodriguez, "and God knows the truth of every thing good or bad, bearded or smooth; such as we are our mothers brought us forth like other women, and since God cast us into the world, he knows for what. I rely upon his mercy, and not upon anybody's beard whatever."—"Enough, mistress Rodriguez," said Don Quixote; "and madam Trifaldi and company, I trust that God will look upon your misfortunes with an eye of goodness, and that Sancho will do what I command him. I wish Clavileno were once come, and that Malambruno and I were at it, for I am confident no razor would more easily shave your lordships' beards, than my sword shall shave off Malambruno's head from his shoulders.

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[508] Boötes is not one of the horses of the Sun, but a constellation situated near the Great Bear. Nor must the other be called Peritoa, but Pyroëis, according to Ovid (*Metam.* lib. ii):

> Interea volucres Pyroëis, Eous et Æthon,
> Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon, hinnitibus auras
> Flammiferis implent, pedibusque repagula pulsant.

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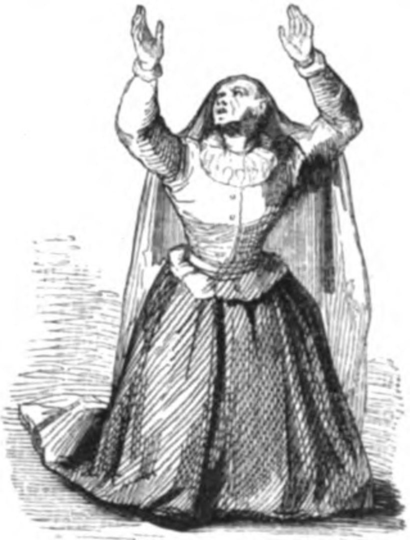
[509] *Clavileno el aligero.* A name formed of the words, *clavija* a peg, and *leno,* a piece of wood.

Though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time."

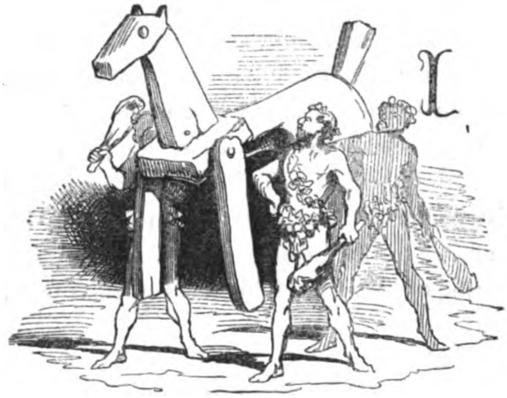
"Ah!" cried the Dolorida, "may all the stars of the celestial regions, valorous knight, behold your worship with eyes of benignity, and infuse into your heart all prosperity and courage, to be the shield and refuge of our reviled and rejected order, abominated by apothecaries, murmured at by squires, and scoffed at by pages. Ill betide the wretch who, in the flower of her age, does rather profess herself a nun than a duenna. Unfortunate we, the duennas, though descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our mistresses will never forbear *thou-ing* us, were they to be made queens for it. O giant Malambruno! who, though thou art an enchanter, art very punctual in thy promises, send us now the incomparable Clavileno, that our misfortune may have an end; for, if the heats come on, and our beards continue, woe be to us."

The Trifaldi uttered these words in so heart-rending a voice, that she drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders; even Sancho's eyes were moistened with tears, and he purposed in his heart to accompany his master to the farthest part of the world, if on that depended the clearing of those venerable faces of their wool.



CHAPTER XLI.

OF THE ARRIVAL OF CLAVILENO, WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PROLIX ADVENTURE.



In the meanwhile night came on, and with it the point of time named for the arrival of the famous horse Clavileno. His stay greatly perplexed Don Quixote, making him think that, since Malambruno delayed sending him, either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or Malambruno durst not encounter him in single combat. But behold on a sudden four savages enter the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages spoke: "Let the knight," said he, "who has courage to do it, mount this machine." "Not I," interrupted Sancho, "for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight." The savage proceeded: "And let the squire, if he have one, get up behind, and trust the valorous Malambruno; for no other person's sword or malice shall hurt him. There is only to screw the pin he has in his forehead, and he will bear his riders through the air to the place where Malambruno expects them. But lest the height and sublimity of the way should make their heads swim, their eyes must be covered till the horse neighs. His neighing shall be the signal of his arrival at his journey's end." This said, and leaving Clavileno, the four savages returned with courteous demeanour by the way they came.

As soon as the Dolorida espied the horse, she said to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes: "Valorous knight, Malambruno has kept his word; here is the horse; our beards are increasing, and every one of us, with every hair of them, beseech you to shave and shear us, since in order to do so you have only to mount, with your squire behind you, and so give a happy beginning to your new journey." "That I will, with all my heart and most willingly, madam Trifaldi," replied Don Quixote, "without staying to procure a cushion, or put on spurs, to avoid delay, so great is the desire I have to see your ladyship and all these duennas shaven and clean."—"That will not I," said Sancho, "with a bad or a good will, or in any wise. If this shaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these madams some other way of smoothing their faces, for I am no wizard, to delight in travelling through the air. Besides, what will my islanders say when they hear that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? Furthermore, it being three thousand leagues hence to Candaya, if the horse should tire, or the giant be out of humour, we shall be half a dozen years in coming back, and, by that time, there will be neither island nor islanders in the world that will know me; and, since it is a common saying that the danger lies in the delay, and, when they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter, the gentlewomen's beards must excuse me, but Saint Peter is well at Rome; I mean that I am very well in this house, where they make much of me, and from the master of which I expect so great a benefit as to be made a governor."

"Friend Sancho," rejoined the duke, "the island I have promised you is not a floating one, nor will it run away. It is so fast rooted in the abyss of the earth, that it cannot be plucked up or stirred from the place where it is at three pulls. And since you know there is no kind of office, of any considerable value, but is procured by some kind of bribe, more or less [510], what I expect for this government is, that you go with your master Don Quixote to accomplish and put an end to this memorable adventure. Whether you return upon Clavileno with the expedition his speed promises, or the contrary fortune betide you, and you come back on foot, turned pilgrim, from house to house and from inn to inn, immediately on your return you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor. My good-will shall always be the same; and to doubt this truth, Signor Sancho, would be doing a notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you."—"No more, no more, I beseech you, good sir," cried Sancho; "I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back. Let my master mount, let these eyes of mine be hoodwinked, and commend me to God. I would have you also tell me, when we are in our altitudes, whether I may or may not pray to God, or invoke the angels to protect me."—"You may pray to God, Sancho," answered the Trifaldi, "or to whom you will; for though Malambruno be an enchanter, he is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, with great precaution, and without disturbing any body."—"Come on then," said Sancho, "God and the most Holy Trinity of Gaëta help me."—"Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote, "I never saw Sancho in so much fear as now. Were I as superstitious as other people, his pusillanimity would a little discourage me. But, come hither, Sancho; with the leave of these noble persons, I would have a word or two with you in private."

Leading Sancho aside among some trees in the garden, and taking hold of both his hands, he said to him: "You see, brother Sancho, the long journey we are going to undertake. Heaven knows when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure business will afford us. Therefore my desire is, that you retire to your chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for the road, and, in a twinkling, give yourself if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and three hundred you stand engaged for. Well begun is half done."—"Before God," cried Sancho, "your worship is stark mad. This exemplifies the saying: You see I am in haste, and you demand my daughter in marriage. Now that I am just going to set down upon a bare board, you would have me gall my hams! Verily, verily, your worship is unreasonable. Let us now go and trim these duennas, and, at my return, I promise you I will make such despatch to get out of debt, that your worship shall be contented; I say no more."—"With this promise, then, honest Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I am somewhat comforted; I trust you will perform it, for, though you are not overwise, you are true blue."—"I am not blue but brown," said Sancho, "and even if I were striped with both, I would make good my promise."

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[510] The word *cohechos* (extortion, subornation), signified the douceurs that the newly installed in office was obliged to give to those who had procured him his employment. By this means were obtained, in Cervantes' time, not only the civil governments and the official employments, but prelatures and the highest ecclesiastical dignities. This infamous traffic, to which Cervantes alludes, was become so common, so general, so patent, that Philip III., by a pragmatic dated the 19th March 1614, imposed very heavy penalties on the solicitors and the protectors who should in future become guilty of this corrupt practice.

They now came back in order to mount Clavileno. And, as he was climbing up to seat himself, Don Quixote said: "Blindfold yourself and get up, Sancho; for whoever he be that sends for us from countries so remote, he cannot surely intend to deceive us; considering the little glory he will get by deceiving those who confide in him. But, supposing the very reverse of what we imagine were to happen, no malice can obscure the glory of having attempted the exploit."—"Let us begone, sir," said Sancho; "the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them restored to their former smoothness. Mount, sir, taking care first to close your eyes; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain he who is to be in the saddle must get up first."—"That is true," replied Don Quixote; and pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Dolorida to cover his eyes close. When this was done, he uncovered them again, and said: "If I remember right, I have read in Virgil the story of the Palladium of Troy, which was a wooden horse dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, and filled with armed knights, who afterwards accomplished the final destruction of Troy. It will not, therefore, be amiss to see first what Clavileno has in his belly."—"There is no necessity," cried the Dolorida; "for I am confident that Malambruno is incapable of treachery. Your worship, Signor Don Quixote, may mount without fear, and upon me be it, if any harm happens to you."

Don Quixote, considering that any farther reply from him, on the subject of his personal security, would be a reflection upon his courage, without farther contest, mounted Clavileno and tried the pin, which screwed about very easily. Having no stirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a Roman triumph, painted or woven in an antique piece of Flemish tapestry.

Little and little, and much against his will, Sancho got up behind. He adjusted himself the best way he could upon the crupper, which he found not very soft. He begged the duke to accommodate him, if it were possible, with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa, or from one of the page's beds, the horse's crupper seeming rather to be of marble than of wood. But the Trifaldi observed, that Clavileno would not endure any kind of furniture upon him; she added that he might sit sideways like a woman, and then he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho did so; and, saying adieu, he suffered his eyes to be blindfolded. But, soon putting by the bandage and looking sorrowfully and with tears upon all the folks in the garden, he begged them to assist him in this critical moment with two *Pater Nosters* and as many *Ave Marias*, as they wished God might provide somebody to do the like good office for them in the like extremity. "Thief!" cried Don Quixote, "are you upon the gallows, or at the last gasp, that you have recourse to such doleful prayers? Are you not, poor spirited and dastardly creature, in the same place which the fair Magalona occupied, and from which she descended, not to the grave, but to be queen of France, if histories lie not? And I, who sit by you, may I not vie with the valorous Peter, who pressed this very seat that I now press? Cover, cover your eyes, heartless animal, and suffer not your fear to escape out of your mouth, at least in my presence."—"Blindfold me again, then," answered Sancho; "but since you have no mind I should commend myself to Heaven, nor that others do it for me, what wonder if I am afraid lest some legion of devils may be lurking hereabouts to carry us to Peralvillo[311]?"

Finally, they were both effectually blindfolded, and Don Quixote, finding himself fixed as he should be, began to turn the peg. Scarcely had he put his fingers to it, when all the duennas and the standers-by lifted up their voices, saying: "Fortune be your guide, valorous knight; Victory be with you, intrepid squire. Now, now you mount into the air, breaking it with more swiftness than an arrow; now you begin to surprise and astonish all who behold you upon the earth. Sit fast, valorous Sancho, and do not totter so, lest you fall; for your downfal will be worse than that of the daring youth who aspired to rule the chariot of his father, the Sun." Sancho heard the voices, and, nestling closer to his master and embracing him with his arms, said: "How can they say, sir, we are got so high, when their voices reach us, and they seem to be talking here hard by us?"—"Never mind that, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "as these adventures and flights are out of the ordinary course, you may see and hear anything a thousand leagues off. But do not squeeze me so hard,—or you will tumble me down; to say the truth, I cannot see why you are so disturbed and frightened; for I dare safely swear I never was upon the back of an easier paced steed in all the days of my life. Methinks we do not so much as stir from our place. Banish fear, friend; for in short the business goes as it should, and we have the wind right aft."—"Even so," answered Sancho; "for, on this side, the wind blows so strong that a thousand pair of bellows seem to be fanning me."

Sancho was right; they were in effect airing him with several huge pair of bellows. So well was this adventure concerted by the duke, the duchess, and the steward, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. When Don Quixote felt the wind: "Without

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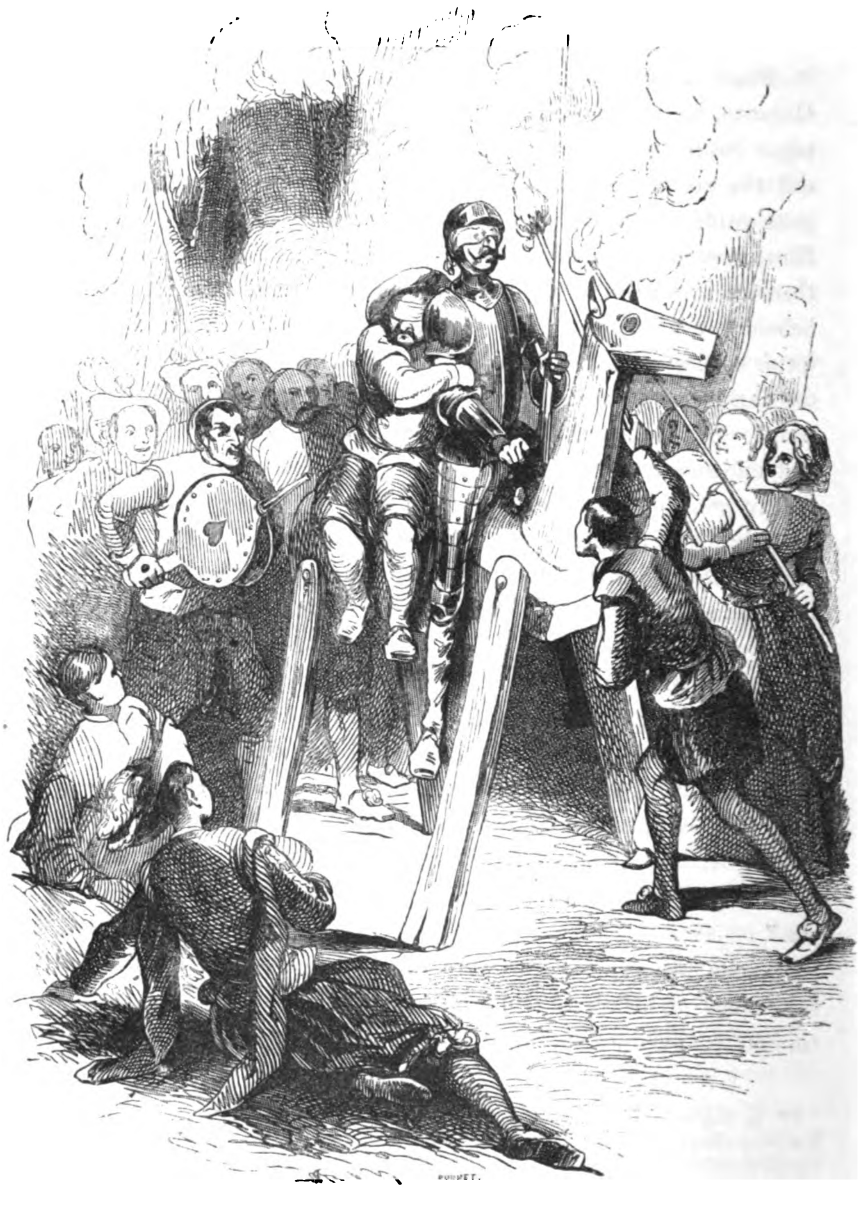
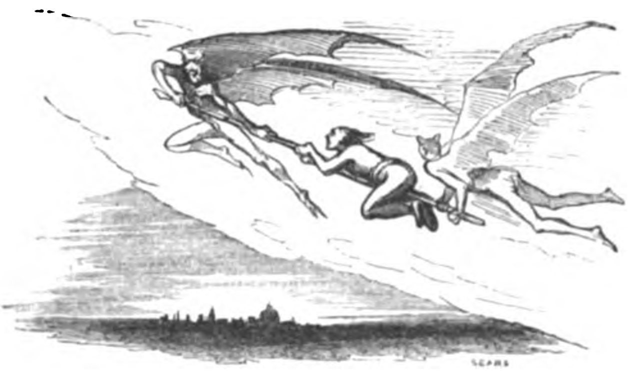
[311] In England, one would say to Tyburn, and in France to Montfaucon. Peralvillo is a little village on the road from Ciudad Real to Toledo, near which the holy hermandad executed criminals by bow-shot, and exposed the bodies of malefactors condemned by its edicts.

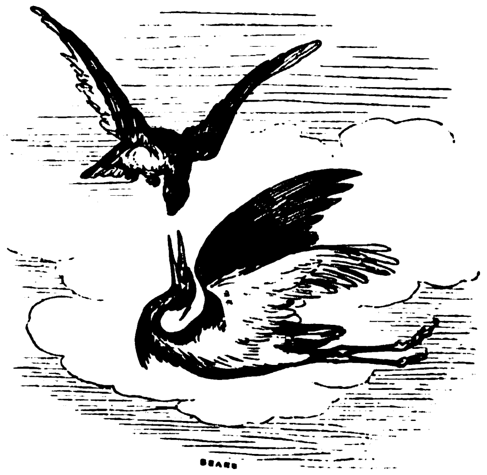


doubt, Sancho," said he, "we must by this time have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed. Thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the regions of fire. Sooth to say, I know not how to manage this peg, so as not to mount where we shall be scorched."

While they were thus discoursing, they felt their faces warmed by some flax set on fire at the end of long canes, at some distance. Sancho, the first to feel the heat, now cried: "May I be hanged if we are not already at that same region of fire, or very near it, for it has singed a great part of my beard; and I have a great mind, sir, to peep out and see whereabouts we are."—"By no means," answered Don Quixote: "remember the true story of the licentiate Torralva, whom devils carried through the air, riding on a cane, with his eyes shut. In twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted at the tower of Nona, which is a street of that city, and saw all the tumult, assault and death of the constable of Bourbon; and the next morning he returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen. Torralva related likewise that, during his passage through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes; and on doing so he found himself, to his thinking, so near the body of the moon, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand, but he durst not



look down towards the earth for fear of being giddy [512]. Hence, Sancho, we had better not uncover our eyes; for he who has taken upon him the charge of us will give an account of us; and perhaps we are now making a point and soaring aloft to a certain height, to come sowse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron. Though to us it does not seem more than half an hour



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[512] Doctor Eugenio Torralva was condemned to death as a sorcerer by the Inquisition, and executed on the 6th of May, 1531. His trial had commenced the 10th of January, 1528. Most of his declarations, gathered during the process, have recently been recovered in the Royal Library of Madrid. The following is an abridgment of that to which Cervantes alludes: "Demand having been made as to whether the said spirit Zequiel had bodily transported him to any place, and how he had been transported, he made answer: 'Being at Valladolid in the month of May last (in the year 1527), the said Zequiel having seen me and having told me that, at that time, Rome was taken by assault and sacked, I communicated this news to several persons, and the emperor (Charles V.) knew it himself; but he would not believe it. And, the next night, seeing that no one credited it, the spirit persuaded me to go with him, saying that he would take me to Rome and bring me back the same night. This was done; we set out at four o'clock in the afternoon, after walking beyond the precincts of Valladolid. When we were beyond the city the spirit said to me: '*No haber paura: fidate de me, que yo te prometo que no tendras ningun desplacer: per tanto piglia aquesto in mano.*' (This jargon, half Italian half Spanish, means: Fear not, have confidence in me; I promise you that you shall not be harmed. Therefore take hold of this.') And it seemed to me, when I laid

since we left the garden, believe me, we must have made a great deal of way."—"I know nothing as to that," answered Sancho; "I can only say, that if madam Magallanes or Magalona were content to ride upon this crupper, her flesh must have been none of the tenderest."

All this discourse of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and all that were in the garden, to their extreme delight. Being now willing to put an end to this strange and well-concerted adventure, they clapped some lighted flax to Clavileno's tail, and that very instant he, being full of squibs and crackers, blew up with a tremendous explosion and threw Don Quixote and Sancho, half singed, upon the ground. A short time previously to this catastrophe, the Trifaldi, with the whole bearded squadron of duennas, vanished, and all those who remained in the garden, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho got up, in but indifferent plight, and looking about them on all sides, they were amazed to find themselves in the same garden whence they set out, and to see such a number of folks stretched upon the ground. But their wonder was increased when, on one side of the garden, they perceived a great lance sticking in the earth, and a smooth piece of white parchment hanging to it by two green silken strings, which bore, in large letters of gold, the following inscription:

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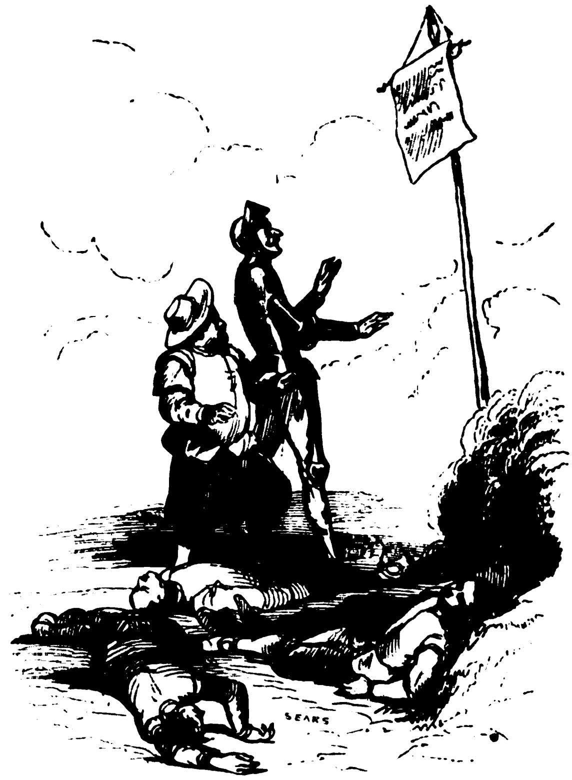
hold of what he offered me, that it was a knotted club. And the said spirit said to me: '*Cierra ochi*' ('shut your eyes'); and, when I opened them, it seemed to me that I was so near to the sea that I could touch it with my hand. Afterwards, when I opened my eyes, it seemed that I was in a thick darkness, like a cloud, and then a vivid flash of lightning struck terror into my soul. And the spirit said to me: '*Noli timere, bestia fiera*' ('fear not, ferocious beast',) and I obeyed him; and when I came to myself, at the end of half an hour, I found myself at Rome, on the ground. And the spirit asked me: '*Dove pensate que state adesso?*' ('where do you think you are now?'). And I told him that I was in the Street of the Tower of Nona, and I heard the fifth hour of noon strike by the clock of the castle of Saint Angelo. And we walked together, talking as we went, to the tower of Saint Ginian, where dwelt the German bishop Copis, and I saw several houses sacked, and I saw all that was passing at Rome. I returned thence in the same manner, in the space of one hour and a half, to Valladolid, where the spirit carried me to my dwelling, which is near the monastery of San Benito, etc."



"The renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Duenna Dolorida, and company, only by attempting it. Malambruno is entirely satisfied, and desires no more. The chins of the duennas are smooth and clean; Don Clavijo and Antonomasia have recovered their pristine estate. When the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her, and shall find herself in the arms of her beloved turtle. So it is ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanters."

Don Quixote having read the inscription on the parchment, understood plainly that it spoke of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Giving abundance of thanks to Heaven for his having achieved so great an exploit, with so little danger, reducing thereby the venerable faces of the duennas to their former complexion, he went where the duke and duchess lay still insensible. Shaking the duke by the arm: "Courage, courage, my good lord," said he; "the adventure is over, without damage to soul or body, as yon register plainly shows." Gradually, and like one awaking out of a sound sleep, the duke came to himself, and in like manner the duchess and all who were in the garden, with such show of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest seemed almost to have happened in earnest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut, and presently embraced Don Quixote with open arms, assuring him he was the bravest knight that ever lived. Sancho looked up and down for the Dolorida, to see what kind of face she had now she was beardless, and whether she was as handsome without it as her gallant presence seemed to promise. But he was told that the moment Clavileno came flaming down through the air, and tumbled upon the ground in fragments, the whole squadron of duennas, with the Trifaldi, vanished, their beards disappearing at the same time, roots and all.

The duchess inquired of Sancho how it fared with him in his long voyage. "I perceived, madam," answered Sancho, "as my master told me, that we were passing by the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to peep a little; but my master, though I asked his leave, would not consent to it, and I, who have I know not what spice of curiosity, and a desire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, softly and imperceptibly shoved up the handkerchief near my nostrils. I thence contrived to look down towards the earth. Methought it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it little bigger than hazel-nuts; I leave you to judge, madam, how high we must have been then." —"Have a care, friend Sancho," interrupted the duchess, "what you say. It is plain you saw not the earth, but the men only that walked upon it, for if the earth appeared but like a grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazel-nut, one man alone must needs cover the whole earth."—"That is true," answered Sancho; "but for all that I had a side view of it, and saw it all."—"Take heed, Sancho," rejoined the duchess; "for, by a side view, one does not see the whole of what one looks at."—"I do not understand these kind of views," replied Sancho. "I only know it is fit your ladyship should understand that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked; if you do not believe this, neither will your ladyship believe me when I tell you that, thrusting up the handkerchief close to my eyebrows, I found myself so near to the sky that from me to that was not above a span and a half, and I can take my oath, madam, that it is vastly huge. It fell out that we passed by where the seven little she-goats[513] are, and, upon my conscience and soul, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no sooner saw them than I felt a longing desire to divert myself with them awhile, and had I not done it, I verily think I should have burst. Well, then, what did I then? Without saying a word to any body, not even to my master, fairly and softly I slipped down from Clavileno, and played with those she-goats, which are as gentle as gillyflowers and as sweet as violets, about the space of three quarters of an hour; and all the while Clavileno moved not from the place, nor stirred a foot."

"And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats," demanded the duke, "how did Signor Don Quixote amuse himself?" Don Quixote answered: "As these and the like accidents are out of the order of nature, no wonder Sancho says what he does. For my own part, I can say I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither heaven nor earth, neither sea nor sands. It is very true I was sensible that I passed through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but that we passed beyond it, I cannot believe. Effectively, the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost regions of the air, we could not reach that heaven where remain the seven goats Sancho mentions, without being burnt; and since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams."—"I neither lie nor dream," answered Sancho; "do but ask me the marks of those same goats, and by them you may guess whether I speak the truth or not."—"Tell us then, Sancho," said the duchess. "They are," replied Sancho, "two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one speckled."—"A new kind of goats those same," rejoined the duke; "in our region of the earth we have no such colours, I mean, goats of such colours."—"The reason is plain," cried Sancho. "There must be a difference between the goats of heaven and those of earth."—"Pr'ythee Sancho," said the duke, "was there ever a he-goat[*] among them?" "No, sir," answered Sancho; "for I am given to understand that no horned animal can pass beyond the horns of the moon."

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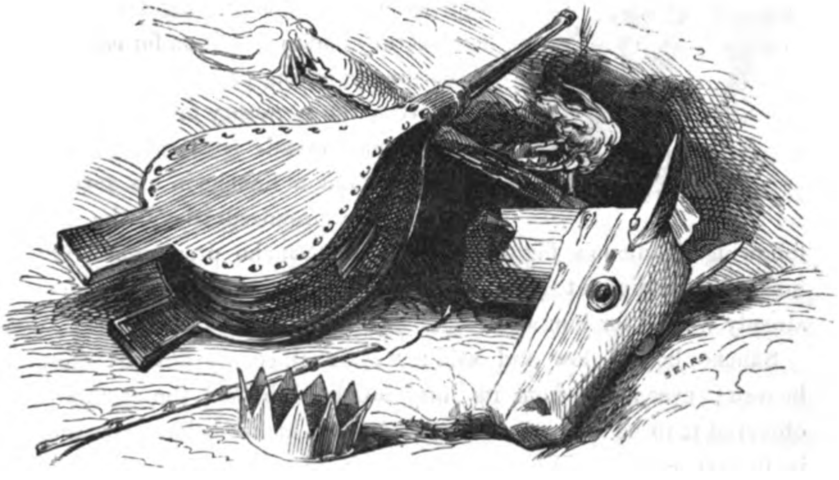
[513] The name given by Spanish peasants to the constellation of the Pleïades.

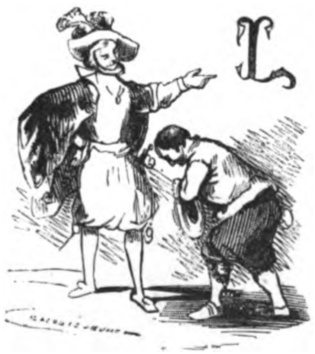
The duchess forbore asking Sancho any more questions about his journey, perceiving he was in a humour for rambling all over the heavens, and giving an account of what passed there, without having stirred from the garden. Finally, this was the conclusion of the adventure of the duenna Dolorida, which furnished the duke and duchess with matter of laughter, not only at that time, but for their whole lives, and Sancho something to relate for ages, had he lived so long. Don Quixote, approaching Sancho, whispered in his ear: "Sancho, since you would have us believe all you have seen in heaven, I expect you should believe what I saw in the cavern of Montesinos; I say no more."



[†] *Cabron.* A jest on the double meaning of that word, which signifies both a he-goat and a cuckold. Sancho, by his answer, seems to take the jest.

CHAPTER XLII.

OF THE INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHO PANZA BEFORE HE WENT TO GOVERN HIS ISLAND, WITH OTHER MATTERS WELL CONSIDERED.



LIGHT-HEARTED and joyful at the glorious success of the adventure of the Dolorida, the duke and duchess resolved to carry the jest still farther, seeing how fit a subject they had to pass it on for earnest. Accordingly, having projected a scheme, and given the necessary orders to their servants and vassals with reference to their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the day following Clavileno's flight the duke bid Sancho prepare and get himself in readiness to go to be a governor, adding that his islanders already wished for him as for rain in May.

Sancho bowed low and said: "Ever since my descent from heaven; ever since, from its lofty height, I beheld the earth and observed it to be so small, the great desire I had of being a governor is, in part, cooled. What grandeur is it to command on a grain of mustard-seed? or what dignity or dominion is there in governing half-a-dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts? for methought the whole earth was nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to give me but some small portion of heaven, though it were no more than half a league, I would accept it with a better will than the biggest island in the world."—"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I can give away no part of heaven, though no bigger than one's nail, for God has retained the disposal of those favours and graces in his own power. What I can give you, I give you; an island ready made, round and sound, well-proportioned, and above measure fruitful and abundant, where, if you manage dexterously, you may acquire, with the riches of the earth, the treasures of Heaven."—"Well then," answered Sancho, "let this island come; and it shall go hard but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, I shall go to Heaven. Think not it is out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage, and aspire to greater things, but for the desire I have to taste how it relishes to be a governor."—"If once you taste it, Sancho," said the duke, "you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing it is to command and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master comes to be an emperor (and doubtless he will be one in the way his affairs are), no one will be able to wrest it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart to have been so long a time without being one."—"Sir," replied Sancho, "I am of opinion it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep."—"Let me be buried with you, Sancho, for you know something of every thing," answered the duke; "and I doubt not, you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. This must suffice for the present, and take notice that to-morrow, without fail, you shall depart for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a convenient garb and all things necessary for your departure."—"Let them dress me," said Sancho, "how they will; for howsoever I go clad, I shall still be Sancho Panza."—"That is true," said the duke; "but our dress must be suitable to the employment or dignity we are in, for it would be preposterous for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, must go dressed partly like a scholar, and partly like a captain, for, in the island I give you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms."—"Of letters," answered Sancho, "I know but little; for I can scarcely say the A B C; but it is sufficient to have the *christus* * to be a good governor. As to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and God be my guide."—"With so good a memory," said the duke, "Sancho can never err."

Don Quixote now came up. When he learned what had passed, and how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, with the duke's leave, he took him by the hand and carried him with him to his chamber, proposing to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment. Having entered the apartment he shut the door after him, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and, with a composed voice, addressed him as follows:

"Infinite thanks give I to Heaven, friend Sancho, that, before I have met with any good luck myself, good fortune has come forth to meet and receive you. I, who have resigned over my own future good success for the payment of your past services, find myself still at the beginning of my advancement, whilst you, before the due time and against all rule of reasonable expectation, find yourself in full possession of your wishes. Others bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain their object. Another comes, and, without knowing how or which way, carries that employment or office against a crowd of pretenders. This makes good the saying: 'In pretensions, luck is all.' You, who, in respect to me, without doubt are a blockhead, without rising early or sitting up late, without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on you, see yourself, without more ado, governor of an island, as if it were a matter of trifling moment. All this I say, O Sancho, that you may not ascribe the favour done you to your own merit, but rather give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposes things so sweetly, in the next place to the grandeur inherent in the profession of knight-errantry. Now, your heart being disposed to believe what I have been saying, be attentive, son, to your new Cato[514], who will be your counsellor, your north-star and guide, to conduct and steer you safe into port through the raging and tempestuous sea whereon you are going to be launched; for offices and great employments are nothing else but a profound gulph of confusions.

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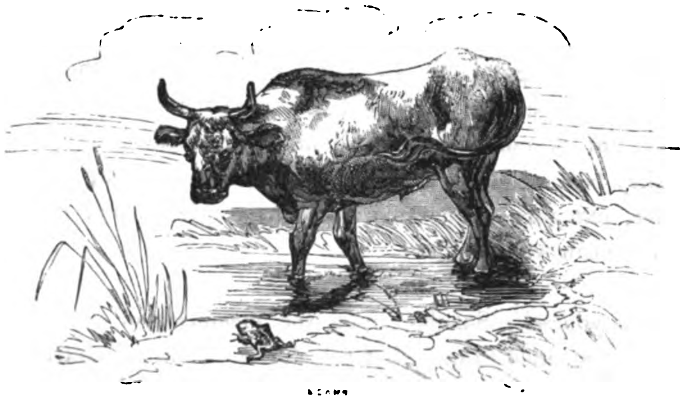
* The cross put at the beginning of the A, B, C, thence called the *Christ-cross-row*.

"First, My son, fear God; for to fear him is wisdom, and, being wise, you cannot err.

"Secondly, Bear constantly in mind who you were, and endeavour to know yourself, which is the most difficult point of knowledge imaginable. The knowledge of yourself will keep you from puffing yourself up, like the frog who strove to equal the ox in size. The consideration of your having been a swineherd in your own country will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock's ugly feet[515]."—"True," interrupted Sancho; "when I was a boy, I



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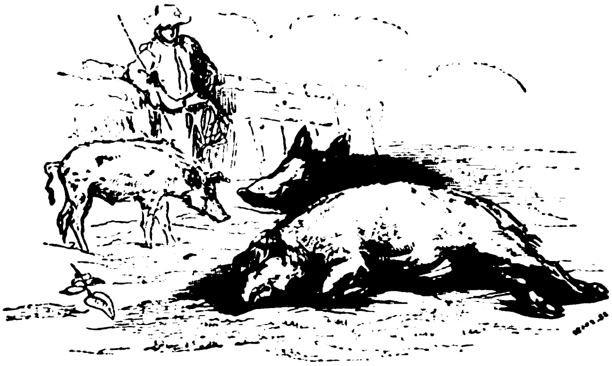
[514] Cervantes here speaks either of Cato the censor, or of Dionysius Cato, the author of the *Disticha de Moribus, ad Filium*, whose work was then classical in the universities of Spain. Of this Dionysius Cato nothing is known, excepting that he lived after Lucan, for he cites the latter in his *Distiques*.

[515] Alluding to the peacock, which is said to gather in his tail when he looks at his feet. Fray Luis de Granada had already said, making use of the same metaphor: "Look at the ugliest part about you, and you will immediately gather in the tail of your vanity."

kept swine. Later, when I grew towards man, I looked after



geese, and not after hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from the loins of kings."—"Granted," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who are not of noble descent should temper the gravity of the office they bear with a kind of gentle sweetness, which, guided by prudence, exempts them from ill-natured murmuring, which no state of life can well escape.

"Value yourself, Sancho, upon the meanness of your family, and be not ashamed to own that you descend from peasants. When people see that you yourself are not ashamed, no one will endeavour to make you so; and pique yourself rather on being a virtuous mean man than a proud sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both papal and imperial. Of this truth I could produce examples enough to tire you.

"Take notice, Sancho, if you take virtue for your guide, and value yourself upon doing virtuous actions, you need not envy lords and princes. For blood is inherited and virtue acquired; and virtue has an intrinsic worth, which blood has not.

"This being so, as it really is, if peradventure one of your kindred come to see you, when you are in your island, do not despise nor affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him. By so doing you will please God, who will have nobody despise his workmanship, and act agreeably to nature.

"If you take your wife along with you (and it is not proper for those who govern to be long without one), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness. For all that a discreet governor can acquire is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"If you chance to become a widower, a thing which may happen, and your station entitles you to a better match, seek not such an one as may serve you for a hook and angling-rod, or a capuchin to say *I want it not*[516]. Believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall pay fourfold, after death, for what he made no reckoning of in his life.

"Be not governed by the law of your own will[517], which is wont to bear much sway with the ignorant, who presume upon being discerning.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

"Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, as well as among the sighs and importunities of the poor.

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[516] In allusion to the proverb: *No, no, I will not have it, but throw it into my capuchin.* The judges at that day wore hooded mantles (*capas con capilla*).

[517] *La ley del encaje.* This means the arbitrary interpretation of the law given by the judges.

"When equity can and ought to take place, lay not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for the reputation of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate one.

"If perchance the rod of justice be warped a little, let it not be by the weight of a gift, but that of mercy.

"If it happen that the cause of your enemy comes before you, fix not your mind on the injury done you, but upon the merits of the case.

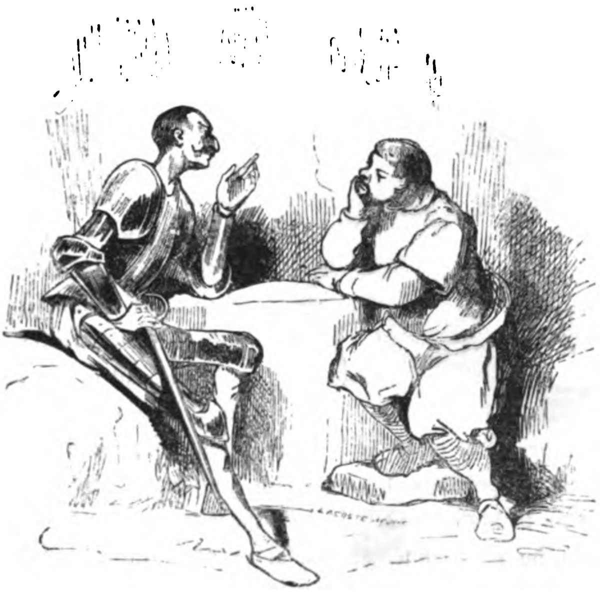
"Let not private affection blind you in another man's cause. The errors you would commit thereby would be irremediable, and, if there should be a remedy, it would be at the expense both of your reputation and fortune.

"If a beautiful woman comes to demand justice, turn away your eyes from her tears, and your ears from her sighs; consider at leisure the substance of her request, unless you have a mind your reason should be drowned in her tears, and your integrity in her sighs.

"Him you are to punish with deeds, do not evil-entreat with words; for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear, without the addition of ill language.

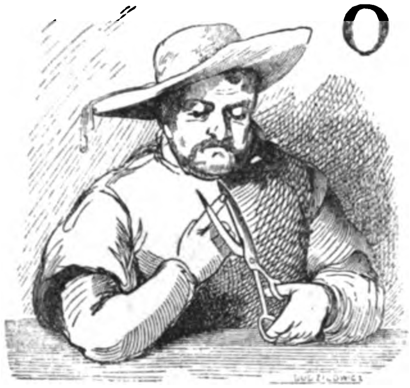
"In the criminal who falls under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable man, subject to the infirmities of our depraved nature. As far as in you lies, without injuring the contrary party, show pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of God are all equal, that of mercy is more pleasing and attractive in our eyes than that of justice.

"If, Sancho, you observe these precepts and these rules, your days will be long and your fame eternal, your recompense full and your felicity unspeakable. You shall match your children as you please; they and your grand-children shall inherit titles; you shall live in peace and favour with all men; and, at the end of your life, death shall find you in a sweet and matured old age, and your eyes shall be closed by the tender and pious hands of your grand-children's children. What I have hitherto taught you, Sancho, bears reference to the adorning your mind. Listen now to precepts which concern the adornments of your body."



CHAPTER XLIII

OF THE SECOND INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHO PANZA.



ON hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, nobody would have conceived him to be other than a prudent and intelligent person. But, as it has been often and often said, in the progress of this grand history, he talked foolishly only when chivalry was the subject, and in the rest of his conversation showed himself the possessor of a clear and good understanding, insomuch that his actions perpetually betrayed his judgment, and his judgment gave the lie to his actions. But in these second instructions given to Sancho, he showed a great deal of pleasantry, and pushed his discretion and his madness to the highest pitch.

Sancho listened to him most attentively, endeavouring to preserve his instructions in memory, like one that intended to observe them, and, by their means, hoped to be safely delivered of the pregnancy of his government. Don Quixote proceeded as follows:

" As to what concerns the government of your own person and family, Sancho, in the first place I enjoin you to be cleanly, and to pare your nails, instead of letting them grow, as some do, whose ignorance makes them believe that long nails beautify the hands; as if that excrescence which they preserve so carefully were a nail, whereas it is rather the talon of a lizard-hunting kestrel: a monstrous and revolting abuse!

"Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho; a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind, unless the discomposure and negligence fall under the article of cunning and design, as was judged to be the case of Julius Cæsar[318].

"Feel, with discretion, the pulse of what your office may be worth; and if it will enable you to give liveries to your servants, give them such as are decent and useful rather than showy and modish. Above all, divide between your servants and the poor; I mean, if you can keep six pages, clothe but three, and three of the poor. Thus you will have pages for heaven and for earth; a new way of giving liveries, which the vain-glorious never thought of.

"Eat neither garlic nor onion, lest people guess by the smell at your low birth. Walk leisurely, speak deliberately, but not so as to seem to be hearkening to yourself, for all affectation is vicious.

"Eat little at dinner, and less at supper; the health of the whole body is tempered in the forge of the stomach.

"Be temperate in drinking, considering that excess of wine neither keeps secrets nor performs promises.

"Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of your mouth at once, nor to eruct before company."—"I do not understand your eructing," interrupted Sancho. "To eruct," said Don Quixote, "means to belch, a filthy though very significant word; therefore your nice people have recourse to the Latin, and, instead of to belch, say to eruct, and, instead of belchings, eructations. Though some do not understand these terms, it is no great matter; by usage they will come to be generally understood, and thus language*, over which the vulgar and custom bear sway, becomes amplified and enriched."—"In truth, sir," cried Sancho, "one of the counsels and instructions I intend to carry in my memory shall be this of not belching; for I am wont to do it very frequently."—"Eructing, Sancho, and not belching," cried Don Quixote. "Eructing it shall be henceforward," said Sancho, "and, in faith, I will not forget it."

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[318] Suetonius says in effect (chap. xlv.) that Cæsar dressed negligently, and did not tighten the sash of his toga. It was a piece of affectation on his part, his object being to be taken for an effeminate man, and that no outward signs might appear of his intellect and courage. Hence, when Cicero was asked why he had taken Pompey's part rather than that of Cæsar: "Cæsar," answered he, "deceived me by his manner of girding his toga."

"Likewise, Sancho, intermix not in your discourse that multitude of proverbs you are wont. Though proverbs are short sentences, you often drag them in so by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross purposes than sentences."—"God alone can remedy that," cried Sancho, "for I know more proverbs than will fill a book, and when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth that they jostle which shall get out first. Then my tongue tosses out the first it meets, though it be not always very pat. But, for the future, I will take heed to utter such as become the gravity of my place; for, in a plentiful house, supper is soon dressed, and he that cuts does not deal, and the bell-ringer is safe, and to spend and to spare require judgment."—"So, so, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "thrust in, rank and string on your proverbs, nobody is going about to hinder you. My mother whips me, and I tear on. I am warning you to abstain from proverbs, and, in an instant, you pour forth a litany of them, which square with what we are upon as well as if they fell from the moon. Observe, Sancho, I do not say a proverb is amiss, when skilfully applied; but to accumulate, and string them at random, renders a discourse flat and low.

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* Here Cervantes justifies the introduction of expressive words out of one language into another, agreeably to Horace's

Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. (*Ars Poet.* l. 52.)

What he says of the force of custom is borrowed from the same poet's

Si volet Usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi. (*Ibid.* l. 71.)

"When you are on horseback, sit not leaning your body backwards over your saddle, nor carry your legs stiff, stretched and straddling from the horse's belly; neither dangle them as if you were still upon Dapple. Sitting a horse makes some look like gentlemen, and others like grooms.

"Let your sleep be moderate, for he who is not up with the sun does not enjoy the day. Take notice, O Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good-fortune, and sloth, her enemy, never reached the end of a good wish.

"The last article of advice I shall at this time give you, though it concerns not the adorning of the body, yet I would have you bear it carefully in mind; for I believe it will be of no less use to you than those I have already given you. It is this: never set yourself to decide contests about families, at least by comparing them; one must perforce have the advantage, and he who is postponed will hate you, while he who is preferred will not reward you.

"Your habit shall be nethersocks and stockings, a long pourpoint, and a mantle somewhat longer; but for trowsers or trunk-hose think not of them: they are not becoming either to cavaliers or governors. This is all that occurs to me at present, by way of advice to you. As time goes on, and as occasions offer, I will adapt my instructions to them, provided you take care to inform me of the state of your affairs."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I see very well that all your worship has been saying is good, holy, and profitable. But what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it? It is true that I shall not forget what you have said about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying again, if I may. But for your other gallimaufries, quirks and quillets, I neither do nor ever shall remember any more of them than of last year's clouds. Therefore it will be necessary to give me them in writing; for though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may inculcate them into me whenever there shall be need."—"Ah! sinner that I am!" cried Don Quixote, "how ill does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write! You must know, O Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of these two things: either that he sprung from very mean and low parents, or that he was so untoward and perverse that no good could be beaten into him. It is a very great defect you carry with you, and therefore I would by all means have you learn at least to write your name."—"I can sign my name very well," answered Sancho. "When I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters like the marks upon a bale of wool, which I was told spelt my name: I can likewise, at the worst, pretend my right hand is lame, and make another sign for me. There is a remedy for every thing but death; and I, having the command of the staff, will do what I please. Besides, he whose father is alcalde * . . . . ., and I, being a governor, am surely something more than alcalde; therefore let them come and play at bo-peep. Ay, ay, let them slight and backbite me: they may come for wool and be sent back shorn, for whom God loves, his house smells savoury to him; and, the rich man's blunders pass for maxims in the world, and when I am a governor, and consequently rich and bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, nobody will see my defects. No, no, get yourself honey, and clowns will have flies. 'As much as you have, so much you are worth,' said my gran'am. There is no revenging yourself upon a rich man."—"Oh! God's curse light on you, accursed Sancho!" cried Don Quixote at this instant; "sixty thousand devils take you and your proverbs! You have been stringing of them this full hour, and putting me to the tortures of the damned, with every one of them. Take my word for it, these proverbs

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* The proverb is *Quien padre tiene alcalde seguro va al juicio.* He whose father is alcalde goes safe to his trial.

will one day bring you to the gallows; upon their account your subjects will strip you of your government, or at least conspire against you. Tell me, where find you them, ignorant? or how apply you them, dunce? For my own part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, I sweat and labour as if I were digging."—"Before God, master of mine," replied Sancho, "your worship complains of very trifles. Why the devil are you angry that I make use of my own goods, since I have no other, nor any stock but proverbs upon proverbs? Just now I have four that present themselves pat to the purpose. But I will not produce them; for, 'to keep silence well is called Sancho[319].' "—"You will never be that Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "you are so far from keeping silence well, that you are an errant prate-apace and an eternal babbler. But I would fain know what four proverbs occurred to you just now, so pat to the purpose. I have been running over my own memory, which is a pretty good one, and I can think of none."—"Can there be better," said Sancho, "than these: 'Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth;' to '*get out of my house*,' and '*what would you have with my wife?*' there is no reply, and 'whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher.' All these fit to a hair. Let no one contest with his governor or his governor's substitutes, or he will come off the worst, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth, and though they be not eye-teeth, so they be teeth it matters not. To what a governor says there is no replying: it is like '*get you out of my house*' and '*what business have you with my wife?*' And as to the stone and pitcher, a blind man may see into it. So that he who sees a moat in another man's eye, should first look to the beam in his own, that it may not be said of him: 'the dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed;' and your worship knows well that 'the fool knows more in his own house, than the wise in another man's.'"—"Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "the fool knows nothing either in his own house, or another's, for knowledge is not a structure to be erected upon so shallow a foundation as folly. But enough of that, Sancho. If you govern ill, yours will be the fault, but the shame will be mine. I comfort myself that I have done my duty in advising you as seriously and as discreetly as I possibly could. In that I am acquitted both of my obligation and my promise. God speed you, Sancho, and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a suspicion I have that you will turn the whole island topsy-turvy. This I might prevent, by letting the duke know what you are, telling him that all that paunch-gut and little carcase of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and sly remarks."—"Sir," replied Sancho, "if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment; for I love the little black of the nail of my soul better than my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onions as governor Sancho can

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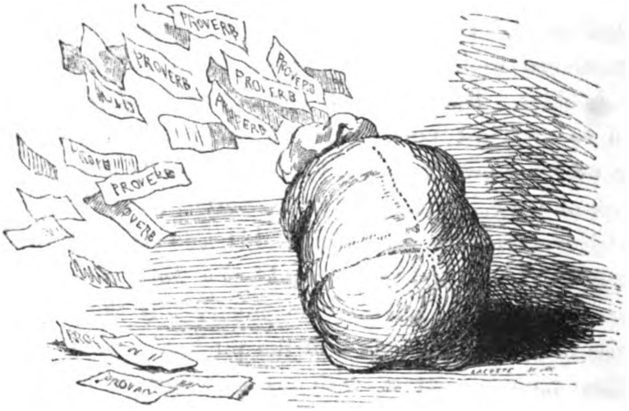
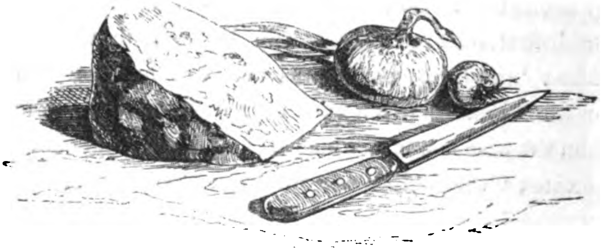
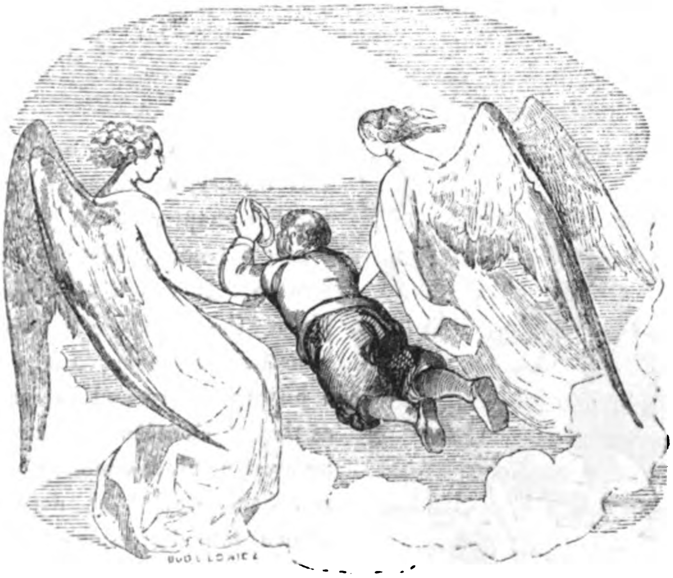
[319] Sancho applies to himself the old saying: *Al buen callar llaman Santo*, (to keep silence is called holy) but changes the last word out of archness or ignorance.





upon capon and partridge. Besides, while we are asleep, the great and the small, the poor and the rich, are all equal. And if your worship reflects, you will find, it was your worship that put me upon the scent of governing, for I know no more of the government of islands than a bustard; and if you fancy the devil will have me if I am a governor, I had rather go Sancho to Heaven, than a governor to hell."—"Before God, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "for those last words of yours, I think you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You are good-natured, without which no knowledge is of any value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in your intention; I mean, always take care to have a firm purpose and design of doing right in whatever business occurs; Heaven constantly favours a good intention. And now let us go to dinner, for I believe the lord and lady stay for us."



CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW SANCHO PANZA WAS CARRIED TO HIS GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

Cid Hamet, in the original of this history, wrote an exordium to this chapter which his interpreter did not translate as he had written. It was a kind of complaint the Moor addressed to himself, for having undertaken a history so dry and so confined as that of Don Quixote, thinking he must be always talking of him and Sancho, without daring to launch into digressions and episodes of more weight and entertainment. He adds, that to have his invention, his hand and his pen, always tied down upon one subject only, and to speak by the mouths of a few characters, is an insupportable toil, of no advantage to the author; that, to avoid this inconvenience, he had, in the first part, made use of the artifice of introducing novels, such as that of the *Curious Impertinent* and that of the *Captain*, which are in a manner detached from the history; though most of the other episodes introduced are accidents which happened to Don Quixote himself, and could not be omitted. He also thought, as he tells us, that many readers, carried away by their attention to Don Quixote's exploits, could afford none to the novels, and would either run them over in haste or with disgust, not considering how fine and artificial they were in themselves, as would have been very evident, had they been published separately, without being tacked to the extravagances of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of Sancho[320]. He, therefore, in this second part, would introduce no loose or unconnected novels, only some episodes resembling them, such as flow naturally from such events as the truth offers; and even these with great limitation, and in no more words than are sufficient to express them. Since, therefore, he restrains and confines himself within the narrow limits of the narration, though with ability, genius, and understanding sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he desires his pains may not be undervalued, but that he may receive applause, not for what he writes, but what he has omitted to write. Then he continues his history in these terms:

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day he gave the instructions to Sancho, gave them him in writing, that he might get somebody to read them to him. But scarcely had he delivered them to Sancho when he dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the duchess, and they both wondered afresh at the madness and capacity of Don Quixote. In order to carry on with their jest, that evening they despatched Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which, to him, was to be an island. The person who had the management of the business was a steward of the duke's, a person of pleasantry and discretion,—who had already personated the Countess Trifaldi, with what humour the reader has seen. With his own qualifications, and the instructions of his lord and lady how to behave to Sancho, he performed his part to admiration. It fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on this steward, than he fancied he saw in his face the very features of the Trifaldi, and, turning to his master, he said: "Sir, either the devil shall run away with me from the place where I stand for an honest man and a believer, or your worship shall confess to me that the countenance of this same steward of the duke's is the very same with that of the Dolorida." Don Quixote looked attentively at the major domo, and, having viewed him, said to Sancho: "There is no need of the devil's running away with you, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer, though I know not exactly what you mean[321]. I see plainly the steward's face is the same with that of the Dolorida, and yet the steward is not the Dolorida; for that would imply a palpable contradiction. But this is no time to enter into these inquiries, which would involve us in an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, we ought earnestly to pray to our Lord to deliver us from wicked wizards and enchanters."—"It is no jesting matter, sir," replied Sancho, "for I heard him speak before, and methought the Trifaldi's voice sounded in my ears. Well, I say no more; but I will not fail to be upon the watch henceforward, to see whether I can discover any other sign, to confirm or remove my suspicion."—"Do so, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "give me advice of all you discover in this affair, and all that happens to you in your government."

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[320] Cervantes means that he would have done better to have withdrawn these two novels from *Don Quixote*, and included them in his collection of *Example Novels*; which has since been done by some Editors of his works.

At length Sancho set out with a great number of followers. He was habited like a magistrate, having on a wide surtout of murrey-coloured camlet, with a *montera* of the same, and mounted *a la gineta** upon a mule. Behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, with a new set of harness decorated with flaunting new flame-coloured ribbons. Sancho turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of Germany. On taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing, which he gave with tears, and Sancho received blubbering.

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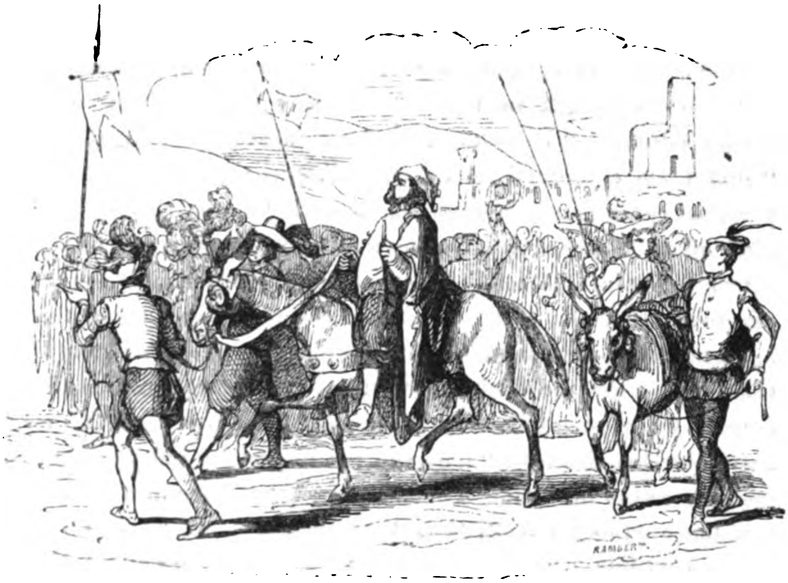
[321] According to Covarrubias (*Tesoro de la lengua Castellana*), these expressions mean on a sudden, unawares, instantly,

* With short stirrups.

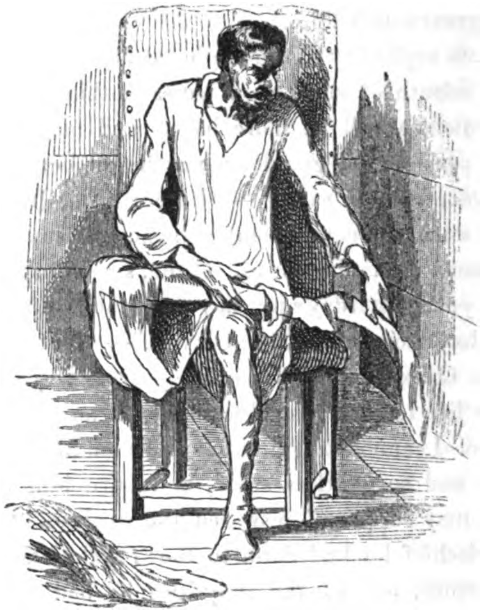


Now, loving reader, let honest Sancho depart in peace and in a good hour, and expect two bushels of laughter from the accounts how he demeaned himself in his employment. In the mean time, attend to what befel his master that night, which, if it does not make you laugh outright, you will at least open your lips with the grin of a monkey, for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with admiration or laughter.

It is related then, that scarcely was Sancho departed, when Don Quixote began to regret his own solitary condition, and had it been possible for him to have recalled the commission, and taken the government from him, he would certainly have done it. The duchess soon perceived his melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad. "If for the absence of Sancho," she added, "there are squires, duennas, and damsels enough in this house, ready to serve you to your heart's desire."—"It is true, madam," answered Don Quixote, "that I am concerned for Sancho's absence; but that is not the principal cause that makes me appear sad. Of all your excellency's kind offers, I accept and choose that only for the good will with which they are tendered. For the rest, I humbly beseech your excellency that you would be pleased to consent and permit that I alone may wait upon myself in my chamber."—"Truly, Signor Don Quixote," cried the duchess, "it must not be so; you shall be served by four of my damsels, all beautiful as flowers."—"To me," answered Don Quixote, "they will not be flowers, but very thorns, pricking me to the soul. They shall no more come into my chamber, nor anything like it, than they shall fly. If your grandeur would continue your favours to me without my deserving them, suffer me to be alone, and let me serve myself, within my own doors, that I may keep a wall betwixt my passions and my modesty—a practice I would not forego for all your highness's liberality towards me. In short, I will sooner lie in my clothes than consent to let any body help to undress me."—"Enough, enough, Signor Don Quixote," replied the duchess: "I promise you that I will give orders that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessary to the violation of Signor Don Quixote's decency: for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his many virtues is his modesty. Your worship, sir, may undress and dress by yourself your own way, when and how you please; nobody shall hinder you, and in your chamber you will find all the necessary utensils, so that you may sleep with the doors locked, and have no earthly occasion to open them. A thousand ages live the grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her name extend over the whole surface of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a knight! May indulgent Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a disposition to finish his whipping speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so great a lady!"

Don Quixote replied: "Your highness has spoken like yourself, for from the mouth of such good ladies nothing that is bad can proceed. Dulcinea will be more happy and more known in the world by the praises your grandeur bestows on her, than by those of the most eloquent on earth."—"Signor Don Quixote," replied the duchess, "a truce to compliments; the hour of supper draws near, and the duke may be staying for us. Come, sir, let us sup, and to bed by times; for your yesterday's journey from Candaya was not so short but it must have somewhat fatigued you."—"Not at all, madam," answered Don Quixote, "for I can safely swear to your excellency, that in all my life I never bestrid a soberer or an easier paced beast than Clavileno. I cannot imagine what possessed Malambruno to part with so swift and so gentle a steed, and burn him without more ado."—"We may suppose," answered the duchess, "that, repenting of the mischief he had done to the Trifaldi, her companions and other persons, and of the iniquities he had committed as a wizard and an enchanter, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art; and, as the principal, and that which gave him the most disquiet, by having carried him up and down from country to country, he burnt Clavileno. Thus his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, have eternalized the valour of the grand Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Don Quixote gave thanks afresh to the duchess, and, when he had supped, retired to his chamber alone, not consenting to let any body come in to wait upon him, so afraid was he of meeting with temptations to move or force him to transgress that modest decency he had preserved towards his lady Dulcinea, bearing always in mind the chastity of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knights-errant. He shut his door after him, and, by the light of two wax candles, pulled off his clothes. But while he was pulling off his stockings (O mishap unworthy of such a personage!) forth burst, not sighs, nor any thing else that might discredit his cleanliness, but some two dozen stitches of a stocking, which made it resemble a lattice-window. The good gentleman was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there a drachm of green silk, I say green, because his stockings were green.



Here Ben Engeli exclaims, and writing on, cries: "O poverty, poverty! I cannot imagine what moved the great Cordovan poet to call thee *a holy thankless gift*[322]. I, though a Moor, know very well, by the intercourse I have had with the Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience and poverty. But, for all that, I say a man must have a great share of the grace of God, who can bring himself to be contented with poverty, unless it be that kind of which one of their greatest saints speaks, saying: *Possess all things as not possessing them*[323]. This is called poverty in spirit. But thou, O second poverty! (which is that of which I am speaking,) why dost thou choose to pinch gentlemen, and such as are well-born, rather than other people[324]? Why dost thou force them to cobble their shoes, and to wear one button of their coats of silk, one of hair, and one of glass? Why must their ruffs be, for the most part, ill-ironed and worse starched (by which one may see the antiquity of the use of ruffs and starch)?" He adds: "Wretched well-born gentleman! who is administering jelly-broths to his honour, while he is starving his carcase, dining with his door locked upon him, and making a hypocrite of his tooth-pick, with which he walks out into the street, after having eaten nothing to oblige him to this cleanliness?—Wretched he, I say, whose skittish honour is always ready to start, apprehensive that everybody observes a league off the patch upon his shoe, the want of felt on his hat, and the threadbareness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach!"

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[322] This poet was Juan de Mena, who died in 1456. He said in the two hundred and twenty seventh strophe of the *Labyrinth*, or poem of the *Trescientas coplas:*

¡ O vida segura la manza pobreza!
¡ O dadiva sancta, desagredecida!

Hesiod, in *The Hours and Days*, had also called poetry *a present from the Immortal Gods.*

All these melancholy reflections occurred to Don Quixote's thoughts upon the rent in his stocking; but his comfort was that Sancho had left him behind a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to put on next day. Finally, he laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, whose stitches he would gladly have darned, though with silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest signs of misery a gentleman can give in the course of his continued penury. He put out the light; but the weather was hot, and he could not sleep. He got out of bed, and opened the casement of a grated-window, which looked into a fine garden, and, on opening it, he perceived and heard somebody walking and talking in the garden. He applied himself to listen attentively.

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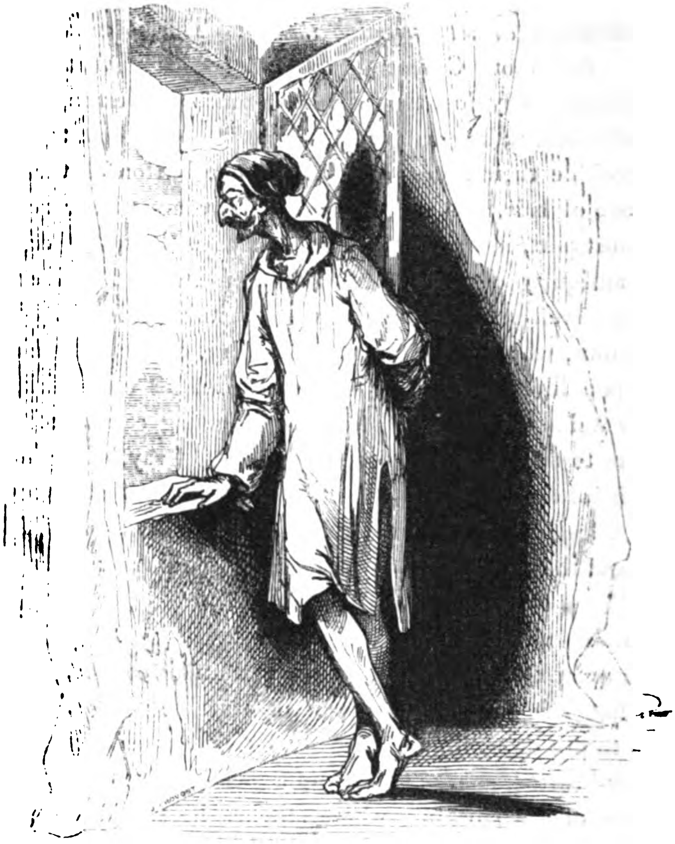
[323] Saint Paul.

[324] Cervantes says also in his comedy *La gran Sultana Dona Catalina de Oviedo* (Jornada 3ª):

"........ Hidalgo, but not rich; a curse of the present age, in which poverty seems to be an inseparable adjunct to nobility."



The promenaders raised their voices so high, that he could distinguish these words: "Press me not, O Emerancia, to sing, since you know that ever since this stranger came into the castle, and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep. Besides, my lady sleeps not sound, and I would not have her find us here for all the treasure of the world. But suppose she should sleep and not awake, my singing will still be in vain, if this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, sleeps on, and awakes not to hear it."—"Do not fancy so, dear Altisidora," answered another voice. "Doubtless the duchess and everybody else in the house are asleep, excepting the master of your heart, and disturber of your repose. Even now I heard him open his casement, and he must therefore be awake. Sing, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp. If the duchess should hear us, we will plead the excessive heat of the weather."—"This is not the point, O Emerancia," answered Altisidora: "I am afraid my song should betray my passion, and so I may be taken for a light longing hussey by those who are unacquainted with the powerful effects of love. But, come what will, better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart." Thereupon she began to touch a harp most sweetly.

When Don Quixote heard this conversation and the music, he was thunderstruck; for at that moment came into his mind an infinite number of adventures of the like kind, of casements, grates and gardens, serenades, courtships and faintings away, of which he had read in his idle books of chivalry. He soon imagined that some damsel of the duchess's was fallen in love with him, and that modesty obliged her to conceal her passion. He was a little afraid of being captivated, but resolved in his own thoughts not to yield. So, commending himself with all his soul and might to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music, and, to let them know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze; which not a little rejoiced the damsels, who desired nothing more than that Don Quixote should hear them. The harp being tuned and put in order, Altisidora sang the following *romance:*

* * *

"Gentle knight, La Mancha's glory,
Fam'd in never dying story;
Of a purer finer mould,
Than Arabia's finest gold;
Thou that, in thy downy bed,
Wrapt in Holland sheets art laid,

And, with out-stretch'd legs, art yawning,
Or asleep, till morrow's dawning:
Hear a woful maid complaining,
Who must die by thy disdaining;
Since thine eyes have scorch'd her soul,
And have burnt it to a coal.
If the aim of thy adventures
Be relieving damsels' centres,
Canst thou wound a tender maid,
And refuse thy wonted aid?
Tell, O tell me, I conjure thee,
So may heavenly help secure thee,
Wert thou born where lions roar,
On remotest Afric's shore?
Wert thou some bleak mountain's care,
And didst suck thy nurse, a bear?
Dulcinea, tall and slender,
Well may boast thy heart's surrender;
Since those charms must stand confess'd,
That could tame a tiger's breast;
And henceforth she shall be known
From the Tagus to the Rhone.
Could I Dulcinea's place
Take, and swap with hers my face,
Oh, I'd give my Sunday's suit,
And fring'd petticoat to boot!
Happy she that, in those arms
Clasp'd, enjoys thy manly charms!
Or but, sitting by the bed,
Chafes thy feet, or rubs thy head!
Ah! I wish and ask too much,—
Let me but thy great toe touch!
'Twere to humble me a blessing,
And reward beyond expressing.
Oh! how I would lavish riches,
Satin vests and damask breeches,
And pearls so large that each would sell
For a perfect *nonpareil*[525],
To adorn and dress my dear!
Oh! what night-caps he should wear!

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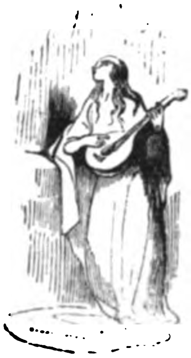
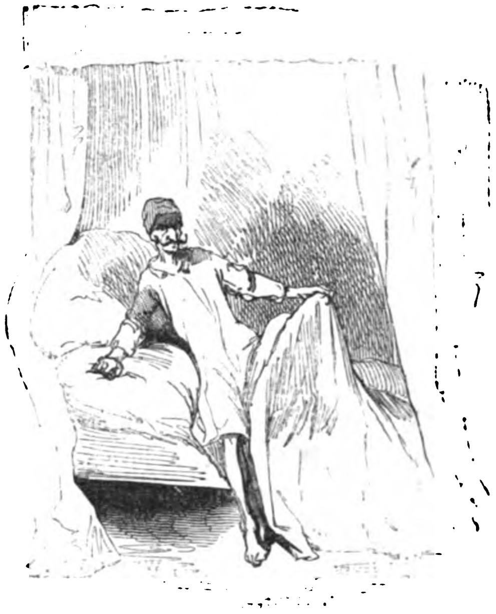
[525] Cervantes doubtless alludes to a magnificent pearl which then belonged to the jewels of the Spanish crown, called the *orphan* or the *unique* (the *huerfana* or the *sola*). This pearl was destroyed, with many other jewels, at the conflagration of the palace of Madrid, in the year 1734.

I'm a virgin neat and clean,
And, in faith, not quite fifteen;
Tall and straight, and very sound,
And my ringlets brush the ground.
Though my mouth be somewhat wide,
In my coral teeth I pride;
And the flatness of my nose
Here for finish'd beauty goes.
How I sing I need not say,
If perchance thou hear'st this lay.
These, and twenty graces more-a,
Court thee to Altisidora."



Here ended the song of the amorous Altisidora, and began the alarm of the courted Don Quixote; who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself: "Why am I so unhappy an errant that no damsel can see but she must presently fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy?—Queens, what would you have with her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Damsels from fourteen to fifteen, why do you plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph and glory in the lot which love bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint. To her I am honey, and to the rest of ye aloes. To me, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest and well-born; all the rest of her sex foul, foolish, fickle, and base-born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature threw me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing, let the lady despair, on whose account I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor*; boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I must be, clean, well-bred and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers on earth."

Having so said, he clapped to the casement, and, in despite and sorrow, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, threw himself upon his bed, where we will leave him for the present, to attend the great Sancho Panza, who is desirous of beginning his famous government.



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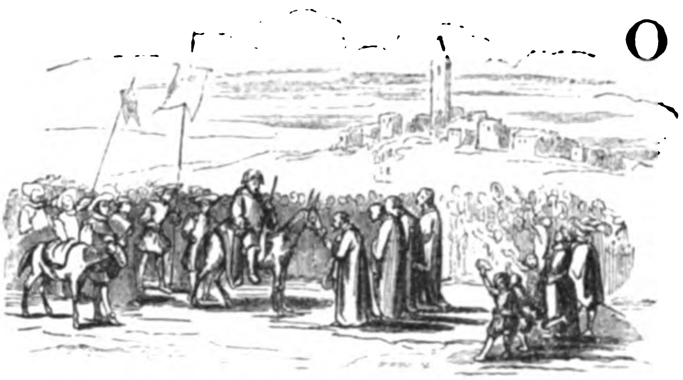
* The reader need not be reminded of the adventure of the Carrier and Maritornes.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND OF THE MANNER OF HIS BEGINNING TO GOVERN IT.



O THOU perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet motive of earthen wine-coolers[326], here Thymbrius, there Phœbus, here archer, there physician, father of poesy, inventor of music, thou who always risest, and, though thou seemest to do so, never settest; to thee I speak, O sun! by whose assistance man begets man; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza; without thee, I find myself indolent, dispirited, and confused!

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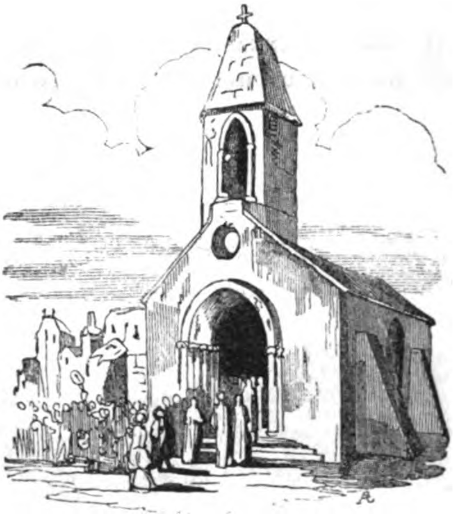
[326] In Spain they call *cantimploras* small glass decanters or very small earthen pitchers, which, to cool the water in the summer, are hung in a current of air. Hence the odd epithet Cervantes applies to the sun.

Sancho, then, with all his attendants, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the largest and best the duke had. They gave him to understand that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Baratario was really the name of the place, or because he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate[137]. On his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the municipal officers came out to receive him. The bells rung, and, with all the demonstrations of a general joy and a great deal of pomp, the people conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him the keys of the town, and constituted him perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, surprised all that were not in the secret, and even those that were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair. The duke's steward then said to him: "It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of



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[137] *Barato* is the adjective opposed in Spanish to *caro*, dear, and is expressed by our word cheap.

this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intricate and difficult. By his answer, the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair, and, unable to read, he asked what that painting was on the wall. He was answered; "Sir, it is there written on what day your honour took possession of this island. The inscription runs thus: 'This day, such a day of the month and year, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island. Long may he enjoy it.'" "Pray, who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?" demanded Sancho. "Your lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza besides him now in the chair ever came into this island."—"Take notice, then, brother," returned Sancho, "that the *Don* does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather was a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of *Dons* or any other title whatever. I fancy there are more *Dons* than stones in this island. But enough, God knows my meaning, and, perhaps, if my government lasts four days, I may weed out these *Dons* that overrun the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as muskitoes and cousins[329]. On with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry or rejoice."

About this time two men came into the court, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said: "My lord governor, I and this countryman come before your worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me: 'Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap?' I, measuring the piece, answered yes.

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[329] Many plebeians in Cervantes' time already arrogated to themselves the tile of *Don*, which was until then reserved exclusively for the nobility. At present all orders assume this title, which is now, like the English *Squire*, become of no consequence.

Now he, imagining, as I imagine, that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounded his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion had of tailors, bade me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. Persisting in his knavish intentions, my customer went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of yeses, till we came to five caps. A little time ago he came to claim them. I offered them to him, but he refuses to pay me for the making, and insists I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it."—"Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me."—"With all my heart," answered the tailor; and pulling his hand from under his cloak he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying: "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade." All present laughed at the number of the caps and the novelty of the suit. Sancho reflected a moment, and then said: "I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off hand. Therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that."

If the sentence he afterwards passed on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the by-standers, this excited their laughter[529]. However, what the governor commanded was executed, and two old men next presented themselves before him. One of them carried a cane in his hand for a staff; the other, who had no staff, said to Sancho: "My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while without asking him for them, because I was loth to put him to a greater strait to pay me than he was in when I lent them. At length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him more than once or twice for my money; but he not only refuses payment, he even denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, and, if I did, that he has already paid me. I having no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the payment, I entreat your worship will take his oath; and if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before God and the world."—"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. The old fellow replied: "I confess, my lord, he did lend me the money; but if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him."

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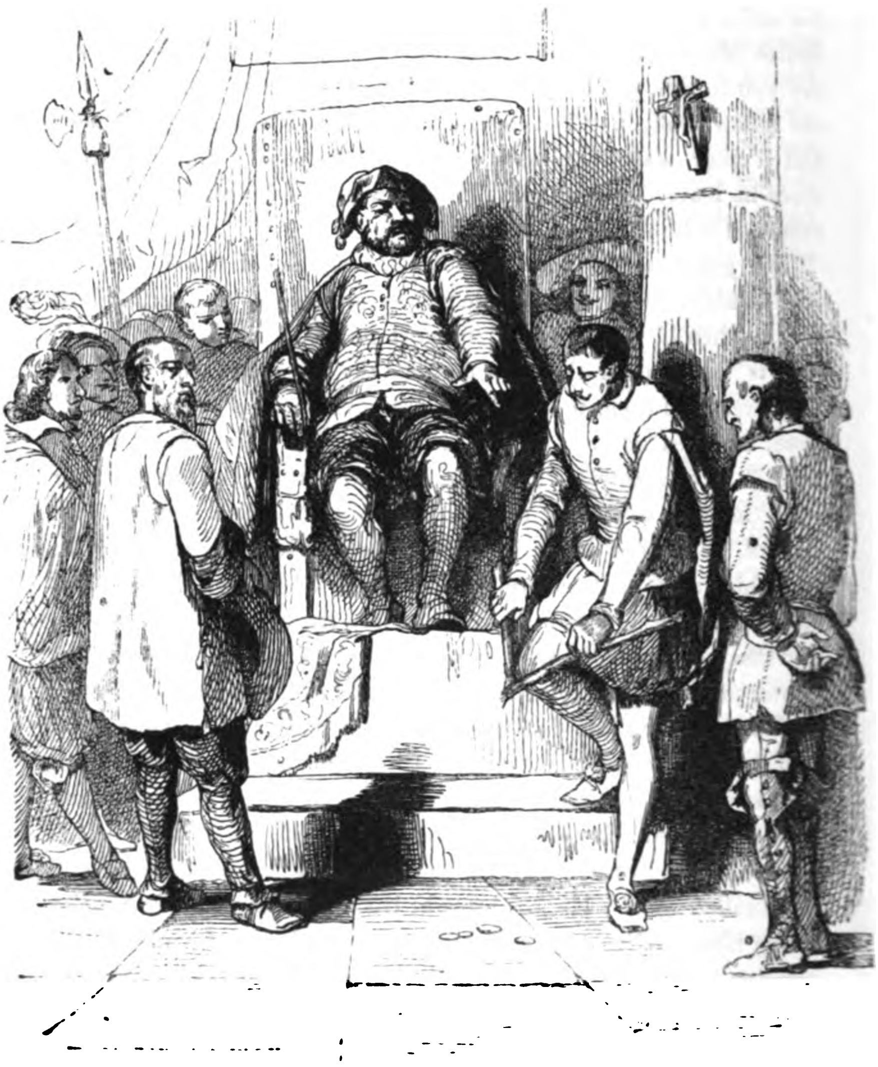
[529] In the original it stands: *If the preceding sentence.* Cervantes without doubt changed the order of the three judgments given by Sancho; but he forgot to correct the observation which followed this.

The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold while he was swearing, as if it encumbered him. Then he laid his hand upon the cross of the wand and said: "It is true indeed this man lent me the ten crowns he demands, but I restored them to him into his own hands, and because, I suppose, he does not recollect it, he now solicits their second repayment." The illustrious governor, on hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to answer to what his antagonist had alleged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth, for he took him to be an honest man, and a good Christian; that he himself must have forgotten when and where the money was returned; and that from thenceforward he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court.

Sancho, seeing him depart thus without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, inclined his head upon his breast, and, laying the fore-finger of his right hand upon his eye-brows and nose, continued a few moments lost in thought; then lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who had already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly; and Sancho seeing him: "Give me," said he, "that staff, honest friend; I have occasion for it."—"With all my heart," answered the old fellow, and delivered it up accordingly. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man: "Go about your business, in God's name," said he;

"you are paid."—"I, my lord?" answered the old man; "what is this cane worth ten golden crowns?"—"Yes," returned the governor, or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." He then gave orders for the cane to be broken before them all;



which was done, and in the hollow of it were found ten crowns of gold. All present were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second Solomon. They asked him how he had collected that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary while he was taking the oath, and swearing that he had really and truly restored them into his own hands, then, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. "Whence it may be gathered," added he, "that God Almighty often directs the judgments of those who govern though otherwise mere blockheads. Besides, I have heard the priest of my village[330] tell a like case, and were it not that I am so unlucky as to forget all I have a mind to remember, my memory was so good, there is not a better in the whole island." At length both the old men marched off, the one ashamed and the other satisfied, and all the by-standers were astonished. The secretary, who made minutes of the words, actions and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

This cause was no sooner ended, than there came into court a woman, keeping fast hold of a man, clad like a rich herdsman. She came, crying aloud: "Justice, my lord governor, justice! If I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in heaven! Lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of a field, and made use of my person as if it had been a dish-clout. Woe is me! he has robbed me of what I have kept above these three-and-twenty years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners. Have I been as hard as a cork tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briers, that this honest man should come with his clean hands to handle me?"—"That remains to be inquired into," said Sancho; "let us now proceed to see whether this gallant's hands are clean or not;" and, turning to the man, he asked him what he had to say in answer to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confusion, replied: "Sir, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine; and this morning I went out of this town, after having sold, under correction be it spoken, four hogs, and, what between dues and exactions, the officers took from me little less than they were worth. As I was returning home, by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely; but she, not contented, laid hold of me, and has never let me go till she has dragged me to this place. She says I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies. This

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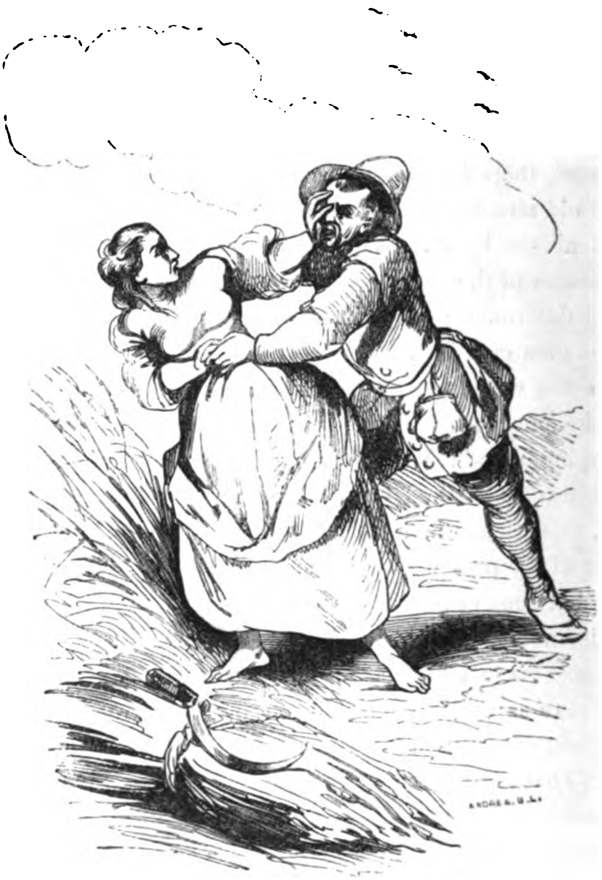
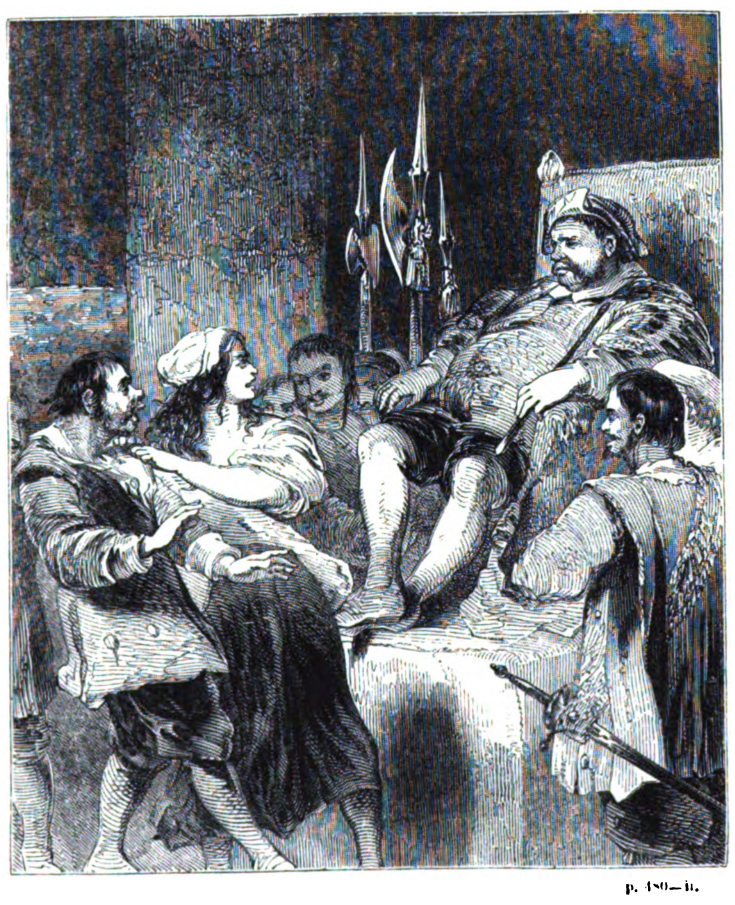
[330] It is in fact taken from the *Lombardica Historia* of Fra Giacobo di Voragine, in the *Life of Saint Nicholas of Bari* (chap. iii).





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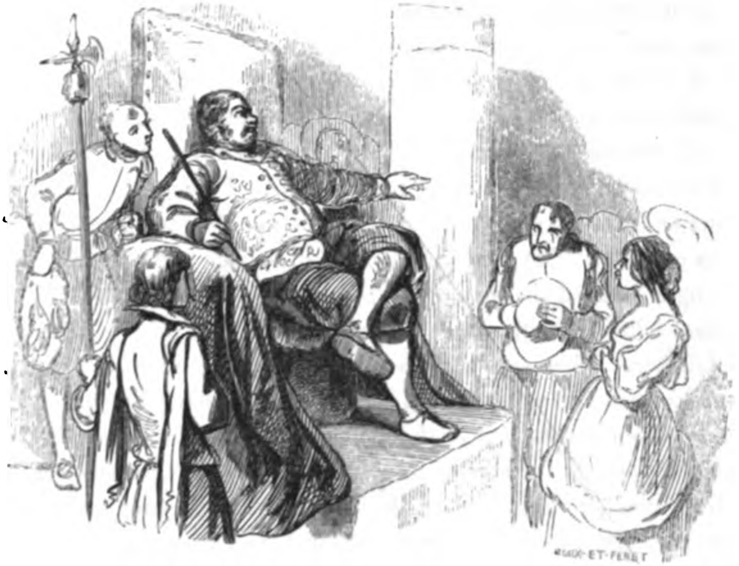
is the whole truth." Then the governor asked him if he had any silver money about him. The man answered that he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom. Sancho ordered



him to produce it, and deliver it just as it was to the plantiff. He did so, trembling; the woman took the purse, and making a thousand curtsies, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court she went, holding the purse with both hands, taking care first to see if the money that was in it was silver.

She had no sooner left the room than Sancho said to the herdsman, who was in tears, and whose eyes and heart were gone after his purse: "Honest man, follow that woman, and take away the purse from her, whether she will or not, and come back hither with it." This was not said to one deaf or stupid, for the man instantly flew after her like lightning, and went about what he was bidden.

All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit. In a few minutes came in the man and the woman, clinging together closer than the first time, she with her petticoat tucked up and the purse lapped up in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, she defended it so stoutly. "Justice from God and the world!" cried she at the top of her lungs; "see, my lord governor, the impudence and want of fear of this varlet, who, in the midst of the town and of the street, would take from me the purse your worship commanded to be given to me."—"And has he got it?" demanded the governor. "Got it!" answered the woman; "I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse. A pretty baby I should be, indeed! Other-guise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking tools as this. Pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion. My soul and body shall sooner part."—"She is in the right," added the man; "I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her." That said, he left her. Then said the governor to the woman: "Give me that purse, chaste and valiant heroine." She presently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the violent but not violated damsel: "Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much, courage and resolution in defending your chastity, as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Begone, in God's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred stripes. Begone, instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussey!" The woman was confounded and went away, drooping her head and discontented; and the governor said to the man: "Honest man, go home, in the name of God, with your money, and henceforward, unless you have a mind to lose it, take care not to yoke with any body."

The countryman gave him thanks as clownishly as he could and went his way[331]. The by-standers were in fresh admiration at the decisions and sentences of their new governor, all which, being noted down by his historiographer, were immediately transmitted to the duke, who waited for them with great impatience. But here let us leave honest Sancho, for his master, greatly disturbed at Altisidora's music, calls in haste for us.

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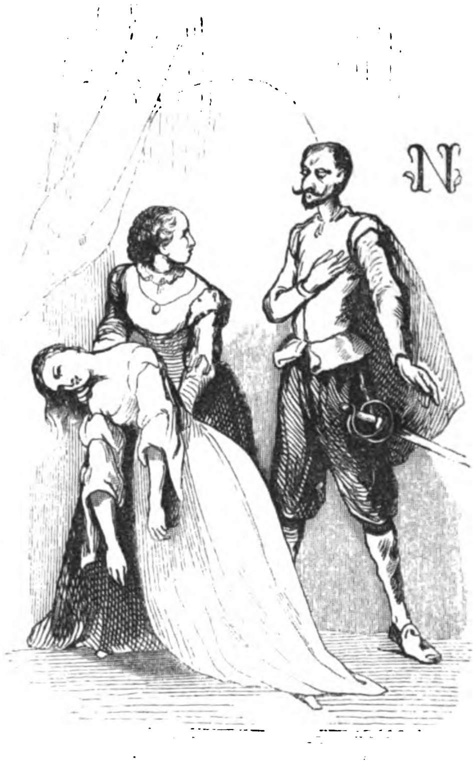
[331] This story, real or imaginary, was already included in the book of Francisco de Osuna, entituled *Norte de los Estados*, which was printed in 1550. But Cervantes, who may have learned it from this work or from tradition, relates it in quite a different manner.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE HORRIBLE CONCERT OF BELLS AND CATTERWAULS, WHEREWITH DON QUIXOTE WAS ASSAILED IN THE PROGRESS OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

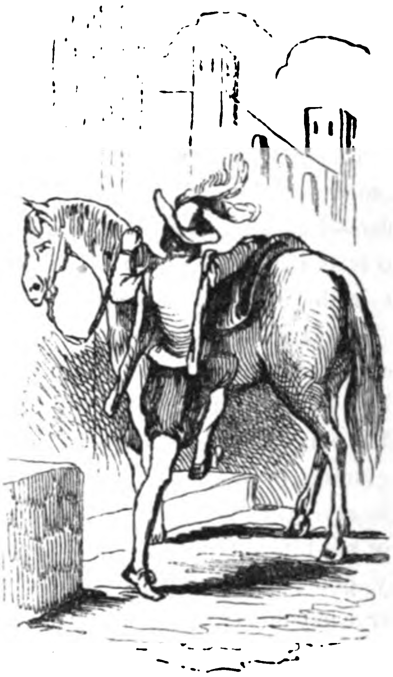


Now let us return to the great Don Quixote, whom the reader will remember we left wrapped up in the reflections occasioned by the music of the enamoured damsel, Altisidora. He carried them with him to bed, and, as if they had been fleas, they would not suffer him to sleep or take the least rest, to say nothing of the disaster of the stocking. But as time is so swift that no bar can stop him, he came riding upon the hours, and that of the morning posted on apace. Directly Don Quixote saw it was light, forsaking his downy pillow, in haste he put on his chamois doublet and his travelling boots, to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He threw over his shoulders his scarlet mantle, and clapped on his head a green velvet *montera*, trimmed with silver lace; he then hung his trusty trenchant blade in his shoulder belt; he attached to his wrist a large chaplet which he always carried about him; and, thus magnificently apparelled, he walked, with great state and solemnity, towards the ante-chamber, where the duke and duchess, ready dressed, expected him.

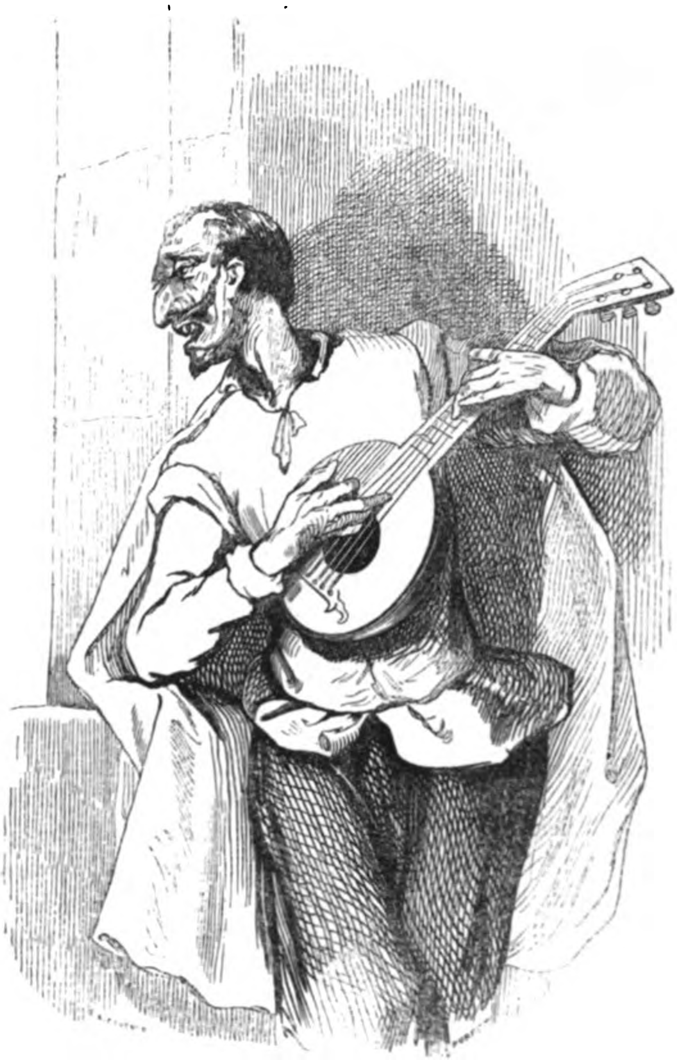
In a gallery through which he had to pass, Altisidora and the other damsel, her friend, stood purposely posted waiting for him. As soon as Altisidora espied Don Quixote, she pretended to faint away, and her companion caught her in her arms, and in a great hurry was unlacing her stays. Don Quixote, seeing it, drew near them and said: "I very well know whence these accidents proceed." —"I know not from whence," interrupted the friend, "for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this family, and I have never heard so much as an *alas* from her since I have known her. Ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all ungrateful! Leave this place, Signor Don Quixote; the poor girl will not come to herself so long as your worship stays here." Don Quixote answered: "Be pleased, madam, to give order that a lute be left in my chamber to-night, and I will comfort this poor damsel the best I am able. In the beginning of love, to be early undeceived is the readiest cure." So saying, away he went, to avoid the observation of those who might see him there.

He was hardly gone, when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion: "By all means let him have the lute. Doubtless Don Quixote purposes to give us some music, and it cannot be bad, if it be the knight's own composition." The two damsels then proceeded to give the duchess an account of what had passed, and of Don Quixote's desiring a lute; and her grace, exceedingly rejoiced thereat, concerted with the duke and her damsels how they might play him some trick, which would be more merry than mischievous. Pleased with their contrivance, they waited for night, and it came on as fast as the day had done, which the duke and duchess spent in relishing conversation with Don

Quixote. The same day, the duchess despatched one of her pages, the same who, in the wood, had personated the figure of the enchanted Dulcinea, on horseback to Tereza Panza, with her husband Sancho Panza's letter, and a bundle he had left to be sent, charging him to bring back an exact account of all that should pass.



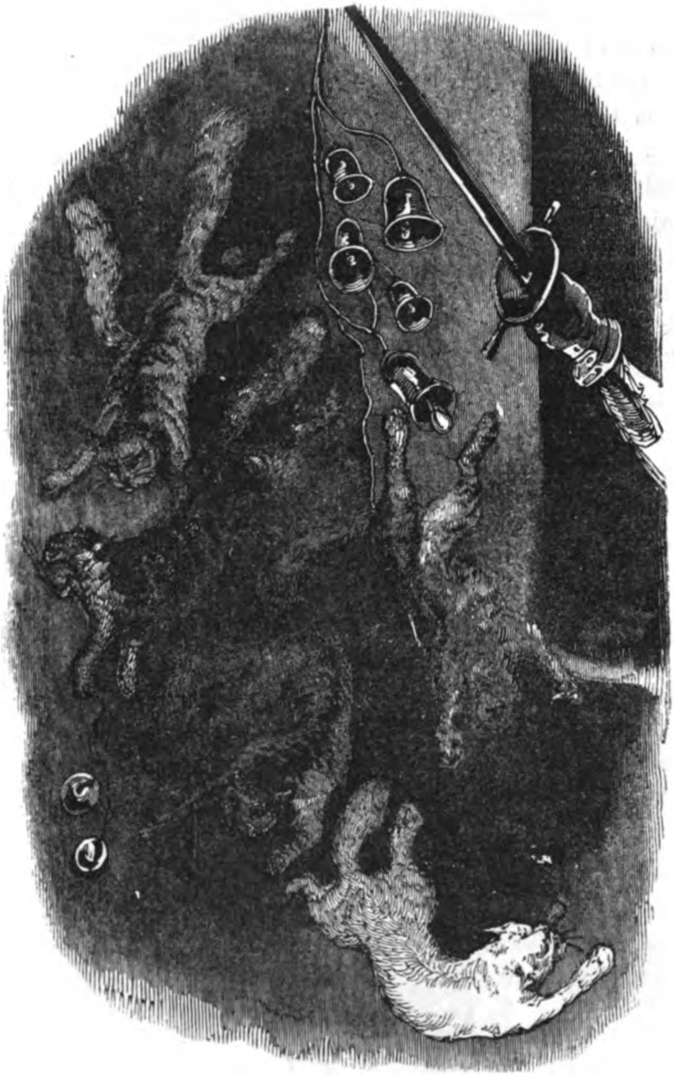
This being done, and eleven o'clock at night being come, Don Quixote found a mandoline in his chamber. He touched it, opened his casement, and perceived that there were people walking in the garden. Having again run over the strings of the instrument, and tuned it as well as he could, he hemmed to clear his throat, and then, with a hoarse, though not unmusical voice, he sung the following *romance*, which he himself had composed that day:



" Love, with Idleness its friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end;
But let business and employment
Fill up ev'ry careful moment;—

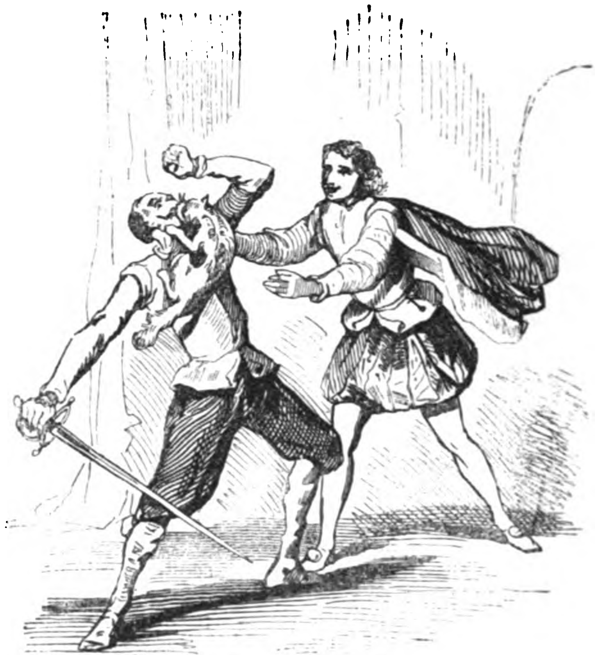
These an antidote will prove
To the baneful arts of love.
Maidens that aspire to marry,
In their looks reserve should carry;
Modesty their price should raise,
And be the herald of their praise.
Knights, whom toils of arms employ,
With the free may laugh and toy;
But the modest only choose
When they tie the nuptial noose.
Love, that rises with the sun,
With his setting rays is gone;
Love that, guest-like, visits hearts,
When the banquet's o'er departs;
And the love that comes to-day,
And to-morrow wings its way,
Leaves no traces on the soul,
Its affections to control.
Where a sovereign beauty reigns,
Fruitless are a rival's pains.
O'er a finish'd picture who
E'er a second picture drew?
Dulcinea, queen of beauty,
Rules my heart, and claims its duty.
Nothing there can take her place,
Nought her image can efface.
Whether fortune smile or frown,
Constancy's the lover's crown;
And, its force divine to prove,
Miracles performs in love.

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his song, to which the duke and duchess, Altisidora and almost all the folks of the castle, stood listening, when, on a sudden, from an open gallery directly over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above a hundred small bells were fastened, and immediately afterwards was emptied a great sackful of cats, which had smaller bells tied to their tails. The jangling noise of the bells and the mewing of the cats was so great, that the duke and duchess, though the inventors of the jest, were frightened thereat, and Don Quixote himself was in a panic. Fortune so ordered it that two or three of the cats got



in at the casement of his chamber; and scouring about from side to side, one would have thought a legion of devils had broken into it to hold their nocturnal gambols. They extinguished the lights that were burning in the chamber in their endeavours to make their escape; and the cord to which the bells were fastened being let down and pulled up incessantly, most of the folks of the castle who were not in the secret were struck with astonishment and terror.

Don Quixote got upon his feet, and, laying hold of his sword, began to make thrusts at the casement, crying in a voice of thunder: "Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters! avaunt, ye rabble of wizards! I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts are of no force nor effect!" Turning to the cats which were running about the room, he made several cuts at them. They took to the casement and made their escape, all but one, which finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote's sword-thrusts, flew at his face, and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth. Pain made him cry aloud. The duke and duchess, hearing this and guessing the cause, ran in all haste up to his chamber, and, opening the door with a master-key, found the poor gentleman striving with all his might to disengage the cat from his face.



Lights were brought in, which rendered the unequal combat apparent, The duke ran to part the fray, and Don Quixote cried aloud: "Let no one take him off; leave me to battle it with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter. I will make him know, betwixt him and me, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is." But the cat, not regarding these menaces, growled on and kept her hold. At length the duke forced open her claws, and threw her out at the window. Don Quixote remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose not over whole, though greatly dissatisfied that they would not let him finish the combat he had so toughly maintained against that caitiff enchanter.

They fetched some oil of aparicio[332], and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds. While she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice: "All these misadventures befal you, hard-hearted knight, for the sin of your stubborn disdain. May Heaven grant that Sancho, your squire, may forget to whip himself, that this same beloved Dulcinea of yours may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever approach her nuptial bed, at least while I live; I who adore you." Don Quixote returned no other answer to these passionate expressions than a profound sigh, then he stretched himself at full length upon his bed, humbly thanking the duke and duchess for their assistance, not as being afraid of that feline, bell-ringing, necromantic crew, but because he was sensible of their good intention by their readiness to succour him. The duke and duchess left him to his rest and went away, not a little concerned at the ill success of their joke, which they did not think would have proved so heavy and so hard upon Don Quixote. Effectively, this adventure cost the knight five days' confinement to his bed, where another adventure befel him, more relishing than the former. This, however, his historian will not relate at present, in order that he may attend Sancho Panza, who went on very busily and very pleasantly with his government.

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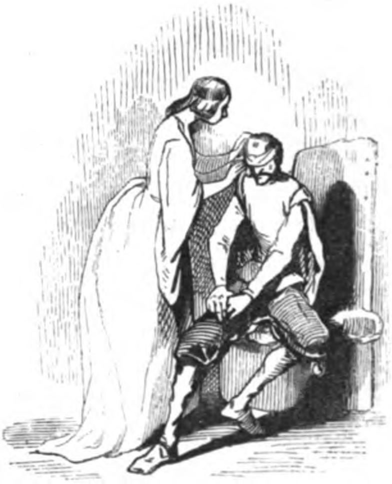
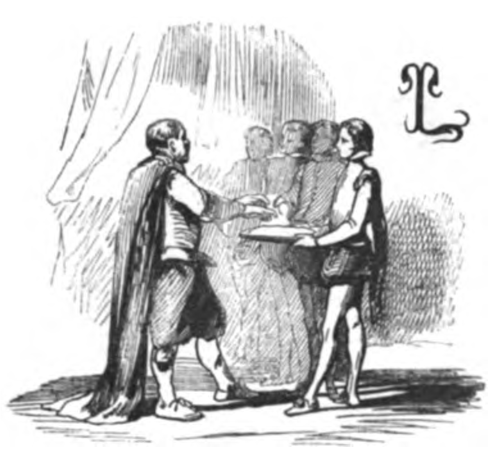
[332] This was the name of a balsam composed of flowers of St. John's wort. From the name of this plant (*hiperico* in Spanish) was formed, by corruption, the name—oil of *aparicio*.

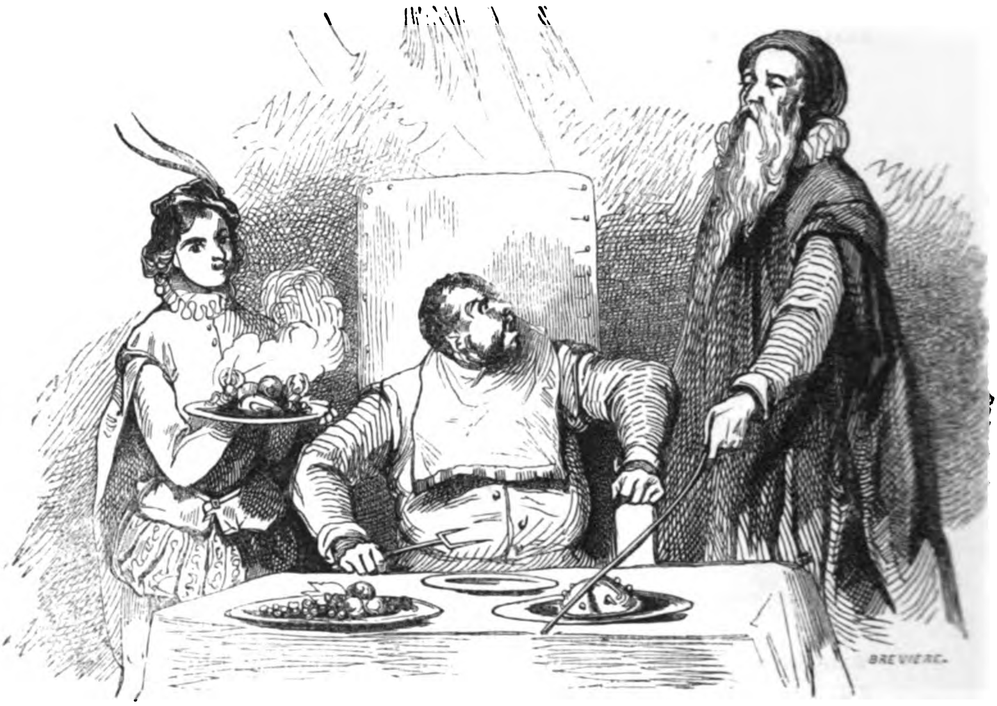


CHAPTER XLVII.

GIVING A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO'S BEHAVIOUR IN HIS GOVERNMENT.



LOSING sight for awhile of Don Quixote, the history relates that they conducted Sancho Panza from the court of judicature to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread an elegant, nay regal, table. As soon as Sancho entered the hall, the soft music struck up, and in came four pages with water to wash his hands, which ceremony Sancho allowed to be performed with great gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was but that one chair, and only one napkin or plate. A personage, who proved to be a physician, placed himself, standing, on one side of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth which covered several fruits and a great variety of eatables, with which the table was spread. One, who looked like an ecclesiastic, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another page, who played the sewer's part, set a plate of fruit before him. But scarcely had he eaten a bit, when the man with the wand touching the dish with the tip of his whalebone staff, the waiters snatched it away from before him with great haste. The sewer immediately set another dish of meat in its place, which Sancho prepared to try; but before he could reach or taste it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho, seeing it, was surprised, and looking about him, asked if this repast was to be eaten like a show of sleight of hand. The man with the wand replied: "My lord governor, here must be no other kind of eating, but such as is usual and customary in other islands where there are governors. I, sir, am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island for serving the governors of it in that capacity. I consult their healths much more than my



own, studying night and day, and sounding the governor's constitution, the better to know how to cure him when he is sick. My principal business is to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm, or be hurtful to his stomach[533]. I therefore ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too moist, and that other dish of meat I also ordered away, as being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst. For, he who drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture, in which life consists."—"Well then," said Sancho, "yon plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm?"—"My lord governor," answered the doctor, "shall not eat a bit of them while I have life."—"Pray why not?" asked Sancho. "Why?" answered the doctor, "because our master Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of medicine, says, in one of his aphorisms: *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*[534], that is to say, 'All repletion is bad; but that of partridges the worst of all.'"—"If it be so," said Sancho, "pray see, signor doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it, without conjuring it away with your wand, for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall give me leave to use it, I am dying with hunger. To deny me my victuals, though it be against the grain of signor doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, is rather the way to shorten my life than to lengthen it."—"Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician. "Therefore I am of opinion, you should not eat of yon fricaseed rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired[535] food. Of that veal, perhaps, you might pick a bit, were it not dobed, but as it is, not a morsel."

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[533] We read in the book of *Etiquettes*, composed by Olivier de la Marche for Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy, which was adopted by the kings of Spain, of the house of Austria, for the regulation of their palaces: "The Duke has six doctors of medicine who visit the prince and consult on the state of his health: when the duke is at table, they station themselves behind him, to see what he eats and what dishes are helped to his grace, and to tell him what, in their opinion, will do him most good."

[534] The aphorism is: *Omnis saturatio mala, panis autem pessima.*

[535] *Peliagudo* means also, figuratively, perplexed, thorny, difficult.

Then said Sancho: "That great dish, smoking yonder, I take to be an *olla podrida*[536]; and amidst the diversity of things contained in an *olla podrida*, surely I may light upon something both wholesome and palatable."—"*Absit!*" cried the doctor; "far be such a thought from us. There is not worse nutriment in the world than an *olla podrida*. Leave such dishes to prebends and rectors of colleges, or for country-weddings; but let the tables of governors be free from them, where nothing but neatness and delicacy ought to preside; and the reason is clear: it is because simple medicines are more esteemed than compound, by all persons and in all places, for in simples there can be no mistake, but in compounds there may, by altering the quantities of the ingredients. Therefore what I would advise at present for signor governor's eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is about an hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion."

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and surveying the doctor from head to foot, asked him in a grave voice his name, and where he had studied. "My lord governor," answered the doctor, "I am called doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero[537]; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera[538], lying between Caraquel and Almodovar del Campo, on the right hand, and have taken my doctor's degree in the university of Osuna." —"Why then," cried Sancho, "signor doctor Pedro Recio of ill-omen, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand, as we go from Caraquel to Almodovar del Campo, graduate in Osuna, get out of my sight this instant, or, by the sun, I will take a cudgel, and beginning with you, will so lay about me that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant; as for those that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. But, I repeat, let Pedro Recio quit my presence; if not, I shall take this chair I sit upon, and break it over his head. Let them call me to account for it or not as they choose in my residence;[339] I will justify myself by saying I did God service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. Now give me to eat, or take back your government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans."

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[536] The *olla podrida* (medley) is a mixture of several kinds of meat and seasoning: the *pot pourri* of the French.

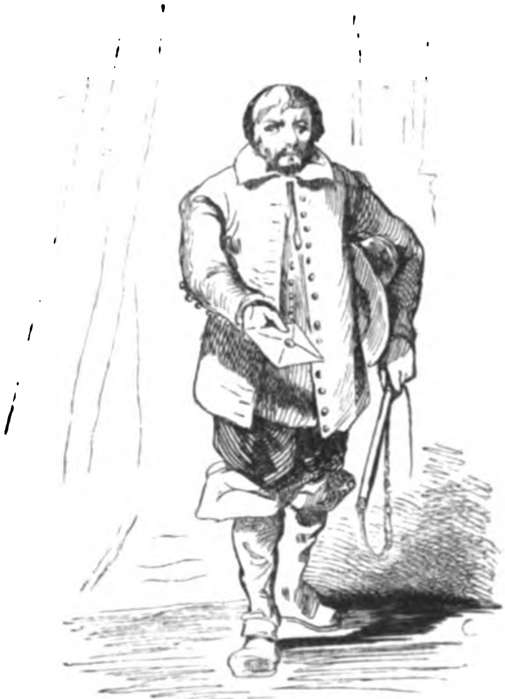
[537] *Recio* means stiff, immovable, and *aguero*, augury, omen.

[538] *Tirteafuera*, or better *tirateafuera*, means *begone hence*. It is used in this sense by Simon Abril in the translation of *The Eunuch*, of Terence, in which the servant-maid Pythias says to the footman Cherea:

Neque pol servandum tibi
Quidquam dare ausim, neque te servare. Apage te.
(Act V., Scene ii.)

En buena fe que ni yo osaria
Darte à guardar nada, ni menos guardarte
Yo. Tirateafuera.

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the sound of a postilion's horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer ran to the window, and looking out, came back and said: "A courier has arrived from my lord duke, and must certainly have



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[339] At the expiration of their charges, the governors, like certain others employed by

brought some despatches of importance." The courier entered out of breath, and covered with perspiration. He pulled a packet out of his bosom and delivered it into the governor's hands, and Sancho gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which proved to be thus conceived: "*To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's.*"—"And which is my secretary here?" demanded Sancho. One of those present answered; "I am he, sir, for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan."—"With that addition," cried Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself.[140] Open the packet and see what it contains."

The new-born secretary obeyed, and having cast his eye over the contents, he said it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer. All the rest, with the physician, having withdrawn, the secretary read the missive, which ran as follows:

"It is come to my knowledge that certain enemies of mine, and of the island you govern, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the island to take away your life, because they are in fear of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it; and, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgment. From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.

"Your friend, THE DUKE."

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too. Turning to the steward, he said: "The first thing to be done is to clap Doctor Recio into prison; for if any body has a design to kill

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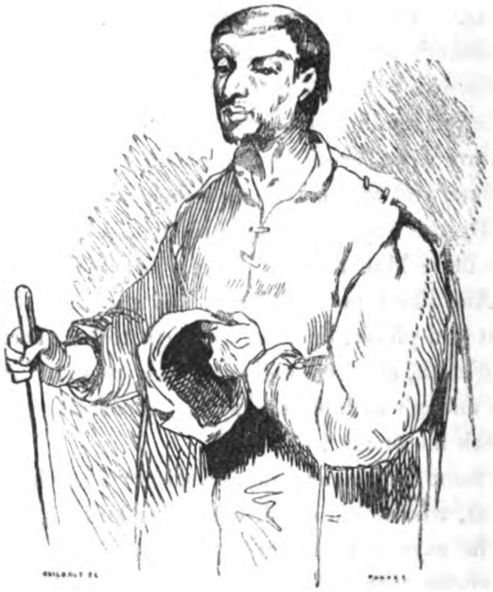
the state, were compelled to reside for a fixed period in the country over which they had presided. During this time, they were exposed to the reclamations of their subordinates, become their equals. The Spaniards imitated this wise custom from the Arabs.

[140] The Biscayans, in Cervantes' time, had been, almost from time immemorial, in possession of the offices of secretaries of state and to the cabinet.

me, it is he, and that by a lingering and the worst of deaths—hunger."—"It is my opinion," said the steward, "your honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table; for most of these delicacies were presented by some nuns; and it is a saying that the devil lurks behind the cross."—"I grant it," retorted Sancho; "for the present give me only a piece of bread, and four or five pounds of grapes; no poison can be conveyed in them, and I cannot live without eating. If we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled, for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. You, secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him, his commands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them, and present my humble service to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle by a special messenger to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall look upon as a particular favour, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By the way, you may put in a service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful bread, as we say. And like a good secretary and a staunch Biscayan, you may add what you please, or what will turn to best account. Now take away the cloth, and give me something to eat. Afterwards I will deal well enough with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters that shall attack me or my island."

At this moment a page came in, and said: "Here is a countryman about business, who would speak with your lordship concerning an affair which he says is of great importance."—"A strange case this," cried Sancho, "that these men of business should be so silly as not to see that such hours as these are not proper for business! What! peradventure we who govern, we judges, are not made of flesh and bones, like other men! are we made of marble stone, that we must not refresh at times, when necessity requires it? Before God, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business. Bid this honest man come in for this once, but first see that he be not one of the spies, or one of my murderers."—"No, my lord," answered the page, "for he looks like a pitcher-souled fellow; and I know little, or he is as harmless as a piece of bread."—"You need not fear," added the steward, while we are present."—"Is it not possible, sewer," asked Sancho, "now that the doctor Pedro Recio is not here, for me to eat something of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread and an onion?"—"To-night at supper," answered the sewer, "amends shall be made for the defects of dinner, and your lordship shall have no cause to complain."—"Heaven grant it!" answered Sancho.

The countryman now entered; he was a man of goodly presence, a man whom one might swear at first sight, to be an honest, good soul. The first thing he said was: "Which is the lord governor here?"—"Who," answered the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?"—"I humble myself in the presence," said the countryman, kneeling down, and begging his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise and tell his business. The countryman obeyed, and said: "My lord, I am a countryman, a native of Miguel Turra, two leagues from Ciudad Real."—"What, another Tirteafuera?" cried Sancho. "Say on, brother, for let me



tell you, I know Miguel Turra very well; it is not so far from our town."—"The business is this, sir," proceeded the peasant. "By the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy catholic Roman church; I have two sons, scholars: the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder for licentiate. I am a widower, for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her, by giving her cathartic medicines when she was with child; and, if it had been God's will the child had been born and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and licentiate."—"So that," interrupted Sancho, "if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you had not now been a widower!"—"No, certainly, my lord," answered the peasant. "We are much the nearer," replied Sancho; "go on, brother; for this is an hour rather for bed than business."—"I say then," continued the countryman, "that this son, who is to be the bachelor, fell in love, in the same village, with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer. This name of Perlerino came not to them by lineal, or any other descent, but because all of that race are subject to the palsy[341]; and, to mend the name, they call them Perlerinos. To say the truth, however, the damsel is like an oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field; on the left, she is not quite so fair, for on that side she wants an eye, which she lost by the small pox. And, though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say they are not pits, but sepulchres, wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so cleanly that, to prevent defiling her face, she carries her nose so crooked up, that it seems to be flying from her mouth. For all that, she looks extremely well, for she has a large mouth, so that, did she not lack half a score or a dozen teeth and grinders, she might pass, and that passingly well, among ladies of the best fashion. I say nothing of her lips; for they are so thin and slender, that, were it the fashion to reel lips as they do yarn, one might make a skein of them. But, being of a different colour from what is usually found in lips, they have a marvellous appearance, for they are marbled with blue, green, and violet. And pray, my lord governor, pardon me for painting so minutely the parts of her who after all is to be my daughter; I love her mightily."—"Paint what you will," answered Sancho, "for I am mightily diverted with the picture; and, had I but dined, I would not desire a better dessert than your portrait."—"It shall be always at your service," answered the peasant. "The time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now. I assure you, my lord, if I could but paint her gentility and the talness of her person, you would admire. But that cannot be, because she is crooked, and crumpled up together, and her knees touch her mouth; for all that, you may see plainly that, could she but stand upright, she would touch the ceiling with her head. And she would ere now have given her hand to my bachelor to be his wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunken; nevertheless, her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make."—"So far so good," said Sancho; "and now, brother, make account that you have painted her from head to foot. What is it you would be at? Come to the point without so many windings and turnings, so many fetches and digressions."—"What I desire, my lord," answered the countryman, "is, that your lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in our fortunes and natural endowments. To say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and there is scarce a day in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, by having fallen once into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running. But he is as good tempered as an angel; and, did he not buffet and give himself frequent cuffs, he would be a very saint."—"Would you have any thing else, honest friend?" demanded Sancho. "One thing more I would ask," returned the peasant, "but that I dare not. Yet out it shall; for, in short, it shall not rot in my breast, come of it what will. I say then, my lord, I should be glad if your worship would give me three or six hundred ducats towards the fortune of my bachelor, I mean, towards the furnishing his house; for, in short, they are to live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinencies of their fathers-in-law."—"Well," said Sancho, "see if you would have anything else, and be not ashamed to tell it."—"No, for certain," answered the peasant.

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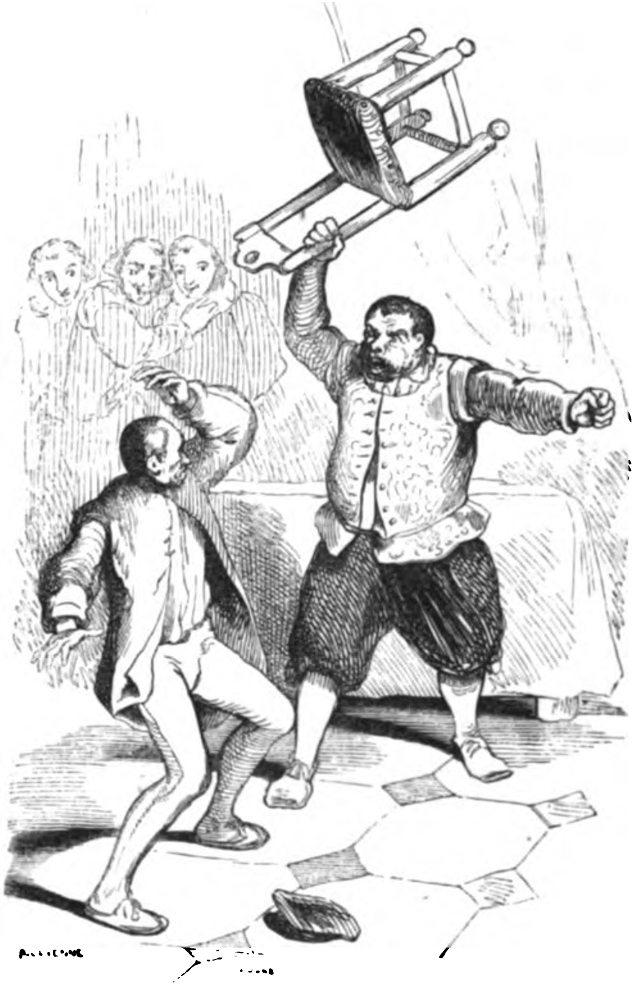
[341] *Perlaticos* (paralytics) in Spanish.

Scarcely had he said this, when the governor, getting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, said: "I vow to God, Don Lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not get you gone, and instantly avoid my



presence, with this chair will I crack your skull. Ragamuffin, rascal, painter for the devil himself! at this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, clod! and, if I had them, why should I give them to thee, jibing fool? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos? Begone, I say, or by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. You are no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day and a half, and you would have me give six hundred ducats!" The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, and seemingly afraid lest the governor should execute his threat, for the knave very well knew how to play his part.

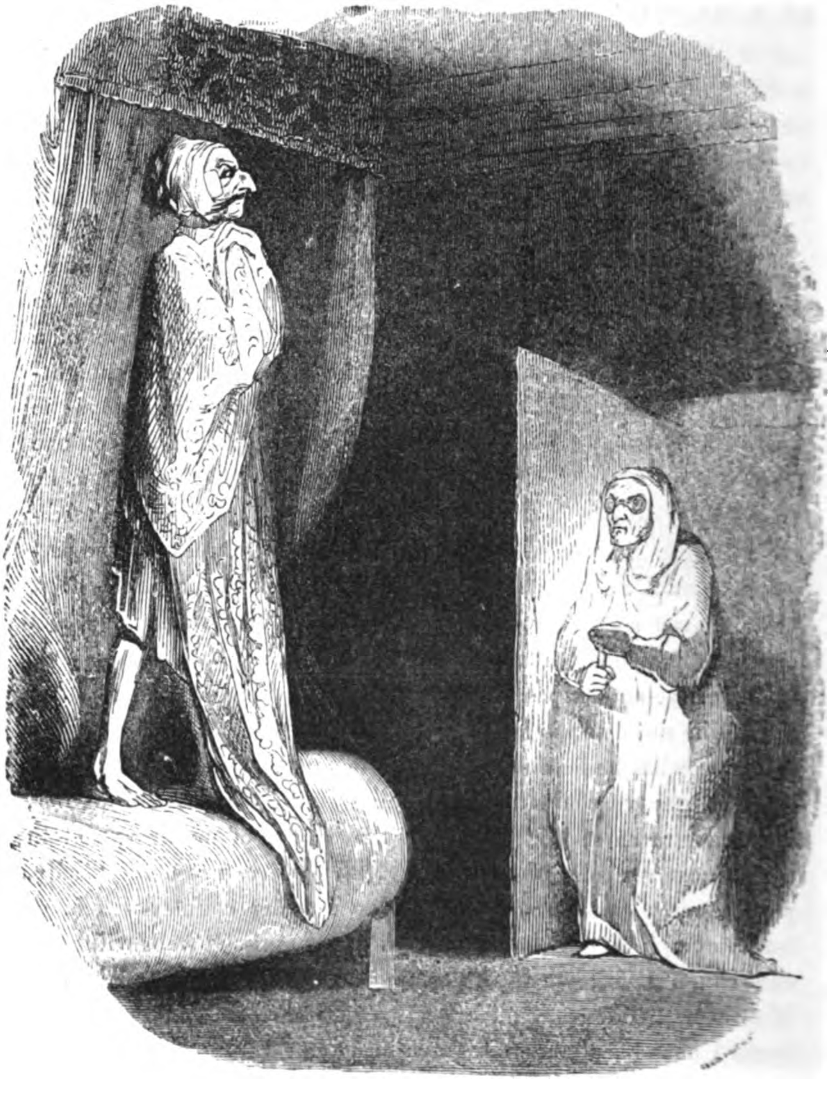
But let us leave Sancho in his passion, and peace be with him and company, and turn to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up and under cure of his feline wounds, of which he was not quite healed in eight days; in one of which there befel him what Cid Hamet promises to relate with that punctuality and truth with which he communicates every thing belonging to the history, however infinitely minute.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUCHESS'S DUENNA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN AND HAD IN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE.

TURN we now to the discontented, melancholy, and sore wounded Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat: misfortunes incident to knight-errantry. For six whole days he appeared not in public, and on one night of this forced retirement, as he was lying awake and restless, meditating on his misfortunes and the persecution he suffered from Altisidora, he perceived somebody opening his chamber door with a key, and presently imagined that the enamoured damsel was coming to assault his chastity, and expose him to the temptation of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. "No," cried he, believing what he fancied, and so loud as to be overheard, "not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail on me to cease adoring her, who is engraven and imprinted in the bottom of my heart and in the inmost recesses of my entrails. Whether, my dearest lady, you be now transformed into a garlic-eating country-wench, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus, weaving tissue-webs with gold and silken twist; whether you are in the power of Merlin or Montesinos, wherever you are, mine you are, and wherever I am, yours I have been, and yours I will remain."

As Don Quixote finished these words, he saw the door of his chamber open. Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and mustachios bound up; his face, because of its scratches, and his mustachios to keep them from flagging and falling down. In this



guise he appeared the most extraordinary phantom imaginable. He nailed his eyes to the door, and when he expected to see the poor captivated and sorrowful Altisidora enter, he perceived approaching a most reverend duenna, in a long white veil, that covered her from head to foot. She carried between the fingers of her left hand half a lighted candle, and held her right hand over it to shade her face and keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced very slowly and trod very softly. Don Quixote observed her from his watch-tower[542], and perceiving her figure and noting her silence, he fancied a witch or sorceress was come in that disguise to play him some evil turn, and began to cross himself apace.

The apparition kept moving forwards. When it came to the middle of the room, it lifted up its eyes, and saw in what a hurry Don Quixote was crossing himself. If he was afraid at seeing such a figure, she was no less dismayed at sight of his; for seeing him so lank and yellow, with the quilt and the bandages which disfigured him, uttering a loud cry: "Jesus!" cried she, "what do I see?" The candle fell from her hand in her terror, and, finding herself in the dark, she turned about to be gone, and, treading in her agitation on her skirts, she tumbled and fell on the floor.

Don Quixote, trembling with affright, began to say: "I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldest have with me? If thou art a soul in torment, hesitate not to tell me; I will do all I can for thee, for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all the world; for that purpose I took upon me the profession of knight-errantry, an employment which extends to the doing good even to souls in purgatory." The bruised duenna, hearing herself thus exorcised, guessed at Don Quixote's fear by her own, and, in a low and doleful voice, answered: "Signor Don Quixote, if, peradventure, your worship be indeed Don Quixote, I am no phantom, nor apparition, nor soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to think, but simply Donna Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady duchess, and I am come to your worship with one of those cases of necessity your worship is wont to remedy."—"Tell me then, Signora Donna Rodriguez," interrupted Don Quixote, "does your ladyship, peradventure, come in quality of procuress? If you do, I give you to understand I am fit for nobody's turn, thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Signora Donna Rodriguez, on condition you waive all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return hither; and we will discourse of whatever you please to command, excepting, as I told you, all kinds of amorous excitements."—"I bring messages, good sir!" answered the duenna; "your worship mistakes me very much. I am not yet so advanced in years to be forced to betake myself to so low an employment; for, God be praised, my soul is still in my body, and all my teeth in my head, excepting a few usurped from me by catarrhs, so common in this country of Aragon. But stay a little, sir, till I go and light my candle, and I will return instantly, to relate my woes to your worship, as to the redresser of all the grievances in the world."

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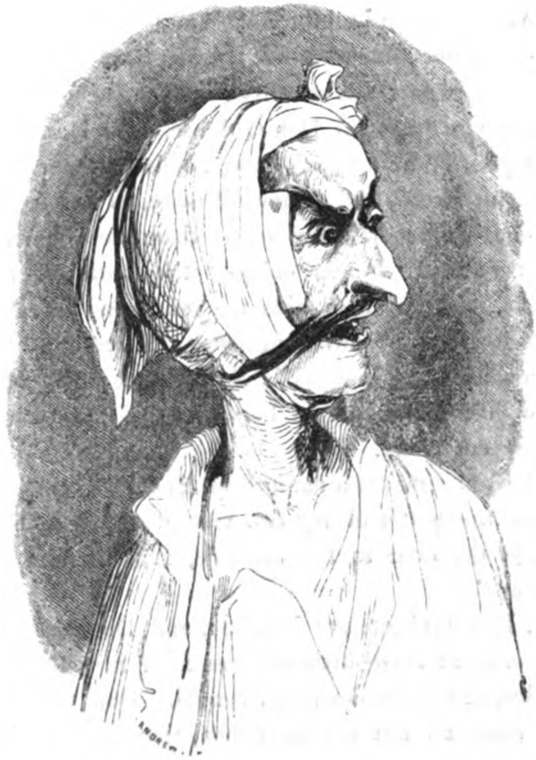
[542] In the original, from the height of his tower of *atalaya*. This is the name (*Althalaya'h*) by which the Arabs called certain little towers situated on eminences, whence their watchmen gave warning of the movements of the enemy, by means of signals repeated from post to post.

Without staying for an answer, she went out of the room, leaving Don Quixote in expectation of her return. But a thousand thoughts crowded into his mind touching this new adventure. He became of opinion he had done ill, and judged worse, to expose himself to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his lady; and he said to himself: "Who knows but the devil, who is subtle and designing, means to deceive me now with a duenna, though he has not been able to effect it with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, or countesses? I have often heard ingenious people say that the devil, if he can, will sooner tempt a man with a flat nose than a hawk-nosed woman. Who can tell but this solitude, this opportunity, this silence, may awaken my slumbering desires, and, in my declining years, make me fall where I never yet stumbled? In such cases, it is better to fly than stand the battle..... But, sure I am not in my right senses, to talk so idly. No; it is impossible that a white veiled, lank and spectacled duenna should move or excite a wanton thought in the lewdest breast in the world. Is there a duenna upon earth that has tolerable flesh and blood? is there a duenna upon the globe, that is not impertinent, wrinkled, and squeamish? Avaunt then, ye rabble of duennas, useless to any human pleasure! O, how rightly did the lady act, of whom it is said, that she had at the foot of her state sofa a couple of statues of duennas, with their spectacles and



bobbin-cushions, as if they were at work! And these statues served every whit as well for the dignity of her state-room as real duennas!"

So saying, he jumped off the bed, designing to lock his door and not let Signora Rodriguez enter. But, before he could shut it, Signora Rodriguez returned, with a lighted taper of white wax. When she saw Don Quixote so much nearer, wrapped up in his quilt, with his bandages, and night-cap, she was again frightened, and, retreating two or three steps: "Sir Knight," said she, "am I safe? for I take it to be no very good sign of modesty that your worship is got out of bed."—"I should rather ask you that question, madam," answered Don Quixote. "And therefore I do ask if my person is safe from violence?"—"By whom and from whom, Sir Knight, do you expect this security?" returned the duenna. "By you and from you," replied Don Quixote, "for I am not made of marble, nor you, I suppose, of brass, nor is it ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, and somewhat more, as I imagine, and we are in a room closer and more secret than the cave in which the bold and traitorous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender hearted Dido. But, madam, give me your hand; for I desire no greater security than my own continence and reserve, besides what that most reverend veil inspires." So speaking, he kissed his right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which the duenna gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet makes a parenthesis, and says: "By Mahomet! I would give the better of my two vests, to have seen these two walking from the door to the bed-side, handing and handed so ceremoniously."

In short, Don Quixote got into bed, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some little distance from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down her candle. Don Quixote covered himself up close, all but his face; then, they both having paused awhile, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote. "Now, Signora Donna Rodriguez," said he, "you may unrip and unbosom all that is in your careful heart and piteous bowels; you shall be heard by me with chaste ears, and assisted by compassionate deeds."—"I believe it," answered the duenna; "for none but so christian an answer could be expected from your worship's gentle and pleasing presence. The business then is, Signor Don Quixote, that, though your worship sees me sitting in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of Aragon, in the garb of a poor persecuted duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family allied to some of the best of that province. But my hard fortune, and the negligence of my parents, which reduced them, I knew not which way, to untimely poverty, carried me to the court of Madrid, where, for peace' sake, and to prevent greater inconveniences, my parents placed me in the service of a great lady; and I would have your worship know that, in making needle cases and plain work, I was never outdone by anybody in all my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country, whence, in a few years after, I believe they went to heaven, for they were very good and Catholic Christians. I remained an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages and short commons usually given in great houses to such kind of servants. But, about that time, without my giving any encouragement for it, a gentleman-usher of the family fell in love with me. He was a man in years, with a fine beard, of a comely person, and, above all, as good a gentleman as the king himself, for he was a mountaineer[543]. We did not carry on our amours so secretly but they came to the notice of my lady, who, without more ado, had us married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the Catholic Roman church. From this marriage sprung a daughter, to finish my misfortune, not that I died in child-bed, for I went my full time, and was safely delivered; but because my husband died soon after of a certain fright he took, and had I but time to tell the manner how, your worship, I am sure, would be astonished." Here the duenna began to weep most tenderly, and said: "Pardon me, good Signor Don Quixote; but I cannot command myself; so often as I call to mind my unhappy spouse, my eyes overflow with tears. Holy Virgin! with what stateliness did he use to carry my lady behind him on a puissant mule, black as jet! for in those times neither coaches nor sedans were in fashion, as it is said they are now, and the ladies rode behind their squires. Nevertheless, I cannot help telling you the following story, that you may see how punctilious and well-bred my good husband was.

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[543] *Montanes*, born in the mountains of the Asturias, where all the inhabitants look upon themselves as the descendants of Pelagius and his companions.

"At the entrance of the *Calle* de Santiago, in Madrid, which is very narrow, an alcalde of one of the courts happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him. As soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule about, as if he designed to wait upon the alcalde. My lady, who was behind him, said to him in a low voice: 'What are you doing, blockhead! am not I here?' The judge civilly stopped his horse, and said: 'Keep on your way, sir, it is my business rather to wait upon my lady Donna Casilda' (that was my mistress's name). My husband persisted, cap in hand, in his intention of waiting upon the alcalde. When my lady observed this, full of choler and indignation, she pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and stuck it in the small of his back. My husband bawled out, and, writhing his body, down he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen ran to help her up, as did the alcalde and his officers. The gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people that stood there, were all in an uproar. My mistress was forced to walk home on foot; my husband went to a barber, telling him he was quite run through and through the bowels. The courteousness and breeding of my spouse was rumoured abroad, insomuch that the boys got it, and teased him with it in the streets. Upon this account, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady turned him away, the grief whereof, I verily believe, was the death of him. I was left a widow, without the least resource, with a daughter upon my hands who went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea. Finally, as I had the reputation of a good workwoman at my needle, my lady duchess, who was then newly married to my lord duke, would needs have me with her to this kingdom of Aragon, together with my daughter. In process of time my daughter has grown up, and with her all the accomplishments in the world. She sings like any lark, dances quickly as thought, capers as if she would break her neck, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like an usurer. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running brook is not cleaner; and she now numbers, if I remember right, sixteen years five months and three days, one more or less. In a word, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives not far off in a village of my lord duke's, grew enamoured of this girl of mine; to be short, I know not how it came about, but they got together, and, under promise of becoming her husband, he has seduced my daughter. He now refuses to perform his promise, and though my lord duke knows the affair, and I have complained again and again to him, and begged him to command this same young farmer to marry my daughter, yet he turns the deaf ear, and will hardly vouchsafe to listen to me. The reason is because the seducer's father is rich, and lends him money, and is bound for him on all occasions, and therefore he will not disoblige or offend him in any wise. Now, good sir, my desire is that your worship take upon you the redressing this wrong, either by entreaty or by force of arms; for, according to universal report, your worship was born to redress grievances, to right the injured and succour the miserable. Be pleased, sir, to consider my daughter's fatherless condition, her gentility, her youth, and all the good qualities I have already mentioned. On my soul and conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe. One of them, called Altisidora, who is reckoned to be the liveliest and most graceful of them all, falls above two leagues short, in comparison with my daughter. You must know, dear sir, that all is not gold that glitters. This same little Altisidora has more self-conceit than beauty, and more assurance than modesty; besides, she is none of the soundest, for her breath is so strong there is no enduring to be a moment near her; even my lady duchess herself.... but mum for that, for they say walls have ears."—"What of my lady duchess?" cried Don Quixote; "tell me, madam Rodriguez, by my life."—"Thus conjured," the duenna replied, "I cannot but answer to whatever is asked me with all truth. Your worship, Signor Don Quixote, must have observed the beauty of my lady duchess, that complexion like any bright and polished sword, those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun in the one and the moon in the other; that stateliness with which she treads, or rather disdains the very ground she walks on, that one would think she went dispensing health wherever she passes. Know then, sir, she may thank God for it, in the first place, and in the next, two fountains[544] she has, one in each leg, which discharge all the bad humours of which the physicians say she is full."—"Holy Virgin!" cried Don Quixote, "is it possible my lady duchess has such drains? I should never have believed it had the bare-footed friars themselves told it me; but, since madam Donna Rodriguez says it, it must needs be so. But such fountains, and in such places, must distil nothing but liquid amber. Verily, I am now convinced that this making of fountains is a matter of great consequence in respect to health[545]."

Scarcely had Don Quixote said this, when the chamber door was thrown wide open. Surprise made Donna Rodriguez let fall her candle out of her hand, and the room remained as dark as pitch, as the saying is. Presently the poor duenna found herself griped so fast by the throat with two hands, that she could not squall; another person, very nimbly, without speaking a word, whipped up her petticoats, and with a slipper, as it seemed, gave her so many slaps that it would have moved one's pity, as it did that of Don Quixote, who, however, lay still and silent, fearing lest the flogging should come next to his turn. His fear proved not in vain, for the silent executioners, leaving the well beaten duenna afraid to utter a cry, came to Don Quixote, and turning down the bed-clothes, they pinched him so often and so hard, that he could not forbear going to fisty-cuffs in his own defence, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted some half an hour; the phantoms vanished: Donna Rodriguez adjusted her dress, and, bewailing her misfortune, marched out at the door without saying a word to Don Quixote, who, sad and sorely pinched, confused and pensive, remained alone, where we will leave him, impatient to learn who that perverse enchanter was that had handled him so roughly. But this shall be told in its proper place, for Sancho Panza calls upon us, and the symmetry of the history requires that we return to him.

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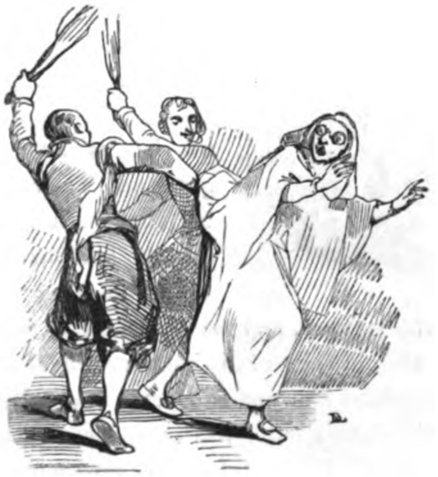
[544] So issues were called. (Vide *Gil Blas*, book vii. ch. i.)

[545] Issues and setons in the arms and legs, and even behind the neck, were very much in use in Cervantes' time. Matias de Lera, Philip IV.'s surgeon, says, in a treatise on the subject, that this remedy was by some employed to cure occasional slight fits of illness, by others to guard against the same, finally, by others, *wantonly and solely with a view of being in fashion*. (*Practica de fuentes y sus utilidades.*)

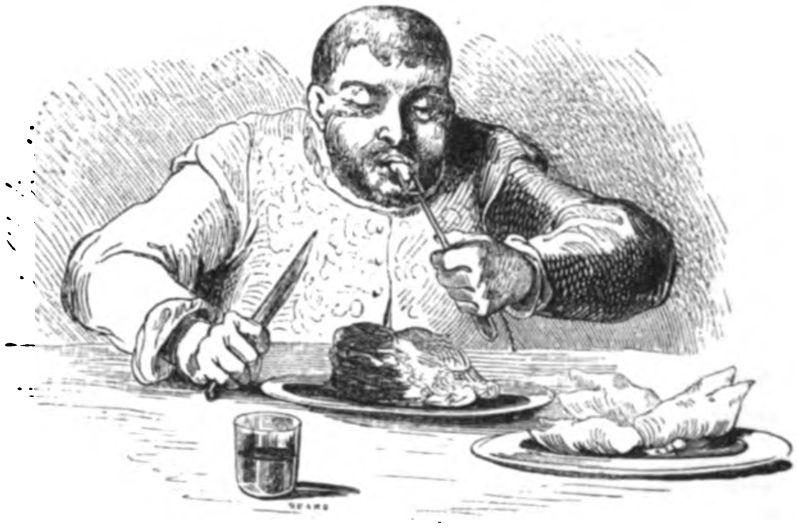


CHAPTER XLIX.

OF WHAT BEFEL SANCHO PANZA AS HE WAS GOING THE ROUND OF HIS ISLAND.

Now let us turn to the grand governor. The reader will remember that we left him moody and out of humour at the knavish, picture-drawing peasant, who, nstructed by the steward, and he by the duke, made fine game of Sancho Panza, who, in spite of his ignorance, held them all in tack. He said to those about him, and to Doctor Pedro Recio, who, when the secret of the duke's letter was over, came back into the hall: "I now plainly perceive that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, if they would be insensible to the importunities of your men of business, who, being intent upon their own affairs alone, come what will, at all hours and at all times will needs be heard and despatched. And if the poor judge does not hear and despatch them, either because he cannot, or because it is not the proper time for giving them audience, presently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Foolish and impertinent man of business, be not in such haste; wait for the proper season and conjuncture for negotiation; come not at dinner-time, nor at bed time, for judges are made of flesh and blood: they must give to their nature what their nature requires, except only poor I, who do not so by mine, thanks to Pedro Recio Tirteafuera here present, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms that death is life. God grant the same life to him and all those of his tribe, I mean bad physicians, for good ones deserve palms and laurels."

All who knew Sancho Panza, were in admiration to hear him talk so elegantly, and could not tell what to ascribe it to, unless that offices and weighty employments quicken and enliven some understandings, as they confound and stupify others. In short, Doctor Pedro Recio Aguero de Tirteafuera promised he should sup that night, though it were contrary to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this promise the governor rested satisfied, and waited with great impatience the coming of the night, and with it the hour of supper. And though time, to his thinking, stood still, yet at length the wished-for hour came, and they gave him some cow-beef hashed with onions, and calves' feet, somewhat of the stalest, boiled. However he laid about him, with more relish than if they had given him Milan god-wits, Roman pheasants, veal of



Sorento, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos. In the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, he said: "Look you, master doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your tit-bits; it will be throwing my stomach quite off the hinges, which is accustomed to goat's-flesh, cow-beef and bacon, with turnips and onions. If perchance you give it court-ragouts and fricassees, it receives them with squeamishness, and sometimes with loathing. What master sewer here may do is to get me some of those eatables you call your *ollas podridas*[346]; the stronger the better: and you may insert and stuff in them whatever you will, so it be eatable; I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends. But let nobody play upon me; for either we are, or we are not. Let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship, for, when God sends daylight, it is day for everybody. I will govern this island without losing my own right or taking away another man's. But let every one keep a good look-out, and mind each man his own business, for I would have him to know the devil is in the wind, and, if I am put to it, wonders will be seen; if not, make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you."—"Certainly, my lord governor," said the sewer, "there is reason in all your worship says, and I dare engage, in the name of all the islanders of this island that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your sweet way of governing from the very first leaves us no room to do or think anything that may redound to the disservice of your worship."—"I believe it," answered Sancho, "and they would be fools if they did or thought otherwise. And I tell you again to take care for my sustenance, and for that of my donkey; this is what is most important in the business. When the hour comes, I will go the round, for it is my intention to clear this island of all manner of filth, vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers. You must understand, friends, that idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are the same as drones in a bee-hive, which eat the honey that the industrious bees lay up in store. My design is to protect the peasants, preserve to the hidalgos their privileges, reward ingenious artists, and, above all, to respect religion and honour the religious. What think ye of this, my friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brain to no purpose?"—"My lord governor," said the steward, "speaks so well, that I wonder to hear a man, so void of learning as your worship, who, I believe, cannot so much as read, say such and so many things, all so sententious and instructive, so far beyond all that could be expected from your worship's former understanding by those who sent us, and by us who are come hither. But every day produces new things; jests turned into earnest, and jokers are joked upon."

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[346] *Ollas podridas.* They are composed of beef, mutton, bacon, chickens, partridges, [illegible] black puddings, vegetables, and of many other kinds of ingredients. The [illegible] of this dish doubtless comes from the circumstance of the meat, etc. of which [illegible] being stewed so long that it comes off the bones, and forms a mass like [illegible]

The night came, and the governor supped, with the licence of Signor Doctor Recio. Every thing being prepared for the round, he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer who had the care of recording his actions, together with alguazils, and judicial functionaries enough to have formed a middling battalion. In the midst of them marched Sancho, with his rod of office in his hand. They had scarcely traversed a few streets, when they heard the clashing of swords. They hastened to the place, and found two men fighting; who, seeing the officers coming, desisted, and one of them cried: "Help, in the name of God and the king! Is it permitted in this town to rob folks, and attack them in the streets?"—"Be quiet, honest man," said Sancho, "and tell me what is the occasion of this fray; I am the governor." The antagonist now said: "My lord governor, I will briefly relate the matter. Your honour must understand that this gentleman is just come from winning, in that gaming-house yonder, over the way, above a thousand reals, and God knows how. And I, being present, gave judgment in his favour in many a doubtful point, against the dictates of my conscience. He rose to depart with the winnings, and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at least, by way of a present,[547] as is the usage and custom among gentlemen of distinction, such as I am, who stand by, ready at all adventures to back unreasonable demands and prevent quarrels, he pocketed his money and went out of the house. I followed him in dudgeon, and, with good words, and civil expressions, desired him to give me though it were but eight reals, since he knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing, and left me nothing. But this knave, as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would give me but four reals. Judge, my lord governor, how little shame and how little conscience he has. But, in faith, had it not been for your honour's coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and have taught him how many ounces go to the pound."—"What say you to this, friend?" asked Sancho. The other answered: "All that my adversary has said is true. I did not intend to give him more than four reals, for I have often before given him money; and they who expect presents from players should be polite, and cheerfully accept whatever is offered them, without standing upon terms with the winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers, and that their winnings are unfairly gotten.

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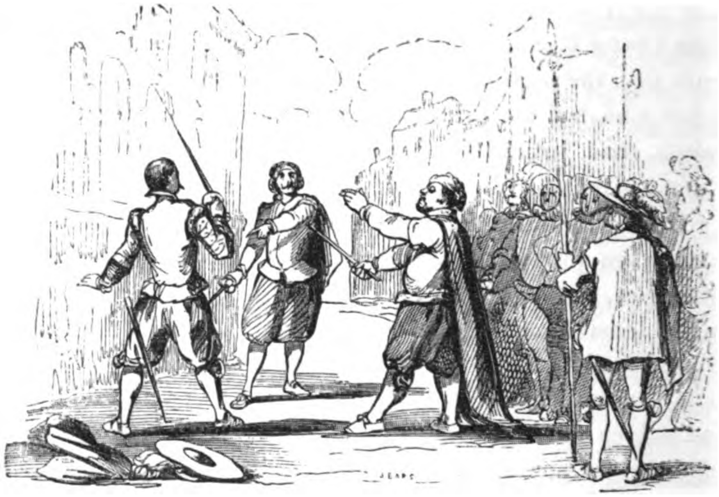
[547] *Barato* was the name of a kind of gratuity given by winning players to the spectators who took their part. These spectators, who were called *barateros* or *mirones*, were



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divided into *pedagogos* or *gansos*, those who instructed new beginners, and *doncaires*, those who directed the game and decided doubtful throws. The word *barato* also signified the fee paid by players for the use of cards, etc. to the masters of gambling-houses, which were as frequently kept by noble lords as by poor men, and which had a whole host of names, such as *tablages*, *tablagerias*, *casas de conversacion*, *leneras*, *mundrachos*, *encierros*, *garitos*.

But, to demonstrate that I am an honest man, and no cheat, as he alleges, there could be no stronger proof than my refusal to comply with his demand; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers-on who know them."—"That is true," said the steward; "be pleased, my lord governor, to adjudge what shall be done with these men."—"What shall be done, is this," answered Sancho: "you, master winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give your backer here immediately a hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners. You, sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take these hundred reals instantly, and, sometime to-morrow, get out of this island for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing your banishment in the next life, for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman shall do it for me. And let no man reply, lest I punish him severely."

The one paid the money, the other pocketed it: the one went out of the island, the other went home to his house. Then the governor said: "It shall cost me a fall, or I will demolish these gaming-houses, for I have a suspicion that they are very prejudicial." "This, at least," said one of the scriveners, "your honour cannot put down, for a great person keeps it, and what he loses in the year is beyond comparison more than what he gains by cards. Your worship may exert your authority against petty gaming-houses, which do more harm and cover more abuses. In the houses which belong to persons of quality, notorious cheats dare not put their tricks in practice. And since the vice of play is become a common practice, it is better it should go forward in the houses of people of distinction than in those of mean quality, where they take in unfortunate flats after midnight, and strip off their very skin[318]."—"Well, master notary," answered Sancho, "there is a great deal to be said on this subject."

An archer now arrived, dragging a young man by the collar of his doublet. "My lord governor," said he, "this youth was coming towards us; but as soon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about and began to run like a stag, a sign he must be some delinquent. I pursued him, and, had he not stumbled and fallen I should never have overtaken him."—"Why did you fly, young man?" asked Sancho. The youth replied: "My lord, to avoid answering the multitude of questions officers are wont to ask."—"What trade are you?"—"A weaver."—"And what do you weave?"—"Iron heads for spears, so please your worship."—"You are pleasant with me, and value yourself upon being a joker; it is very well. But whither were you going?"—"To take the air,* sir."—"And pray, where do people take the air in this island?"—"Where it blows."—"Good, you answer to the purpose; you are a discreet youth. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to gaol. Here, lay hold of him, and carry him to prison: I will make him sleep[549] there to-night without air."—"Before Heaven," said the youth, "your honour can no more make me sleep there than you can make me a king."—"Why cannot I make you sleep in prison?" demanded Sancho, "have I not power to confine or release you as I please?"—"How much power soever your worship may have, you have not enough to make me sleep in prison."—"Why not?" replied Sancho; "away with him, immediately, where he shall see his mistake with his own eyes; and lest the gaoler should put his interested generosity in practice, I will fine him two thousand ducats if he suffers you to stir a step from the prison."—"All this is matter of laughter," answered the youth, "and I still defy all the world to make me sleep this night in prison."—"Tell me, devil," cried Sancho, "have you some angel to deliver you, and unloose the fetters I intend to have clapped on you?"—"My lord governor," answered the youth, with an air of pleasantry, "let us abide by reason and come to the point. Supposing your worship orders me to gaol, to be loaded with chains and fetters, to be clapped into the dungeon with heavy penalties laid upon the gaoler if he lets me stir out: and supposing these orders punctually obeyed, if I have no mind to sleep, but to keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyelids, can your worship, with all your power, make me sleep whether I will or not?"—"No, certainly," said the secretary, "and the man has carried his point."—"So that," added Sancho, "you would forbear sleeping, only to have your own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine?"—"No, my lord," said the youth, "not even in thought."—"Then God be with you," continued Sancho; "return home to sleep, and I wish you a good night's rest, for I will not endeavour to deprive you of it. But I advise you, for the future, not to be so jocose with officers of justice, for you may meet with one that may lay the joke over your back."

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[318] *Modorros* means experienced sharpers who passed the first half of the night in sleep, and came, like fresh troops, to fall at midnight on the heated and exhausted players, whom they easily stripped of all their remaining cash This the gamblers called in their slang, lying by for the gleaning (*quedarse à la espiga*).

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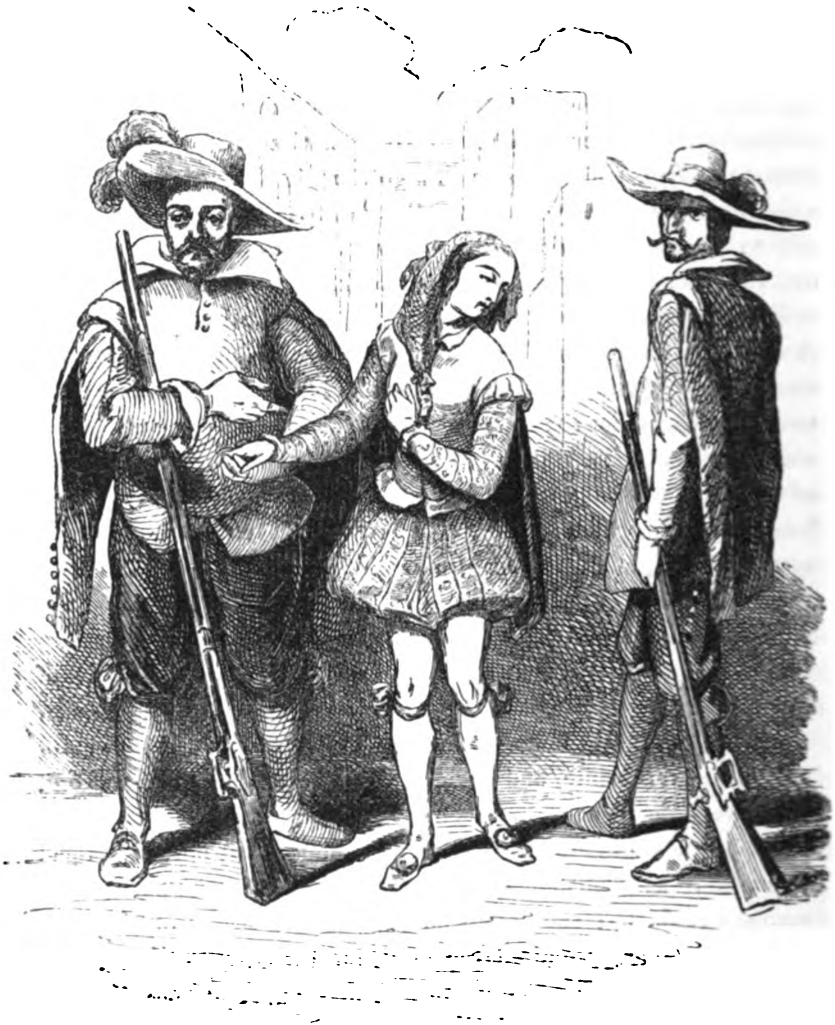
* *Tomar el ayre.* The same idiom in both languages.

[549] The Spanish verb *to sleep* means also to go to bed. Hence the kind of quibble about to follow.

The youth went his way, and the governor continued his round. A few steps farther on, they came to two archers holding a man by the arm. "My lord governor," said they, "this person, who seems to be a man, is not so: she is a woman, and no ugly one either, in man's clothes." They lifted up two or three lanterns, by the light of which they discovered the face of a woman, seemingly sixteen years of age, or thereabouts. Her hair was tucked up under a network cawl of gold and green silk, and she herself beautiful as a thousand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot, and saw she had on a pair of flesh-coloured stockings, with garters of white taffeta, and tassels of gold and seed pearl. Her breeches were of green and gold tissue, and she had on a loose coat of the same, under which she wore a very fine waistcoat of white and gold stuff. Her shoes were white, and such as men wear. She had no sword, but a very rich dagger; and on her fingers were many brilliant rings. In a word, everybody liked the maiden, but no one of them knew her. The inhabitants of the town said they could not imagine who she could be; and they who were in the secret of the jests put upon Sancho admired the most, for the adventure was not of their contriving. They were in suspense, expecting the issue of this unforeseen accident. Sancho was struck with the beauty of the young lady, and asked her who she was, whither she was going, and what had moved her to dress herself in that habit. She replied, fixing her eyes on the ground, and blushing with shame: "Sir, I cannot declare so publicly what I am so much concerned to keep a secret. Only one thing I must assure you, that I am no thief, nor criminal person, but an unhappy maiden, whom the force of a certain jealousy has made break through the respect due to modesty." The steward, hearing this, said to Sancho: "My lord governor, order all your attendants to go aside, that this lady may speak her mind with less concern." The governor did so, and they



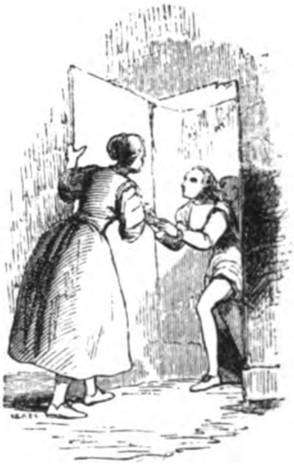
all went aside, excepting the steward, the sewer, and the secretary. Then the damsel proceeded, saying: "Gentlemen, I am daughter to Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wool of this town, and comes frequently to my father's house."—"This will not pass, madam," said the steward, "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and am sure he has no child, son nor daughter. Besides your saying he is your father, you immediately add that he comes often to your father's house."—"I took notice of that," said Sancho. "Indeed, gentlemen," answered the damsel, "I am in such confusion that I know not what I say. But the truth is, I am daughter to Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know."—"This may be true," answered the steward, "for I know Diego de la Llana; I know that he is a rich and noble hidalgo, that he has a son and a daughter, and that, since he has been a widower, nobody in all the country can say they have seen the face of his daughter, for he keeps her so confined that he will not give the sun leave to shine upon her, yet report says she is extremely handsome."—"That is true," answered the damsel, "and that daughter am I. Whether fame lies or not as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, are judges, since you have seen me." So saying, she began to weep most bitterly. The secretary perceiving this, whispered the sewer, and said very softly: "Without doubt, something of importance must have been the cause of so considerable a person as this young lady leaving her own house, in such a dress and at such an hour."—"No doubt of that," answered the sewer, "besides that our suspicion is confirmed by her tears."

Sancho comforted her the best he could, and desired her to tell them the whole matter without fear, promising that they would all endeavour to serve her cheerfully to the utmost of their power. "The case is, gentlemen," replied she, "that my father has kept me locked up these ten years past, that is to say, ever since my poor mother has been in her grave. Mass is said in our house in a rich oratory, and, in all this time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night. I do not know what streets, squares, or churches are, nor even men, excepting my father and brother, and Pedro Perez the wool farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say he was my father, to conceal the truth. This confinement, and denying me leave to go out, even to church, has for many days and months past disquieted me very much. I had a mind to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, thinking this desire was no breach of that decency young ladies ought to preserve towards themselves. When I heard talk of bull-fights, of ring-races, and the representation of plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those things were, and several others that I had never seen. He used to describe them to me in the best manner he could, and this did but inflame the desire I had of seeing them. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated my brother, and would to God that I had never prayed nor entreated him! . . . ." At these words the young lady began weeping again. The steward said to her: "Proceed, madam, and make an end of telling us what has befallen you; for your words and tears hold us all in suspense."—"I have but a few words left to say," answered the damsel, "though many tears to shed, for such misplaced desires as mine can be atoned for no other way."

The beauty of the damsel had rooted itself in the soul of the sewer; he held up his lantern again, to have another view of her, and fancied the tears she shed were dew-drops of the morning, or even orient pearls. He heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her tears and sighs seemed to indicate. The governor was out of all patience at the girl's dilatory manner of telling her story, and bid her keep them no longer in suspense, for it grew late, and they had a great deal more of the town to go over. She continued between interrupted sobs and broken sighs, in these words: "All my misfortune and unhappiness consist in that I desired my brother to dress me in his clothes, and carry me out one night, when my father was asleep, to see the town. He, prevailed on by entreaties, granted my desire. Putting me on this habit, and dressing himself in a suit of mine, which fits as if it were made for him (for he has not a hair of beard, and one would take him for a very beautiful girl), this night, about an hour ago, we quitted our house. Guided by our own footboy and our unruly fancies, we traversed the whole town, and, as we were returning home, saw a great company of people; my brother said to me: "Sister, this must be the round; put wings to your feet and fly after me, that they may not know us, or it will be worse for us." So saying, he turned his back and began, not to run, but to fly. Before I had gone six paces, I fell down through terror, and at that instant the officer of justice coming up, seized and brought me before your honour, where my indiscreet longing has covered me with shame before so many people."—"In effect, then, madam," said Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you; nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, carry you from home?"—"No other thing," said she, "has befallen me, nor is there any jealousy in the case, but merely a desire of seeing the world, which went no farther than seeing the streets of this town." The arrival of two sergeants, one of whom had overtaken and seized her brother as he fled from his sister, confirmed the truth of what the damsel had said. The youth had on nothing but a rich petticoat and a blue damask mantle with a border of gold; he wore no head-dress nor ornament but his own hair, which was so fair and curling that it seemed so many ringlets of fine gold.

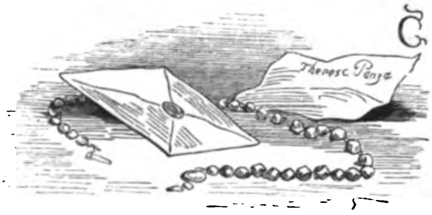
The governor, steward and the sewer, took him aside, and, without letting his sister hear, asked him how he came to be in that disguise; and he, with no less bashfulness and concern, told the same story as his sister, at which the enamoured sewer was much pleased. But the governor said to the young people: "Really, gentlefolks, this is a very childish trick, and to relate this piece of folly there needed not half so many tears and sighs. Had you but said our names are so and so, we got out of our father's house by such a contrivance only out of curiosity and with no other design at all, the tale had been told, and all these weepings and wailings might have been spared."—"That is true," answered the damsel, "but the confusion I was in was so great that it did not suffer me to acquit myself as I ought."—"There is no harm done," answered Sancho; "we will see you safe to your father's, perhaps he has not missed you; and henceforward be not so childish and eager to see the world. The maid that is modest and a broken leg should stay at home, and the hen was lost by gadding abroad, and she who desires to see desires no less to be seen; I say no more."

The youth thanked the governor for the favour he intended them in seeing them safe home, and they bent their course that way, the house not being far off. When they arrived, the brother threw up a little stone to a grated window, and that instant a servant-maid who waited for them, came down and opened the door and they went in, leaving every one in admiration at their elegance and beauty as well as at their desire of seeing the world by night, and without stirring out of the town. But they imputed all to their tender years. The sewer's heart was pierced through and through, and he proposed within himself to demand her the next day of her father in marriage, taking it for granted he would not refuse him, seeing that he was one of the duke's servants. Sancho too had some thoughts of matching the young man with his daughter Sanchica. He determined to bring it about the first opportunity, fancying to himself that no match would be refused the governor's daughter. Thus ended that night's round; and, two day's after, the government too, which put an end to all his designs and expectations, as will presently be seen.



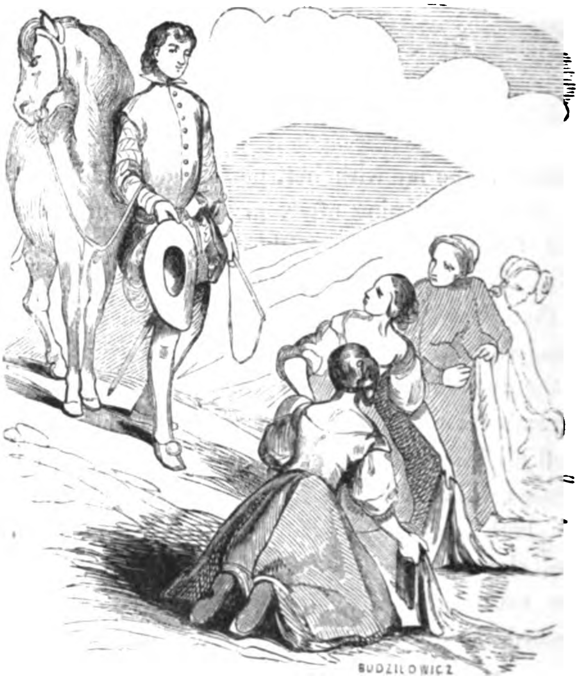
CHAPTER L.

IN WHICH IS DECLARED WHO WERE THE ENCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT WHIPPED THE DUENNA AND PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE; WITH THE SUCCESS OF THE PAGE WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHO'S WIFE.



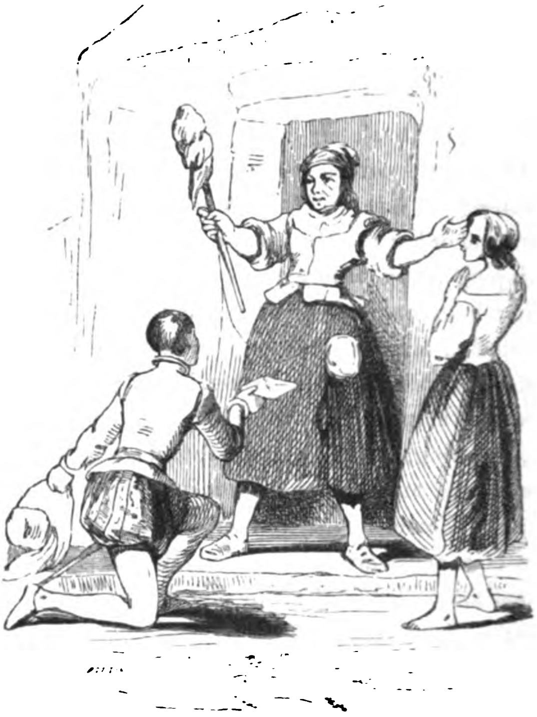
CID HAMET, the most punctual searcher after the very atoms of this true history, says that when Donna Rodriguez went out of her own chamber to go to Don Quixote's, another donna, who lay with her, perceived it, and, as all duennas have the itch of listening after, prying into, and smelling out things, she followed her, so softly that good Rodriguez did not perceive it. When, as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's chamber, that she might not be wanting in the general humour of all duennas, which is to be tell-tales, away she went that instant to acquaint the duchess that Donna Rodriguez was then actually in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess acquainted the duke with it and desired his leave that she and Altisidora might go and see what was the duenna's business with Don Quixote. The duke consented, and they both very softly, and step by step, went and posted themselves close to the door of Don Quixote's chamber, so close that they overheard all that was said within. But when the duchess heard the duenna expose the fountains of her issues, she could not bear it, nor Altisidora neither. They both, brimful of choler and longing for revenge, bounced into the room and pinched Don Quixote and whipped the duenna in the manner above related: for affronts, levelled against the beauty and vanity of women, awaken their wrath in an extraordinary manner, and inflame them with a desire of revenging themselves! The duchess recounted to the duke all that had passed, with which he was much diverted; and, proceeding in her design of making sport with Don Quixote, she despatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea in the project of her disenchantment to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter (for Sancho was so taken up with his government that he had quite forgotten it), and with another from herself, and a large necklace of rich corals by way of present.

Now the history tells us that the page was very discreet and sharp: and, being extremely desirous to please his lord and lady, he departed with a very good will for Sancho's village. When he arrived near it, he saw some women washing in a brook, of whom



he demanded if they could tell him whether one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancha Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, lived in that town. At this question a young wench who was washing started up, and said: "That Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that knight our master."—"Come then, damsel," said the page, "and bring me to your mother, for I have a letter and a present for her from my lord your father."—"With all my heart, sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age; and, leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, without putting any thing on her head or her feet, for she was bare-legged and dishevelled, she ran skipping along before the page's horse, saying: "Come along, sir, our house stands just at the entrance of the village, and there you will find my mother in pain enough for not having heard any news of my father this great while."—"I bring her such good news," answered the page, "that she may well thank God for it."

In short, jumping, running, and capering all the way, the girl came to the village, and, before she got into the house, called aloud at the door: "Come forth, mother Teresa, come forth, come forth; here is a gentleman who brings letters and other things from my good father." On hearing her voice, Teresa Panza came out, spinning a distaff full of tow, dressed in a grey petticoat, so short, that it looked as if it had been docked at the placket, with a grey boddice also, and her smock-sleeves hanging about it. She was not very old, though she seemed to be above forty; but strong, hale, sinewy and hard as a hazel-nut. When she saw her daughter and the page on horseback: "What is the matter, girl?" cried she; "what gentleman is this?"—"It is an humble servant of my lady Donna Teresa Panza," answered the page. And as he spoke, he flung himself from his horse, and, with great respect, went and kneeled before the lady Teresa, saying: "Be pleased, Signora Donna Teresa, to give me your ladyship's hand to kiss, as being the lawful and only wife of Signor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria."—"Ah, dear of my soul, forbear, do not so," answered Teresa. "I am no court dame, but a poor countrywoman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor at all."—"Your ladyship," answered the page, "is the most worthy wife of an arch-worthy governor; and, in proof of what I say, be pleased, madam, to receive this letter and this present." So saying he pulled out of his pocket a string of corals, each bead set in gold; and putting it about her neck, he said: "This letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have here and these corals are from my lady duchess, who sends me to your ladyship." Teresa was amazed, and her daughter neither more or less. The little girl said: "May I die if our master, Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of this business, and has given papa the government or earldom he so often promised him."—"It is even so," answered the page, "and, through the instrumentality of Signor Don Quixote, my lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as you will see by this letter."—"Pray, young gentleman," said Teresa, "be pleased to read it; for, though I can spin,



I cannot read a tittle."—"Nor I neither," added Sanchica; "but stay a little, and I will go call somebody that can, though it be the priest himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father."—"There is no need of calling any body," said the page; "I cannot spin, but I can read, and will read it."

He then proceeded to open and read it, and, it having been inserted before, it is purposely omitted here. Then he pulled out that from the duchess, which ran as follows:

"FRIEND TERESA,—The good qualities, both of integrity and capacity, of your husband Sancho, moved and induced me to desire the duke my spouse to give him the government of one of the many islands he has. I am informed he governs like a hawk, at which I and my lord duke are mightily pleased; I give great thanks to Heaven that I have not been deceived in my choice of him for the said government; for let me tell madam Teresa it is a difficult thing to find a good governor now-a-days, and God make me as good as Sancho governs well! I send you, my dear, a string of corals set in gold. I wish they were of oriental pearl; but, as the proverb says, 'whoever gives thee a bone has no mind to see thee dead.' The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and converse together, and God knows what may happen. Commend me to Sanchica, your daughter, and tell her from me to get herself ready; I mean to marry her toppingly when she least thinks of it. I am told the sweet acorns of your town are very large. Pray send me some two dozen of them; I shall esteem them very much as coming from your hand. Write to me immediately, advising me of your health and welfare; and if you want anything, you need but open your mouth to be served to your heart's desire. So God keep you. From this place. Your loving friend,

"THE DUCHESS."

"Ah!" cried Teresa, when she had heard the letter, "how good, how plain, how humble a lady! Let me be buried with such ladies as this, and not with our village hidalgos' wives, who think, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not blow upon them, and go to church with as much vanity as if they were queens. One would think they took it for a disgrace to look upon a countrywoman; and see here how this good lady, though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal: equal may I see her to the highest steeple in La Mancha. As to the acorns, sir, I will send her ladyship a bushel, and such as for their size, people may come to see and admire from far and near. For the present, Sanchica, see and make much of this gentleman. Take care of his horse, bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, cut some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince; the good news he has brought us and his own good looks deserve no less. In the meanwhile, I will step out and carry my neighbours the news of our joy, and especially to his reverence the priest and master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always have been, your father's great friends."—"Yes, mother, I will," answered Sanchica; "but mind, I must have half that necklace, for I do not take my lady duchess to be such a fool as to send it all to you."—"It is all for you, daughter," answered Teresa, "but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for truly methinks it cheers my very heart."—"You will be no less cheered," added the page, "when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau. It is a habit of superfine cloth which the governor wore only one day at a hunting-match, and has sent to Signora Sanchica."—"May he live a thousand years!" answered Sanchica, "and the bearer neither more or less; ay, and two thousand if need be!"

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, and the beads about her neck. She played as she went along with her fingers upon the letters, as if they had been a timbrel. Accidentally meeting the priest and Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance and say, "In faith, we have no poor relations now, we have got a government. Let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me, I will teach her her proper distance."—"What is the matter, Teresa Panza? what extravagances are these, and what papers are those you have in your hand?" demanded the priest. "No other extravagances," answered she, "but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and that the necklace you see round my neck is real coral, the *Ave Marias* and the *Paternosters* are of beaten gold, and I am a governess."—"God be your aid, Teresa," replied the bachelor, "we understand you not, nor know what you mean."—"Believe your own eyes," answered Teresa, giving them the letters. The priest read them aloud to Sampson Carrasco, and both were not a little surprised at their contents. The bachelor demanded who had brought those letters. Teresa answered that if they would come home with her to her house, they should see the messenger, who was a youth as fair as an archangel, and that he had brought her another present, worth twice as much. The priest took the corals from her neck, and looked at them over and over again, and, being satisfied they were right, he began to wonder afresh. "By the gown I wear," cried he, "I know not what to say or think of these letters and presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other I read that a duchess sends to desire a dozen or two of acorns."—"Make these things tally, if you can," said Carrasco. "But let us go and see the bearer of this packet, who may give us some light into the difficulties which puzzle us."

They did so, and Teresa went back with them. They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to fry with eggs for the page's dinner, whose aspect and good appearance pleased them both very much. After they had politely saluted him, and he them, Sampson desired him to tell them news both of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. "For," added he, "though we have read Sancho's and the duchess's letters, still we are confounded, and cannot divine what Sancho's government can mean, especially of an island, most or all of those in the Mediterranean belonging to his majesty." The page answered: "That Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no manner of doubt. Whether it be an island that he governs, or not, I concern not myself at all. Let it suffice that it is a town containing above a thousand inhabitants. As to the sweet acorns, I say my lady duchess is so humble and affable that her sending to beg acorns of a countrywoman is nothing, for ere now she has sent to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours.

For you must know, gentlemen, that the ladies of Aragon, though of as great quality, are not so haughty or ceremonious as the ladies of Castile; they treat people with less formality."

While they were in the midst of this discourse, in came Sanchica with a basket of eggs. "Pray, sir," said she to the page, "does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hose[550]?"—"I never observed," answered the page; "but doubtless he does."—"God's my life!" replied Sanchica, "what a sight must it be to see my father with laced breeches! Is it not strange that ever since I was born I have longed to see my father with his breeches laced to his girdle?"—"I warrant you will, if you live," answered the page. "Before God, if his government lasts but two months, he is in a fair way to travel with a mask on his face[551]."

The curate and the bachelor easily perceived that the page spoke jestingly. But the fineness of the corals, and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent (for Teresa had already shown them the habit), completely mystified them. Nevertheless they could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's longing, and more when Teresa said: "Master priest, pray enquire if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, who may buy me a round farthingale in the last new fashion, and one of the best that is to be had. Verily, verily, I intend to honour my husband's government as much as I can; and, if they vex me, I will get me to this court myself, and ride in my coach as well as the best of them, for she who has a governor for her husband may very well have one and maintain it too."—"Ay, marry," cried Sanchica. "Would to God it were to-day rather than to-morrow, though folks that saw me seated in that coach with my lady mother should say: 'Do but see Sanchica the garlic-eater's daughter, how she sits in state, and lolls in her coach like a she-pope!' But let them jeer; let them trudge through the mud while I ride in my coach with my feet above the ground. A bad year and a worse month to all the murmurers in the world, and if I grow warm let fools laugh on. Say I well, mother?"—"Ay, mighty well, daughter," answered Teresa. "My good man Sancho foretold me all this, and even greater good luck; you shall see, daughter, it will never stop till it has made me a countess. To be lucky, the whole business is to begin; and as I often heard your good father, who, as he is yours, is also the father of proverbs, say: 'When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter; when a government is given you, seize it; when they give you an earldom, lay your claws on it; and when they whistle to you with a good gift, snap at it. If not, sleep on, and do not answer to the lucky hits and good fortune that stand calling at the door of your house.'"—"And what care I?" added Sanchica, "let who will say, when they see me step it stately and bridle it: 'The higher the monkey climbs, the more he exposes his bald haunches,' and so

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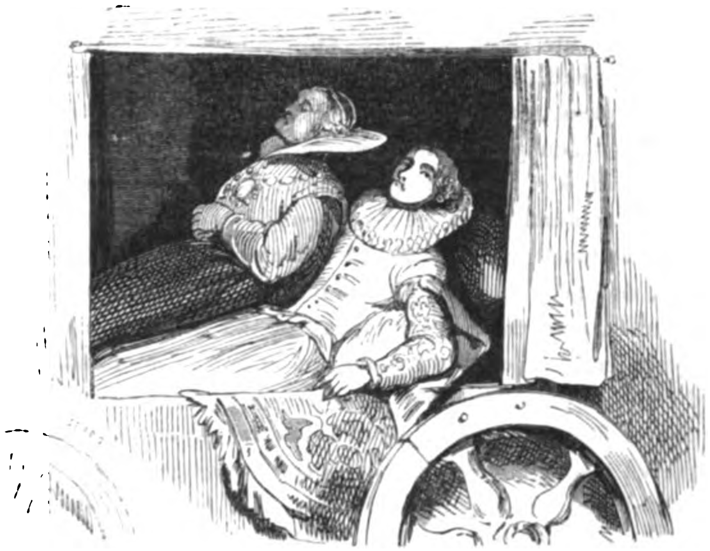
[550] These trunk-hose, laced tight to the leg and very full and ample from the middle of the thigh upwards, called *calzas atacadas* and more popularly *pedorreras*, we have been unable to render by any English word nearer than the word in the text. This garment was prohibited by a royal pragmatic, shortly after the appearance of the second part of *Don Quixote*. Ambrosio de Salazar relates that an hidalgo having been taken wearing *calzas atacadas*, after the prohibition, alleged in his defence when taken before the judges that his trunk-hose were the only cupboard he had to hold his clothes. He proceeded to draw from them, *a comb*, *a shirt*, *a pair of table cloths*, *two napkins and a sheet*. (*Las Clavillenas de Recreacion*, Brussels, 1625, page 99.)

[551] People of condition wore on journeys a kind of veil or very light mask to protect their countenance from the sun and wind. These masks were popularly called *papahigos*, swallow-figs.



forth." The priest, hearing this, said: "I cannot believe but all the race of the Panzas were born with a bushel of proverbs in their stomachs; I never saw one of them who did not scatter them about at all times, and in all discourses."—"I believe so too," added the page, "for my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step, and, though many of them are wide of the purpose, still they please, and my lady duchess and the duke commend them highly."—"You persist then in affirming, sir," said the bachelor, "this business of Sancho's government is real and true, and that these presents and letters are really sent by a duchess? For our parts, though we touch the presents, and have read the letters, we believe it not, and take it to be one of our countryman Don Quixote's adventures, who thinks every thing of this kind done by way of enchantment. Therefore I could almost find in my heart to touch and feel your person, to know whether you are a visionary messenger, or one of flesh and bones."—"All I know of myself, gentlemen," answered the page, "is that I am a real messenger, and that Signor Sancho Panza actually is a governor, that my lord duke and my lady duchess can give, and have given the said government, and I have heard it said that the said Sancho Panza behaves himself most notably in it. Whether there be any enchantment in this, or not, you may dispute by yourselves. By the oath I am going to take, which is, by the life of my parents who are living, and whom I dearly love[552], I know nothing more of the matter."—"It may be so," replied the bachelor; "but *dubitat Augustinus*."—"Doubt who will," answered the page, "the truth is what I tell you, and truth will always get above a lie, like oil above water. If you will not believe me, *operibus credite et non verbis;* come one of you gentlemen along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears."—"That jaunt is for me," cried Sanchica. "Take me behind you, sir, upon your nag, I will go with all my heart to see my honoured father."—"The daughters of governors," said the page, "must not travel alone, but attended with coaches, litters and good store of servants."—"Before God," answered Sanchica, "I can travel as well upon an ass's colt, as in a coach; I am none of your fastidious, squeamish folks."—"Peace, wench!" cried Teresa; you know not what you say, and the gentleman is in the right. According to reason, each thing in its season; when it was Sancho, Sancha; and when governor, Madam. Said I amiss, sir?"—"Madam Teresa says more than she imagines," replied the page; "but pray give me to eat, and despatch me quickly, for I return home this night."—"Come, sir," said the priest, "and do penance with me, for Madam Teresa has more good will than good cheer to welcome so worthy a guest."

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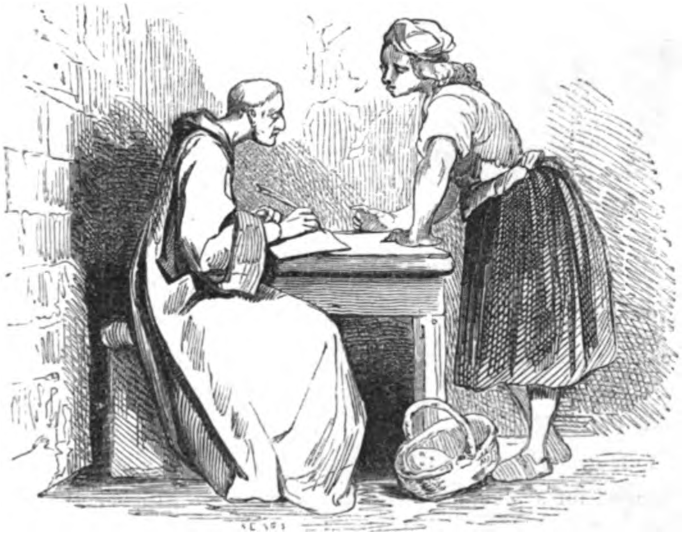
[552] To swear by the life of one's father and mother, was a form of oath very frequently used in Cervantes' time.

The page refused at first, but at length thought it most for his good to comply, and the priest very willingly took him home with him, that he might have an opportunity of enquiring at leisure after Don Quixote and his exploits. The bachelor offered Teresa to write answers to her letters; but she would not let him meddle in her matters, looking upon him as somewhat of a wag. She preferred to give a roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a young noviciate friar, who could write, and who wrote for her two letters, one for her husband, the other for the duchess, and both of her inditing, and none of the worst recorded in this grand history, as will be seen hereafter.



CHAPTER LI.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT, WITH OTHER ENTERTAINING EVENTS.

Losing sight of the page and Teresa for awhile, the history reverts to the husband of the latter. Day succeeded the night of the governor's round, which the sewer had passed without sleeping, his thoughts being taken up with the countenance, air, and beauty of the disguised damsel. The steward spent the remainder of it in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho Panza said and did, equally wondering at his deeds and sayings, for his words and actions were intermixed with strong indications both of discretion and folly. In short, signor governor got up, and, by the direction of Doctor Pedro Recio, they gave him to break his fast a little conserve and four draughts of cold water, which Sancho would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. But, making a virtue of necessity, he submitted to it with sufficient grief to his soul and toil to his stomach; Pedro Recio making him believe that light meals of light viands quicken the judgment, the properest thing that can be for persons appointed to rule and bear offices of dignity, in which there is not so much occasion for bodily strength as for that of the understanding. By means of this sophistry, poor Sancho endured hunger to such a degree, that, inwardly, he cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

However, with his hunger and his conserve, he sat in judgment that day; and the first thing that offered was a question proposed by a stranger, in the presence of the steward and the rest of the acolytes. It was this: "My lord, a main river divides the two parts of one lordship, and I beg my lord to be attentive, for it is a case of importance and somewhat difficult. I say then that over this river stood a bridge, and at the head of this bridge a gallows, and a kind of court-house, in which there met commonly four judges, whose office it was to give sentence according to a law enjoined by the owner of the river, of the bridge, and of the lordship; this law was thus conceived: 'Whoever passes over this bridge from one side to the other, must first take an oath whence he comes and what business he is going about. If he swear true, let him pass, but if he tell a lie, he shall die for it upon the gallows, without any remission.' This law being known, and the rigorous conditions thereof, several persons passed over; for, by what they swore, it was soon perceived that they swore the truth, and the judges accordingly allowed them to pass freely. Now it came to pass that a certain man to whom the question was put, swore and said: 'By the oath I have taken, I swear that I am going to die upon that gallows which stands yonder, and that this is my own business, and no other.' The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said, 'If we let this man pass freely, he swore a lie, and, by the law, he ought to die; but if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon that gallows, and having sworn the truth, by the same law he ought to go free.' It is now demanded of my lord governor how the judges shall proceed with this man; for they are still doubtful and undecided. Having been informed of the acuteness and elevation of your lordship's understanding, they have sent me to beseech your lordship, on their behalf, to give your opinion in so intricate and doubtful a case."

"For certain," answered Sancho, "these gentlemen, the judges who sent you to me, might have saved themselves and you the labour, for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me. Nevertheless, repeat me the business over again, that I may understand it: perhaps I may hit the mark." The querist repeated what he had said once or twice. Sancho then said, "In my opinion, this affair may be briefly resolved, thus: the man swears he is going to die on the gallows; if he is hanged, he swore the truth, and, by the law established, ought to be free and pass the bridge; if they do not hang him, he swore a lie, and, by the same law, ought to be hanged."—"It is just as signor governor says," rejoined the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to the right stating and understanding of the case."—"I say then," replied Sancho, "that they let pass that part of the man that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore a lie; thus the conditions of the passage will be literally fulfilled."—"If so, signor governor," returned the querist, "it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, the false and the true, and if he be cut asunder, he must necessarily die. Thus there will not a tittle of the law be fulfilled. Yet there is an express necessity of fulfilling the law."—"Come hither, honest man," answered Sancho. Either I am a very dunce, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie equally condemns him. This being so, as it really is, I am of opinion that you tell those gentlemen who sent you to me that, since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they let him pass freely, for it is always preferable to do good rather than harm; and this I would give under my hand, if I could write. Moreover, in this case, I speak not out of my own head, but upon recollection of a precept given me, among many others, by my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out to be governor of this island; which precept was, that when justice happens to be in the least doubtful, I should incline and lean to the side of mercy. God has been pleased to make me remember it in the present case, in which it comes in so pat."—"It does so," answered the steward, "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have given a better judgment than that now given by the great Panza. Let us have no more hearings this morning, and I will give order that signor governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction."—"That is what I desire, and let us have fair play," cried Sancho. "Let me but dine, and bring me cases and questions never so thick, I will despatch them in the snuffing of a candle."

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience not to starve so discerning a governor. Besides, he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play him the last trick he had in commission.

It came to pass that after Sancho had that day dined, against all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as the attendants were serving the dessert, a courier came with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho bid the secretary read it first to himself, and if there was nothing in it that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and glancing over it, "Well may it be read aloud," said he, "for what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be printed and written in letters of gold; the contents are these:

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA'S LETTER TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

LEARN, friend Sancho, that though I expected to have heard news of your negligences and impertinences, I have had accounts of your discretion; for which I give particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill,[553] and make wise men of fools. I am told you govern as if you were a man, and are a man as if you were a beast; such is the humility of your demeanour. But I would have you take notice, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the sake of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart; for the decent adorning of the person in weighty employments must be conformable to what those offices require, and not according to the measure of that to which a man's own humble condition inclines him. Go well clad: a broomstick well dressed does not appear a broomstick. I do not mean that you should wear jewels or fine clothes, nor, being a judge, that you should dress like a soldier; but that you should adorn yourself with such a habit as suits your employment, and such as is neat and handsomely made. To gain the goodwill of the people you govern, two things, among others, you must do: the one is to be civil to all, though I have already told you this; and the other, to take care that there be plenty, since nothing is so discouraging to the poor as hunger and dearness of provisions.

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[553] Psalms.

"Publish not many edicts; when you do enact pragmatics and decrees, see that they be good ones, and above all, that they are well observed; for edicts that are not kept are as if they had not been made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority sufficient to make them, had not the courage to see them put in execution. And laws that intimidate and are not executed, become like the log king of the frogs, which terrified them at first, but in time they contemned him and got upon his back.

"Be a father to virtue, and a cruel stepfather to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild, and choose the mean betwixt these two extremes; for therein consists the main point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, the markets; the presence of the governor, in such places, is of great importance.—Comfort the prisoners, that they may hope to be quickly despatched.—Be a bugbear to the butchers, who will then make their weights true, and to the market-people for the same reason.—Do not show yourself, though perchance you may be so, but I do not believe it, given to covetousness, to women, or gluttony; for when the town, and especially those who have to do with you, find your ruling passion, by that they will play their engines upon you, till they have battered you down into the depth of destruction.—View and re-view, consider and re-consider, the counsels and documents I gave you in writing before you went hence to your government: you will see how you will find in them, if you observe them, a choice supply to help to support you under the toils and difficulties which governors meet with at every turn.—Write to your patrons the duke and duchess, and show yourself grateful, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest of sins. The person who is grateful to those that have done him good, shows thereby that he will be so also to God, who has already done, and is continually doing him so much good.

"My lady duchess has despatched a messenger, with your suit, and another present, to your wife, Teresa Panza: we expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befel me, not much to the advantage of my nose; but it was nothing; if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know if the steward who is with you had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as you suspected. Give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to you, since the way is so short; I have besides thoughts of quitting this idle life very soon; for I was not born for it. A business has fallen out, which will, I believe, go near to bring me into disgrace with the duke and duchess. But though it afflicts me much, it affects me nothing; for, in short, I must comply with the rules of my profession rather than with their pleasure, according to the adage: *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I write this in Latin, for I persuade myself you have learned it since you have been a governor. And so farewell; and God have you in his keeping, that nobody may pity you.

"Your friend,
"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA."

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded and looked upon to be very judicious by all that heard it. Presently Sancho rose from the table, and, calling the secretary shut himself up with him in his chamber, resolved immediately to send an answer to his lord Don Quixote. He bid the secretary, without adding or diminishing a tittle, to write what he should dictate. The scribe obeyed, and the answer was to the following purpose:

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

QUIETNESS and pleasure, dear master of my soul, have been quite banished from me since I became a governor. The hurry of my business is so great, that I have not time to scratch my head, nor so much as to pare my nails, therefore I wear them very long, which God remedy. This I say, that your worship may not wonder, if hitherto I have given you no account of my well or ill being in this government, in which I have, hitherto, suffered more hunger than when we two wandered about through woods and deserts.

"My lord duke wrote to me the other day, giving me advice that certain spies were come into this island to kill me; but, so far, I have been able to discover no other besides a certain doctor, who has a salary in this place, for killing as many governors as shall come hither. He calls himself Doctor Pedro Recio, and is a native of Tirteafuera;[554] a name, before God, sufficient to make one fear dying by his hands! This same doctor says he does not cure distempers when people have them, but prevents them from coming. Now the medicines he uses are diet upon diet, till he reduces the patient to bare bones, as if a consumption were not a worse malady than a fever. In short, he is murdering me by hunger, and I am dying of despite; for, instead of coming to this government to eat hot and drink cool, and to recreate my body between Holland sheets upon beds of down, I am come to do penance, as if I were a hermit; and, as I do it against my will, I verily think, in the long run, the devil will carry me away.

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[554] Vide note 538, page 496 of this Volume.

"Hitherto I have touched no revenue nor taken any bribe, and I cannot imagine what it will end in; for here I am told that the governors who come to this island, before they set foot in it, used to receive a good sum of money by way of present or loan from the people, and, moreover, that this is the custom with those who go to other governments, as well as with those who come to this.

"The night before last, as I was going the round, I met a very handsome damsel in man's clothes, and her brother in woman's. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has, he says, already made choice of her for his wife. I have chosen the brother for my son-in-law. To-day we both intend to disclose our minds to their father, who is one Diego de la Llana, an hidalgo and an old Christian as much as one can desire.

"I visit the markets, as your worship advises me. Yesterday, I found a woman who sold new hazel-nuts, and it was proved upon her that she had mixed with the new a bushel of old rotten ones. I confiscated them all to the use of the charity-boys, who well know how to distinguish them, and sentenced her not to come into the market again for fifteen days. I am told I behaved bravely. What I can tell your worship, is that it is reported in this town that there is not a worse sort of people than your market-women, for they are all shameless, hard-hearted, and impudent, and I verily believe it is so, by those I have seen in other places.

"As concerning my lady duchess's having written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your worship mentions, I am mightily pleased with it, and will endeavour to show my gratitude at a proper time and place. Pray kiss her honour's hands in my name, and tell her she has not thrown her favours into a rent sack, as time will show. I would not wish you to have any cross-reckonings of disgust with our patrons the duke and duchess; for, if your worship quarrels with them, it is plain it must redound to my damage; and, since your worship advises me not to be ungrateful, it will not be proper you should be so yourself to those who have done you so many favours, and who have entertained you so generously in their castle.

"The cat business I understand not; but I suppose it must be one of those unlucky tricks the wicked enchanters are wont to play your worship; I shall know more when we meet. I would willingly send your worship something or other, but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes, which they make in this island very curiously. If my employment holds, I will look out for something to send, right or wrong[555]. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage, and send me the letter, for I have a mighty desire to know the estate of my house, my wife, and my children. And now, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government, which I doubt, for I expect to lay my bones here, considering how Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

"Your worship's servant,
"SANCHO PANZA, the Governor."

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The secretary made up the letter, and despatched the courier with it immediately; then, Sancho's mystifiers contrived among themselves how to put an end to his government. That evening Sancho spent in making some ordinances for the good government of that which he took to be an island. He decreed that there should be no monopolizers of provisions in the commonwealth, and that wines might be imported indifferently from any parts the merchant pleased, with this injunction; that he should declare its growth, in order that a price might be set upon it according to its goodness, character and true value; adding that whoever adulterated it with water, or changed its name, should be put to death for it. He moderated the price of all sorts of hose and shoes, especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant[556]. He limited the wages of servants, which before travelled unbridled in the road of interest. He laid most severe penalties upon those who should sing lascivious and improper songs by day or by night. He decreed that no blind man should sing his miracles in verse, unless he produced an authentic testimony of the truth of them, esteeming most of those sung by that sort of people to be false, in prejudice to the true ones. He created an alguazil of the poor, not to persecute them, but to examine whether they were such or not; for, under colour of feigned amputations and counterfeit sores, they are often sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he made such wholesome ordinances, that they are observed in that town to this day, where they are called: *The Constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza.*

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[555] *De haldas o de mangas.* These words have double meanings: one, which means the skirts of a magistrate's robe, signified also the right to gather as a governor. The other, meaning the sleeves, signified at the same time presents made at the great feasts in the year, as Christmas and New Year's days, or on occasions of great public rejoicing, as the accession of a new king. Hence the proverb: *Buenas son mangas despues, de Pascua.*

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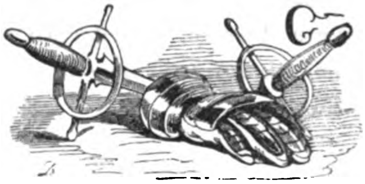
[556] We read in an economical author contemporary with Cervantes: "While of late years wheat has been selling at Segovia for its weight in gold, while house-rents have been as high as heaven at that and other towns, a pair of double soled shoes has fetched three reals (eighteen pence), and four at Madrid. At the present day, seven reals are boldly asked for the same article, nor will the vendor take less than six reals and a half. It is frightful to think where all this will stop." (MS. in the *Bibliothèque Royale.*—Cod. 156, f. 64.)

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND DUENNA DOLORIDA, OTHERWISE CALLED DONNA RODRIGUEZ.



CID HAMET relates that Don Quixote, healed of his scratches, began to think the life he led in the castle was against all the rules of knight-errantry which he professed; therefore he resolved to ask leave of the duke and duchess to depart for Saragossa, the celebration of the tournaments drawing near, wherein he proposed to win the suit of armour, the usual prize at that festival. Being one day at table with their excellencies, about to unfold his purpose and ask their leave, on a sudden there entered, at the door of the great hall, two women, as it afterwards appeared, covered from head to foot with mourning weeds. One of them coming up to Don Quixote, threw herself at full length on the ground, and, incessantly kissing his feet, poured forth such dismal, deep, and mournful groans, that all who heard and saw her were confounded. Though the duke and duchess imagined it was some jest their servants were putting upon Don Quixote, yet seeing how vehemently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they were themselves in suspense, till the compassionate Don Quixote, raising her from the ground, prevailed with her to discover herself and remove the veil from before her tearful countenance. She obeyed, and discovered what they little expected to see, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; the other mourner was her daughter, who had been deluded by the rich farmer's son. All that knew her wondered, and the duke and duchess more than anybody. They took her for a soft fool, yet not to such a degree as to act so mad a part. At length Donna Rodriguez, turning to her lord and lady, humbly said: "Be pleased, your excellencies, to give me leave to confer a little with this gentleman, for so it behoves me to do to get successfully out of an unlucky business into which the presumption of an evil-minded bumpkin has brought me." The duke answered that he gave her leave, and that she might confer with Don Quixote as long as she pleased. She then, directing her face and speech to Don Quixote, added: "It is not long, valorous knight, since I gave you an account how injuriously and treacherously a wicked peasant has used my dear child, this unfortunate girl. You promised me to stand up in her defence, and see her righted. Now I understand that you are departing from this castle in quest of good adventures, which God send you. Therefore my desire is that before you begin making your excursions on the highways, you would challenge this untamed rustic, and oblige him to marry my daughter, in compliance with the promise he gave her to be her husband before he had his will of her. To think to meet with justice from my lord duke, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree, for the reasons I have already told your worship in private. So, God grant you worship much health, not forsaking us."

To these words Don Quixote replied, with much gravity and emphasis: "Good madam duenna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them up, and spare your sighs. I take upon me the charge of seeing your daughter's wrong redressed, though it were better she had not been so easy in believing the promises of lovers, who for the most part are very ready at promising, and very slow in performing. Therefore, with my lord duke's leave, I will depart immediately in search of this ungracious youth, and will find, and challenge, and kill him, if he refuse to perform his contract; for the principal end of my profession is to spare the humble and chastise the proud: I mean to succour the wretched and destroy the oppressor."—"You need not give yourself any trouble," answered the duke, "to seek the rustic of whom this good duenna complains, nor need you ask my permission to challenge him. Suppose him challenged, and leave it to me to give him notice of this challenge and make him accept it, and come and answer for himself at this castle of mine, where both shall fairly enter the lists, all the usual ceremonies be observed, and exact justice distributed to each, as is the duty of all princes who grant the lists to combatants within the bounds of their territories."—"With this assurance and with your grandeur's leave," replied Don Quixote, "for this time I renounce my gentility, lessen and demean myself to the lowness of the offender, and put myself upon a level with him, that he may be qualified to fight with me. So, though absent, I challenge and defy him, upon account of the injury he has done in deceiving this poor girl, who was a maiden, and by his fault is no longer such, and he shall either perform his promise of making her his wife, or die in the dispute." Immediately pulling off a glove, he threw it into the middle of the hall; the duke took it up, repeating that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, appointing the time to take place on the sixth day from that, the lists to be in the court of the castle; the arms, those usual among knights, a lance, shield, laced suit of armour, and all the other pieces, without deceit, fraud, or talisman of any kind, being first viewed and examined by the judges of the field. "But especially," he added, "it is necessary the good duenna and the naughty maiden commit the justice of their cause to the hands of Signor Don Quixote; for otherwise nothing can be done, nor can the said challenge be duly executed."—"I do commit it," answered the duenna. "And I too," added the daughter, bashfully, shedding tears as she spoke.

The day thus appointed, and the duke having resolved within himself what was to be done in the business, the two mourners went their way. The duchess ordered that henceforward they should be treated, not as their servants, but as lady adventurers who were come to her house to demand justice. So they had a separate apartment ordered them, and were served as strangers, to the amazement of the rest of the family, who knew not whither the folly and boldness of Donna Rodriguez and her ill-errant daughter drove.

While they were thus engaged in perfecting the joy of the feast and giving a good end to the dinner, there suddenly entered at the hall-door the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, wife of the governor Sancho Panza. The duke and duchess were much pleased at his arrival, being desirous to know the success of his journey. They having asked him, the page replied he could not relate it so publicly nor in few words, and desired their excellencies would be pleased to adjourn it to a private audience, and in the mean time to entertain themselves with the letters. Pulling out a couple, he put them into the hands of the duchess. The superscription of one was: "For my lady duchess such a one, of I know not what place;" and the other: "To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God grant more years than me."

The duchess's cake was dough, as the saying is, till she had read her letter; opening it, she run it over to herself, and finding it might be read aloud, in order that the duke and the by-standers might hear it, she read what follows:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

JOYFULLY and with great satisfaction, my dear lady, I received the letter your grandeur wrote me, and indeed I wished for it mightily. The string of corals is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it. Our whole village is highly pleased that your ladyship has made my Sancho a governor, though nobody believes it, especially the priest and master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I? for, so long as the thing is so, and it really is, let each one say what he lists. Though, if I may own the truth, I should not have believed it myself, had it not been for the corals and the habit; for everybody in this village think my husband a dunce, and take him from governing a flock of goats, cannot imagine what government he can be good for. God be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his children! I am resolved, dear lady of my soul, with your ladyship's leave, to bring this good day home to my house, and hie me in court to loll it in a coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people that envy me already. Therefore I beg your ladyship to order my husband to send me a little money, and let it be enough; for, at court, expenses are great. Bread there sells for a real, and flesh for thirty maravedis the pound, which is a judgment. If he is not for my going, let him send me word in time, for my feet are in motion to begin my journey. My gossips and neighbours tell me that, if I and my daughter go fine and stately at court, my husband will be known by me more than I by him, for folks to be sure will ask: 'What ladies are those in that coach?' and a footman of ours will answer: 'The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria.' In this manner Sancho will be known, and I shall be esteemed, and to Rome for every thing[557]. I am as sorry as sorry can be, that there has been no gathering of acorns this year in our village. I however send your highness about half a peck, which I went to the forest to pick and cull, one by one. I could find none larger, though I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

"Let not your splendour forget to write to me; I will take care to answer, advising you of my health and all that shall offer worth advising from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord, to preserve your honour, and not to forget me. My daughter Sanchica and my son kiss your ladyship's hands.

"She who has more mind to see your ladyship than to write to you,

"Your servant,

"TERESA PANZA."

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[557] A very common expression at the time when Rome dispensed all indulgences and pardons.

Great was the pleasure all received at hearing Teresa Panza's letter, especially the duke and duchess; the latter asked Don Quixote whether he thought it proper to open the letter for the governor, which must needs be most excellent. Don Quixote said, to please them he would open it; which he did, and found the contents as follows:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND, SANCHO PANZA.

JUDGE of the satisfaction I experienced, dear Sancho of my soul, from the receipt of your letter. I vow and swear to you upon the faith of a Catholic Christian, that I was within two finger's breadth of running mad with joy. Look you, brother, when I came to hear that you was a governor, methought I should have dropped down dead for mere gladness; for you know it is usually said that sudden joy kills as effectually as excessive grief. Your daughter Sanchica could not restrain her tears, for pure ecstasy. I had before my eyes the suit you sent me, and the corals sent by my lady duchess about my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present; and, for all that, I believed and thought all I saw and touched was a dream; for, who could imagine that a goatherd should come to be a governor of islands? You know, friend, my mother used to say that one must live long to see much. I say this because I think to see more if I live longer; I never expect to stop till I see you a farmer-general or a collector of the customs, offices in which, though the devil carries away him that abuses them, one is always taking and fingering of money. My lady duchess will tell you how I long to go to court. Consider of this, and let me know your mind; I will strive to do you credit there by riding in a coach.

"The curate, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sacristan, cannot believe you are a governor, and say that is all delusion, or matter of enchantment, like all the rest of your master Don Quixote's affairs. Sampson says he will find you out and take this government out of your head, and Don Quixote's madness out of his skull. I only laugh, and look upon my string of corals, and contrive how to make my daughter a gown of the suit you sent me. I sent my lady duchess a parcel of acorns, and I wish they had been gold. Pr'ythee, send me some necklaces of pearl, if they are in fashion in your island. The news of this town is that the Barrueca is about marrying her daughter to a sorry painter, who is come to this town to paint whatever should offer. The magistrates ordered him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town house; he demanded two ducats, which they paid him beforehand, and he worked eight days, at the end of which he made nothing of it; he said he could not hit upon painting such trumpery. He returned the money, and, for all that, he marries under the title of a good workman. It is true he has already quitted the pencil and taken the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo's son has taken orders and shaven his crown, in order to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece, has heard of it, and is suing him under a promise of marriage. Evil tongues do not stick to say she is with child by him; but he denies it with both hands. We have had no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be had in all this town. A company of foot-soldiers passed through here; by the way, they carried off three girls. I will not tell you who they are; perhaps they will return, and somebody or other will not fail to marry them with all their faults. Sanchica makes bone-lace; she gains eight maravedis a-day, which she drops into a till-box to help towards household stuff; but, now that she is a governor's daughter, you will give her a fortune, and she need not work for it. The fountain in our market-place is dried up, and a thunder-bolt fell upon the gallows; there may they all light. I expect an answer to this, and your resolution about my going to court. Now, may God keep you more years than myself, or as many, for I would not willingly leave you in this world behind me. "Your Wife,

"TERESA PANZA."

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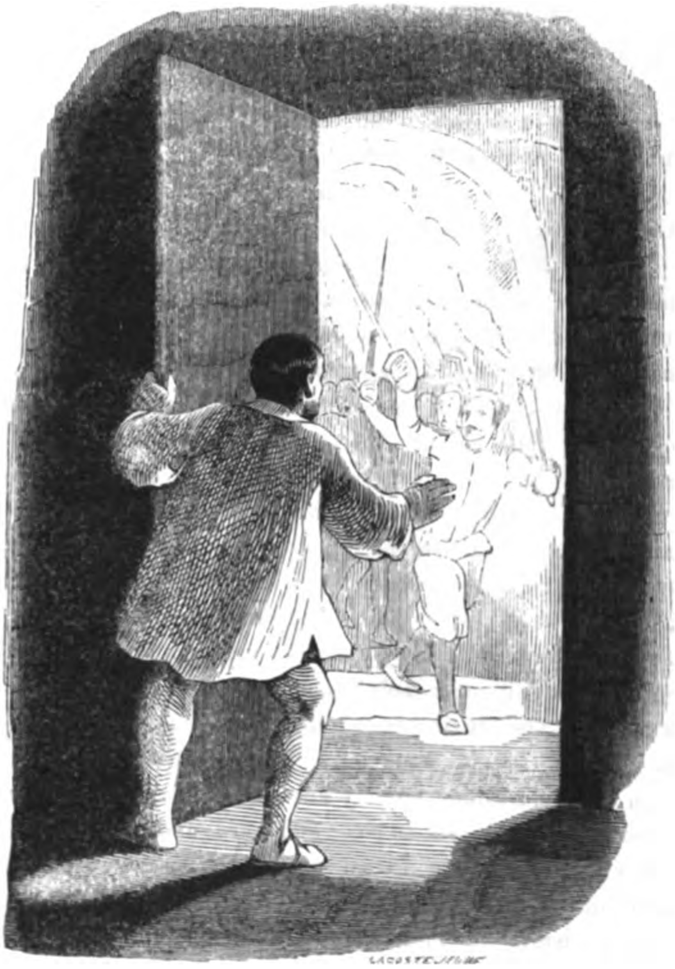
The letters caused much laughter, applause, esteem and admiration. To put the seal to the whole, arrived the courier who brought that which Sancho sent to Don Quixote, which was also publicly read; but this occasioned the governor's simplicity to be matter of doubt. The duchess retired to learn of the page what had befallen him in Sancho's village, and the page related the whole very particularly, without leaving a circumstance unrecited. He gave the duchess the acorns, and also a cheese, which Teresa gave him for a very good one, even better than those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with great satisfaction, and now we will leave them in high good humour to relate how ended the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insulary governors.

CHAPTER LIII.

OF THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

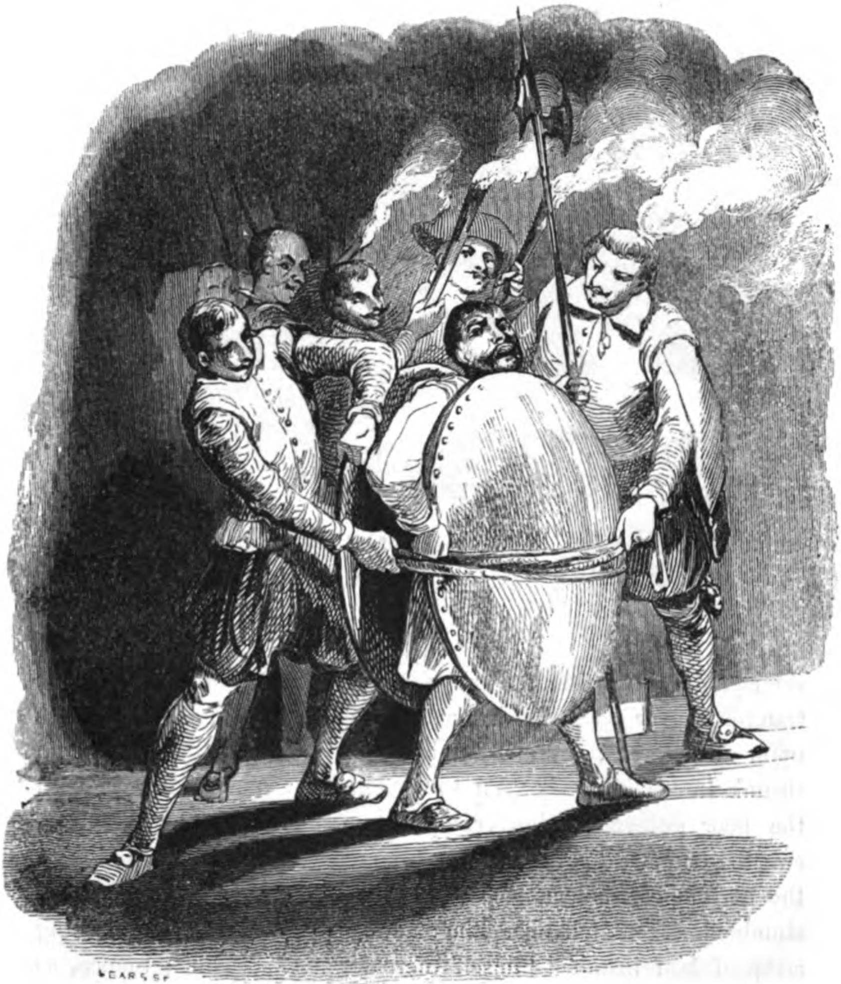
CALMLY to think that, in this life, the things thereof will continue always in the same state, is a vain expectation. On the contrary, the whole seems to be going round, I mean in a circle. The spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again; and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Human life only posts to its goal, and swifter than time itself, without hope of renewal, unless in the next, which is limited by no bounds. This is the reflection of Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher: for finally, many, without the light of faith, and merely by natural instinct, have discovered the transitory and unstable condition of the present life, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. But here our author speaks with respect to the swiftness with which Sancho's government ended, perished, dissolved and vanished into smoke and shadow.

Sancho being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, not satiated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and promulgating pragmatics, and sleep, in spite of hunger, beginning to close his eye-lids, he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in bed, and listened attentively to guess the cause of so great an uproar. But so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion and more fear and dread than at first. Jumping hastily off his bed, he slipped on his slippers, because of the dampness of the floor, and, without putting on his night-gown, or anything like it, he went out at his chamber-door. Instantly he perceived more than

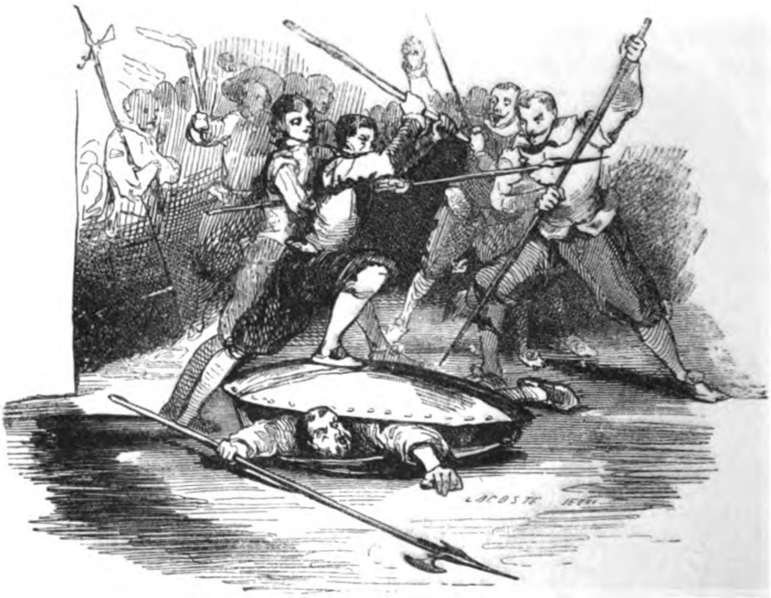


twenty persons coming along a gallery with lighted torches in their hands and their swords drawn, all crying aloud: "Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm! an infinite number of enemies have entered the island, and we are undone, if your conduct and valour do not succour us." With this noise and uproar they came to where Sancho stood, astonished and stupified with what he heard and saw. When they were come up to him, one of them said, "Make haste to arm yourself, my lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you."—"What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will despatch them and secure us in a trice. But, sinner that I am, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlies."—"Alack, signor governor," cried another, "what faint-heartedness is this? Hasten to arm yourself, sir, for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor."—"Arm me then, in Heaven's name," replied Sancho.

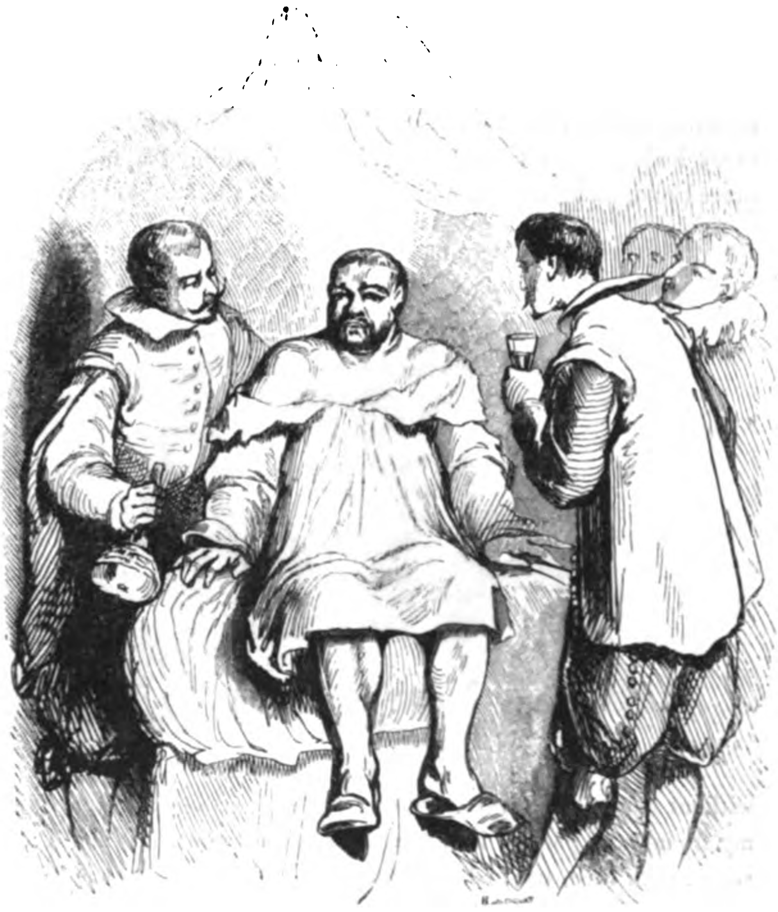
Instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, which they had purposely provided, and clapped them over his shirt, not suffering him to put on any other garment, the one before and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them well with cord, insomuch that he remained walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees or walk one single step. They put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himself upon his feet. Thus accoutred they desired him to march and lead and encourage them all, as, he being their north-pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs could not fail to have a prosperous issue. "How should I march? wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I cannot stir my knee-pans? for I am hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way is, to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart or set me upright in some postern; I will maintain it either with my lance or my body."—"Fie, signor governor," cried another, "it is more fear than the targets that hinders your marching. Have done, for shame, and bestir yourself, for it is late, the enemy increases, the cry grows louder and the danger becomes more urgent.



At these persuasions and reproaches the poor governor tried to stir; but it was only to fall down with such violence, that he thought he had dashed himself to pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered with his shell, or like a flitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the sand. Though they saw him fall, the jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced

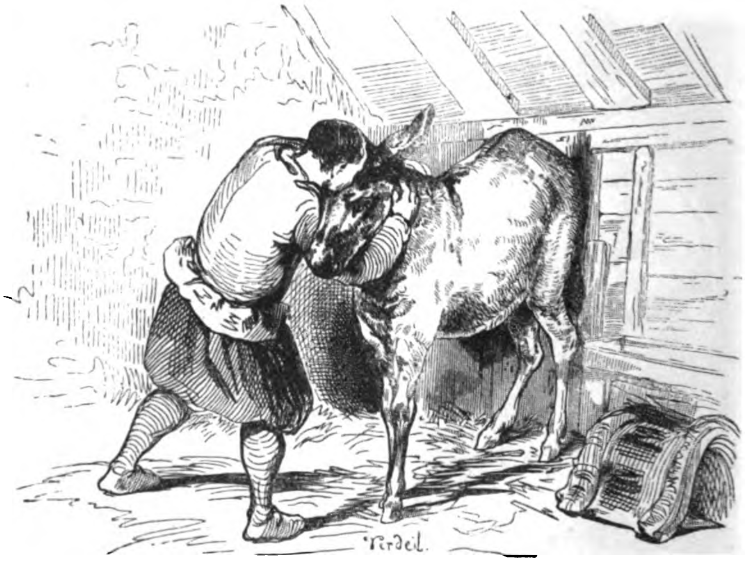


the clamour and reiterated the alarm, with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor Sancho, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, crumpled up in that narrow compass, sweated and sweated again, and recommended himself to God from the bottom of his heart to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled, others fell over him; and one there was who, getting a-top of him installed himself there for a good while; thence, as from a watch-tower, he commanded the troops, and cried in a loud voice: "This way, brave boys; here the enemy charges thickest; guard that postern; shut yon gate; down with those scaling-ladders: this way with your cauldrons of resin, pitch and burning oil; barricado the streets with wool-packs." In short, he named, in the utmost hurry, all the necessary implements and engines of war, used in defence of a city assaulted. The poor battered Sancho, who, trampled under foot, heard and bore all, said to himself: "O! if it were Heaven's good pleasure that this island were once lost, and I could see myself either dead or out of this great strait!" Heaven heard his petition: and, when he least expected it, he heard voices crying: "Victory, Victory! the enemy is routed! Rise, signor governor; enjoy the conquest and divide the spoil, taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm."—"Let me be lifted up," said the dolorous Sancho, with a doleful voice. They helped him to rise, and, when he was got upon his legs, he said: "May all the enemies I have vanquished be nailed to my



forehead. I will divide no spoils of enemies, but entreat and beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked, and dry up this sweat, for I am melting away into water." They rubbed him down; they brought him wine; they untied the target; he sat down upon his bed, and swooned with the fright, surprise, and fatigue he had undergone.

Those who had played him the trick began to be sorry they had laid it on so thick; but Sancho's coming to himself moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was day-break. He held his peace; and without saying any thing more began to dress himself, keeping the profoundest silence. They all stared at him, in expectation what would be the issue of his dressing himself in such haste. He at last finished dressing himself; and by little and little (for he was so bruised he could not do it hastily), he took the way to the stable, every body present following him. Approaching Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead: and not without tears in his eyes, he said: "Come hither, my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts but the care of mending



thy furniture and feeding thy little carcase, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But, since I forsook thee and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul." While he was talking thus, Sancho went on pannelling his ass, without anybody's saying a word to him. Dapple being pannelled, he got upon him with great pain and heaviness, and, directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, Doctor Pedro Recio, and many others that were present, he said: "Give way, gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty; suffer me to seek my past life, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands or cities from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plough and dig, how to prune and dress vines, than how to give laws and defend provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome; I mean that nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better than a governor's sceptre. I had rather have my stomach full of my own onion porridge than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician who kills me with hunger; I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie, under the slavery of a government, between holland sheets and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you, and tell my lord duke that naked was I born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose: I mean that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it, the direct reverse of governors of other islands. Give way and let me pass; let me begone to plaster myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken, thanks to the enemies who have been trampling upon me all night long."—"It must not be so, signor governor," cried Doctor Pedro Recio; "I will give your lordship a drink, good against falls and bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour. As to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to."—"You puke too late[338]," answered Sancho; "I will as soon stay as turn Turk. Nay, nay, these are not tricks to be played twice. Before God, I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are all headstrong; and if they once cry no, no it shall be in spite of all the world[539]. In this stable let the pismire's wings remain, that raise me up in the air, to be exposed a prey to martlets and other small birds[540]. Return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot, and if it be not adorned with pinked Cordovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals[541]. Every sheep with its like, and stretch not your feet beyond your sheet, and so let me begone, for it grows late."

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[338] *Tarde piache* (for *piaste*), is a proverbial phrase which originated as follows: it is

The steward said: "Signor governor, we will let your lordship depart with all our hearts, though we shall be very sorry to lose you, for your judgment and christian procedure oblige us to desire your presence; but you know that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to dwell out his residence[542]. When your lordship has rendered account of the ten days you have held the government, you shall depart, and God's peace be with you."—"Nobody can require this of me," answered Sancho, "but whom my lord duke shall appoint. To him I am going, and to him it shall be given exactly. Besides, departing naked as I do, there needs surely no other proof of my having governed like an angel." —"Before Heaven, the great Sancho is in the right," cried Doctor Pedro Recio; "and I am of opinion we should let him go, for the duke will be infinitely glad to see him."

They all consented, and suffered him to depart, offering first to bear him company, and to furnish everything he desired for the use of his person and the conveniency of his journey. Sancho said he

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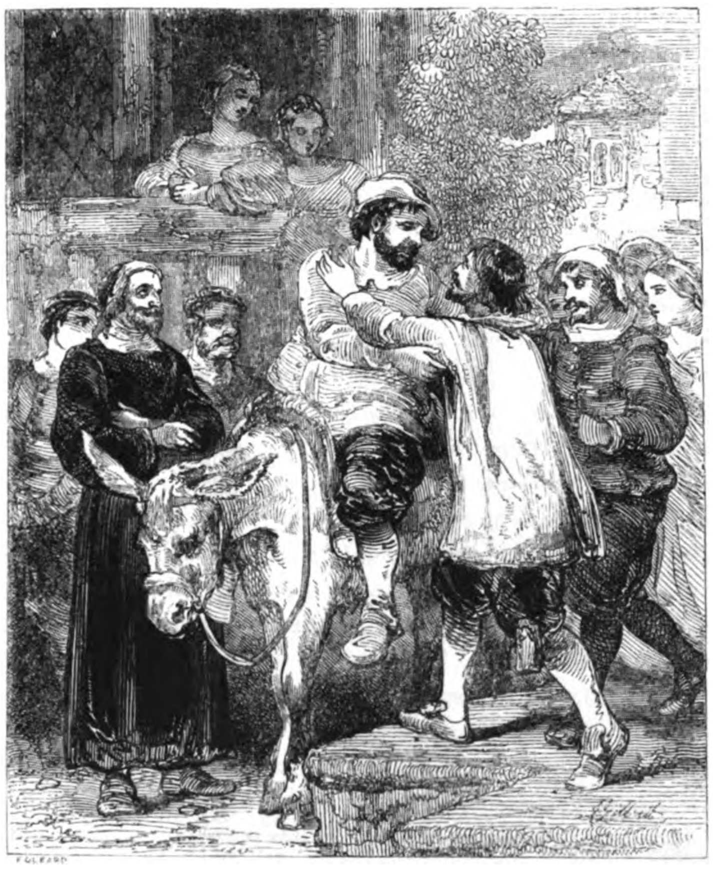
related that a student, eating boiled eggs, swallowed one so stale, that the chicken was already formed in it; he heard it cry as it passed down his throat, and contented himself with saying gravely: "*You puke too late.*"

[539] There is in this passage an untranslatable jeu de mots on *nones*, which means *not pairs* and *no* in the plural, and *pares*, peers.

[540] In allusion to the proverb: *The ant received wings and the birds ate them up.*

[541] *Alpargatas*, the ordinary covering of the legs and feet of the Spanish peasantry.

[542] In Spain and America, the viceroys, governors, and financial agents are obliged, on quitting their employment, *to reside* a certain time to make up their accounts.

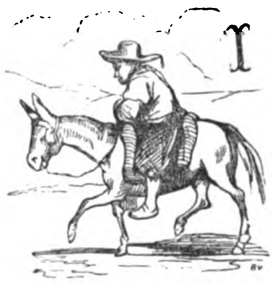


p. 506—II.

desired only a little barley for his ass, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; as, since the way was so short, he stood in need of nothing more, nor any other provision. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration as well at his discourse, as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

CHAPTER LIV.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS RELATING TO THIS HISTORY, AND TO NO OTHER.



In order to see how the adventure would end, the duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal for the cause mentioned, should go forward; and though the young man was in Flanders, whither he was fled to avoid having Donna Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they gave orders for putting in his place a Gascon lacquey, called Tosilos, instructing him previously in every thing he was to do. About two days after, the duke told Don Quixote that his opponent would be there in four days, and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and would maintain that the damsel lied by half the beard, and even by the whole beard, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote was highly delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness, that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their grandeurs how far the valour of his puissant arm extended. Therefore with pleasure and satisfaction he waited the four days, which in the account of his impatience, were four hundred ages. Let us let them pass, as we let pass many other things, and attend upon Sancho, who between glad and sorry, was making the best of his way upon Dapple towards his master, whose company he preferred to being governor of all the islands in the world.

Now, he had not gone far from the island of his government, for he never gave himself the trouble to determine whether it was an island, city, town, or village, that he governed, when he saw, coming along the road, six pilgrims with their staves, being of those foreigners who ask alms singing. And as they drew near to him, these pilgrims placed themselves in a row, and raising their voices all together, began to sing in their language what Sancho could not understand; only one word, which they distinctly pronounced, he knew to signify *alms*, whence he concluded that alms were what they begged in their songs; as he was, according to Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet and gave it them, making signs to them that he had nothing else to give them. They received it very willingly, and cried: "*Guelt, Guelt*[343]."—"I do not understand you," answered Sancho; "what is it you would have, good people?" Then one of them pulled out of his bosom a purse, and showed it Sancho, whence he understood that they asked for money. But Sancho, putting his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a penny of money, and spurring his ass he broke through them. But, as he passed by, one of them who had viewed him with much attention, caught hold of him, and throwing his arms about his waist, with a loud voice, and in very good Castilian, cried: "God be my aid! what is it I see? Is it possible I have in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, certainly I have, for I am neither asleep nor drunk." Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by the stranger pilgrim. He viewed him earnestly a good while, without speaking a word, but he could not call him to mind. The pilgrim perceiving his suspense, said: "How! is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, you do not know your neighbour Ricote, the Morisco shop-keeper of your village?" Then Sancho, observing him more attentively, began to recollect him, and at last remembered him perfectly. Without alighting from his beast, he

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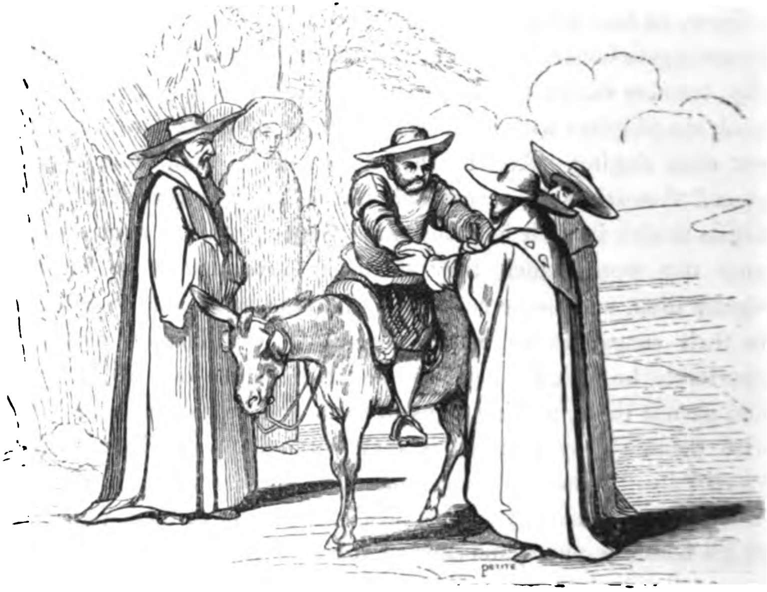
[343] From the German word *ghelt*, which means silver.



threw his arms about his neck, and said: "Who the devil, Ricote, should know you in this disguise? Tell me, how came you so Frenchified? and how dare you venture to return to Spain, where, if you are known and caught, it will fare but ill with you?"—"If you do not discover me, Sancho," answered the pilgrim, "I am safe enough, for in this garb nobody can know me; but let us go out of the road to yonder poplar grove, where my comrades have a mind to dine and take their siesta. You shall eat with them, for they are a very good sort of people, and I shall have an oportunity to tell you what has befallen me since I departed from our village, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so rigorously threatened the miserable people of our nation, as you must have heard[564]."

Sancho consented, and Ricote having spoken to the rest of the pilgrims, they turned aside towards the poplar grove, which they saw at a distance, far enough out of the high road. They flung down their staves, and putting off their pilgrim's weeds, remained in their jackets. They were all genteel young fellows, excepting Ricote, who was pretty well advanced in years. They all carried wallets, which, as appeared afterwards, were well provided with provocatives, calculated to incite to thirst at two leagues distance. They laid themselves along on the ground, and making the grass their table-cloth, they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of gammon of bacon, which, if they would not bear picking, did not forbid being sucked. They produced also a kind of black ragout called *cabial*, made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of thirst. There wanted not olives, though dry, and without any sauce, yet savoury and well preserved. But, what carried the palm in this banquet was six skins of wine, each producing one out of his wallet. Even honest Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Moor, into a German or Dutchman, pulled out his, which for bigness might vie with the other five. Now they began to eat with the highest relish and much at their leisure, dwelling upon the taste of every bit they took upon the point of a knife, and very little of each thing. Soon after, they all together lifted up their arms and their bottles into the air, mouth applied to mouth, and their eyes nailed to heaven, as if they were taking aim at it; in this posture, waving their heads from side to side in token of the pleasure they received, they continued a good while, transfusing the entrails of the skins into their own stomachs. Sancho beheld all this, and was nothing grieved thereat. On the contrary, in compliance with the proverb he very well knew: *When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome*, he demanded of Ricote the bottle, and took his aim as the others had done, and with not less relish. Four times the skins bore being caressed; but for the fifth, it was not to be done; for they were now as empty and as dry as a rush, which struck a damp upon the mirth they had hitherto shown. One or other of them, from time to time, would take Sancho by the right hand and say: "*Espagnoli y tudesqui, tuto uno bon compagno.*" And Sancho would answer: "*Bon compagno, jura Di.*" Then he burst out into a fit of laughter, which held him an hour, without his remembering at that time anything of what had befallen him in his government; for cares have commonly but very little jurisdiction over the time that is spent in eating and drinking. Finally, the making an end of the wine, was the beginning of a sound sleep, which seized them all, upon their very board and table-cloth. Only Ricote and Sancho remained awake, having drunk less, though eaten more, than the rest. They two, going aside, sat them down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in a sweet sleep, and Ricote, laying aside his Morisco, said what follows in pure Castilian:

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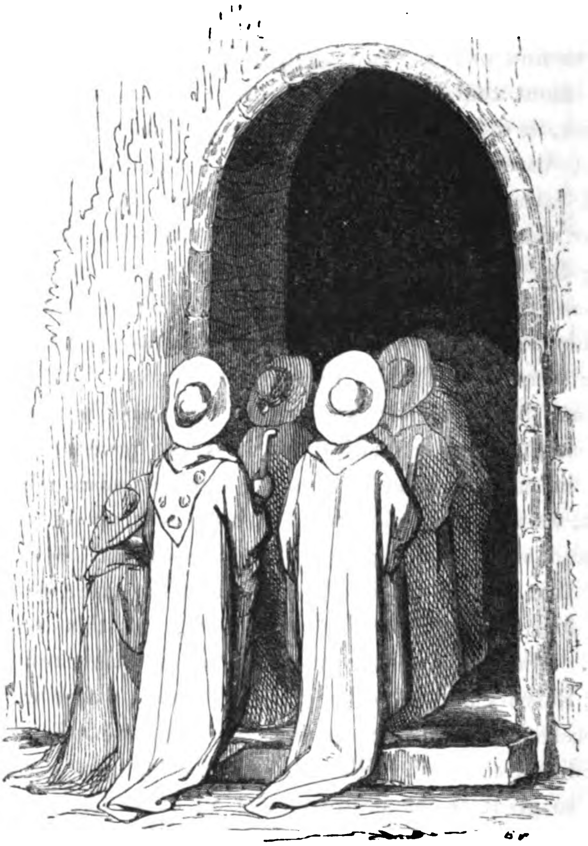
[564] Cervantes speaks, in this chapter, of the most important of the events that he witnessed, the expulsion of the Moors. Subsequent to the capitulation of Grenada, in 1492, a number of Moors, still mussulmans, remained in Spain. But the missions that were deputed amongst them were soon succeeded by persecutions; and finally a decree of Charles V., dated the 4th of April, 1525, commanded all Moors to receive baptism under pain of banishment. The Christians converted by force were thenceforth called *Moriscos*, by which name they were distinguished from the *old Christians*. In the reign of Philip II., more than this abjuration was exacted: in 1556, they were forbidden by a *pragmatic* the use of their own language, costume, ceremonies, slaves, baths, and even their names. These tyrannical measures, put in practice with merciless rigour, provoked the long revolt known as the *Rebellion of the Moors*, which held in check all Philip II.'s power, and was only quelled in 1570, by the victories of Don Juan of Austria. The conquered *Moriscos* were dispersed over all the Provinces of the Peninsula; but the fallen race continuing to increase and prosper through persevering industry, political reasons were found for frightening those who were not sufficiently affected by the religious fanaticism let loose against them. An edict of Philip III., decreed in 1609, and executed the following year, commanded the total expulsion of the *Moriscos*. From twelve to fifteen thousand of the unfortunate race were driven from Spain, and the few who survived this horrible persecution sought refuge in foreign lands under concealed origins. Thus Spain, already depopulated by emigrations to America, deprived herself (like France at a later period by the revocation of the edict of Nantes) of her most industrious inhabitants, who went to swell the troops of Barbary pirates with which her coasts were infested. (Vide *Essai sur l'Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne*, appendix to Vol. II.) Notwithstanding the guarded expressions of Cervantes, it is easy to see that all his sympathy is on the side of the oppressed people.

"You well know, O Sancho, my neighbour and friend, how the proclamation and edict which his majesty commanded to be published against those of my nation struck a dread and terror into us all. At least into me it did, in such sort, that methought the rigour of the penalty was already executed upon me and my children before the time limited for our departure from Spain. I provided therefore, as I thought, like a wise man who, knowing that at such a time the house he lives in will be taken from him, secures another to remove to; I say I left our town alone and without my family, to find out a place whither I might conveniently carry them, without that hurry in which the rest went away. In effect, I well saw, as did all the wisest among us, that those proclamations were not bare threatenings, as some pretended they were, but effectual laws, and such as would be put in execution at the appointed time. What confirmed me in the belief of this, was my knowing the mischievous extravagant designs of our people, which were such that, in my opinion, it was a divine inspiration that moved his majesty to put so brave a resolution in practice. Not that we were all culpable, for some of us were steady and true Christians; but these were so few that they could not be compared with those that were otherwise, and it is not prudent to nourish a serpent in one's bosom, by keeping one's enemies within doors. In short, we were justly punished with the sentence of banishment, a soft and mild one in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that can be inflicted. Wherever we are, we weep for Spain; for, in short, here we were born, and this is our native country. We nowhere find the reception our misfortunes require. Even in Barbary and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to be received, cherished, and made much of, there it is we are most neglected and misused. We knew not our happiness till we lost it; and so great is the desire almost all of us have to return to Spain, that most of those, and they are not a few, who can speak the language like myself, forsake their wives and children and come back again, so violent is the love they bear it! Now I know by experience the truth of the common saying, that 'sweet is the love of one's country.' I went away, as I said, from our town; I entered into France, and though there I met with a good reception, I had a desire to see other countries. I went into Italy, and thence into Germany, and there I thought we might live more at liberty, the natives not standing much upon niceties, and every one living as he pleases, for, in most parts of it, there is liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village near Augsburgh, but soon left it and joined company with these pilgrims, who come in great



numbers every year into Spain to visit its holy places, which they look upon as their Indies, and a certain gain and sure profit. They travel almost the kingdom over, and there is not a village but they are sure of getting meat and drink in it, and a real at least in money. At the end of their journey they go off with above a hundred crowns clear, which, being changed into gold, they carry out of the kingdom, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their weeds, or by some other sleight they are masters of, and get safe into their own country, in spite of all the officers and searchers of the passes and ports where money is registered[345]. Now, my design, Sancho, is to carry off the treasure I left buried (it being without the town I can do it with the less danger,) and to write or go over to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and contrive how to bring them to some port of France, and thence carry them into Germany, where we will wait and see how God will be pleased to dispose of us. I know for certain that Ricota, my daughter, and Francisca Ricote, my wife, are Catholic Christians, and, though I am not altogether such, yet I am more of the Christian than the Moor; and I constantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know in what manner I ought to serve him. But what I wonder at is that my wife and daughter should rather go into Barbary than into France, where they might have lived as Christians."

"Look you, Ricote," answered Sancho, "that perhaps was not at their choice, because Juan Tiopeyio, your wife's brother, who carried them away, being a rank Moor, would certainly go where he thought it best to stay. I can tell you another thing, which is, that I believe it is in vain for you to look for the money you left buried, because we had news that your brother-in-law and your wife had abundance of pearls and a great deal of money in gold taken from them, as not having been registered."—"That may be," replied Ricote; "but I am sure, Sancho, they did not touch my hoard, for I never discovered it to them, fearing some mischance. Therefore, Sancho, if you will go along with me and help me to carry it off and conceal it, I will give you two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your wants; for you know I am not ignorant that they are many."—"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but that I am not at all covetous; had I been so, I quitted an employment this very morning out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months had been at an end, have eaten in plate. For this reason, and because I think I should betray my king by favouring his enemies, I will not go with you, though, instead of two hundred crowns, you should lay me down four hundred upon the nail."—"And what employment is it you have quitted, Sancho?" demanded Ricote. "I left being governor of an island," answered Sancho, "and such an one as, in faith, you will scarcely meet with its fellow within three leagues."—"And where is this island?" demanded Ricote. "Where!" answered Sancho; "two leagues from hence, and it is called the island of Barataria."—"Peace, Sancho," rejoined Ricote, "islands are out at sea, and there are no islands on the main land."—"No!" replied Sancho; "I tell you, friend Ricote, that I left it this very morning, and yesterday I was in it, governing at my pleasure, like a Sagittarius. But, for all that, I quitted it, looking upon the office of governor to be a very dangerous thing."—"And what have you got by the government?" asked Ricote. "I have got," answered Sancho, "this experience, to know I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches got in such governments are got at the expense of one's ease and sleep, yea, and of one's sustenance; for, in islands, governors eat but little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health."—"I understand you not, Sancho," said Ricote; "and all you say seems to me extravagant. Who the devil should give you islands to govern? Are there wanting men in the world abler than you are to be governors? Hold your peace, Sancho, recall your senses, and consider whether you will go along with me, as I said, to help me take up the treasure I left buried, for, in truth, it may very well be called a treasure. I will give you wherewithal to live, as I have already told you."—"And I have told you, Ricote," replied Sancho, "that I will not; be satisfied that I will not discover you, and go your way in God's name, and let me go mine, for I know the proverb: 'What is well got may meet with disaster, and what is ill got destroys both itself and its master.'"—"I will not urge you farther, Sancho," rejoined Ricote; "but, tell me, were you in our town when my wife and daughter and my brother-in-law went away?" —"Was I? ay," answered Sancho, "and I can tell you that your daughter went away so beautiful that all the town went out to see

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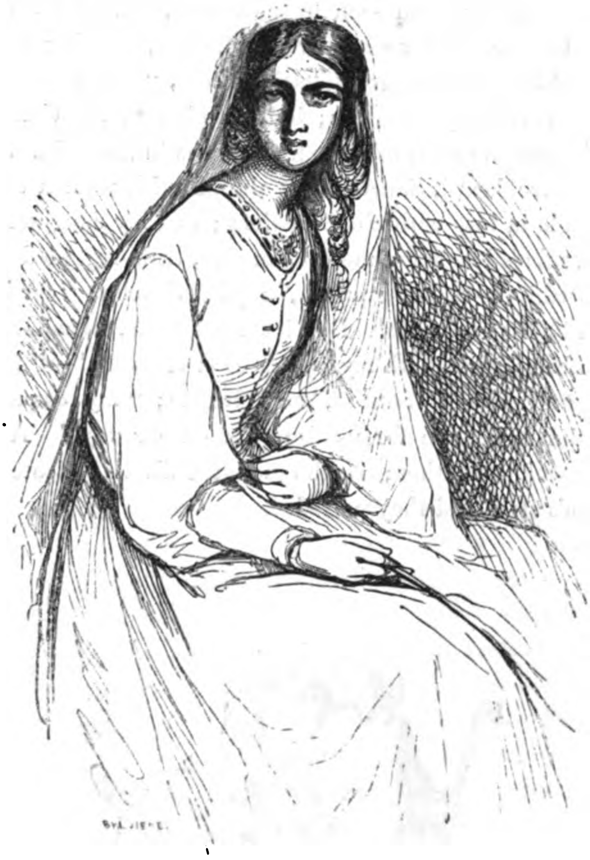
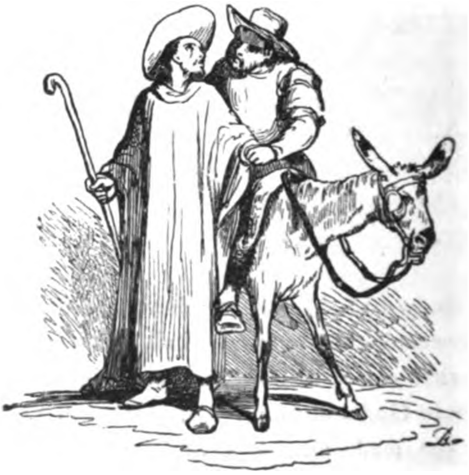
[345] Another writer, contemporary with Cervantes, Cristoval de Herrera, had said a few years earlier: . . . . . . "We must hinder the French and Germans from travelling through these kingdoms and taking away our money, for all the people of this kind and of this habit do carry it away. It is said that in France parents promise for dowry for their daughters what they shall bring back from their journey to Saint James of Compostella, there and back, as if they were going a voyage to the Indies." (*Amparo de pobres.*)



her, and every body said she was the finest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance, and all that came to see her, and desired them all to recommend her to God and to our Lady his mother. And this so feelingly, that she made me weep, who am no great whimperer. In faith, many had a desire to conceal her, or to go and take her away upon the road; but the fear of transgressing the king's command restrained them. Don Pedro Gregorio[306], the rich heir, you know, showed himself the most affected, and they said he was passionately in love with her. In point of fact, since she went away, he has never been seen in the village, and we all think he followed to steal her away. But, hitherto, nothing farther is known."—" I always suspected," said Ricote, " that this gentleman was smitten with my daughter; but, trusting to the virtue of my Ricota, it gave me no trouble to find he was in love with her; for you must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never mingle in love with old Christians; and my daughter who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, little regarded this rich heir's courtship."—" God grant it," replied Sancho; " for it would be very ill for them both. But let me begone, friend Ricote; I intend to be to-night with my master Don Quixote."—" May God be with you, brother Sancho," said Ricote; " my comrades are stirring, and it is time for us also to be on our way." And then they embraced each other; Sancho mounted his ass, Ricote handled his pilgrim's staff, and they parted.



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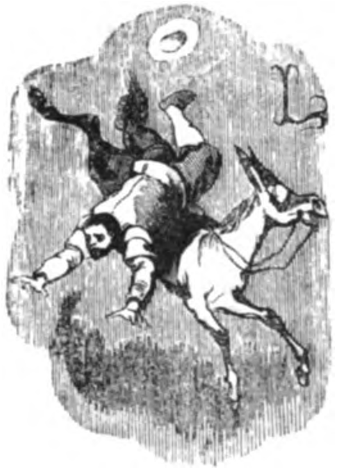
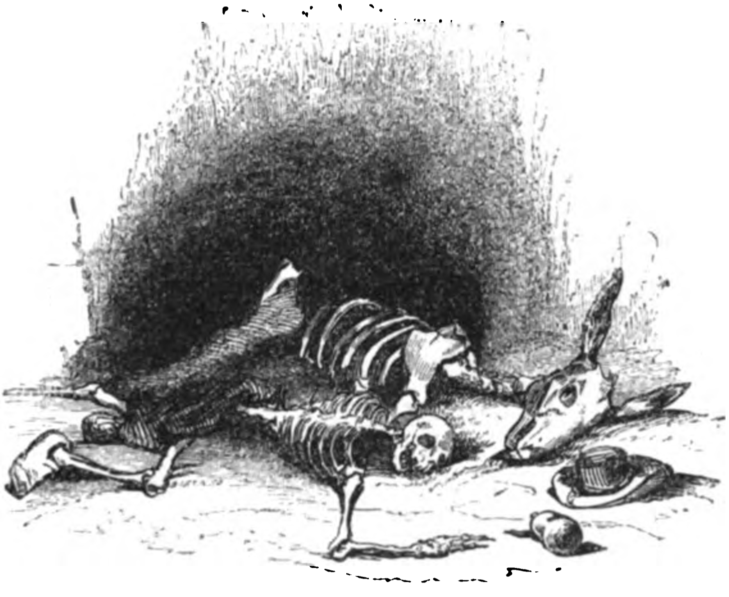
[306] Farther on he is called Don Gaspar Gregorio.

CHAPTER LV.

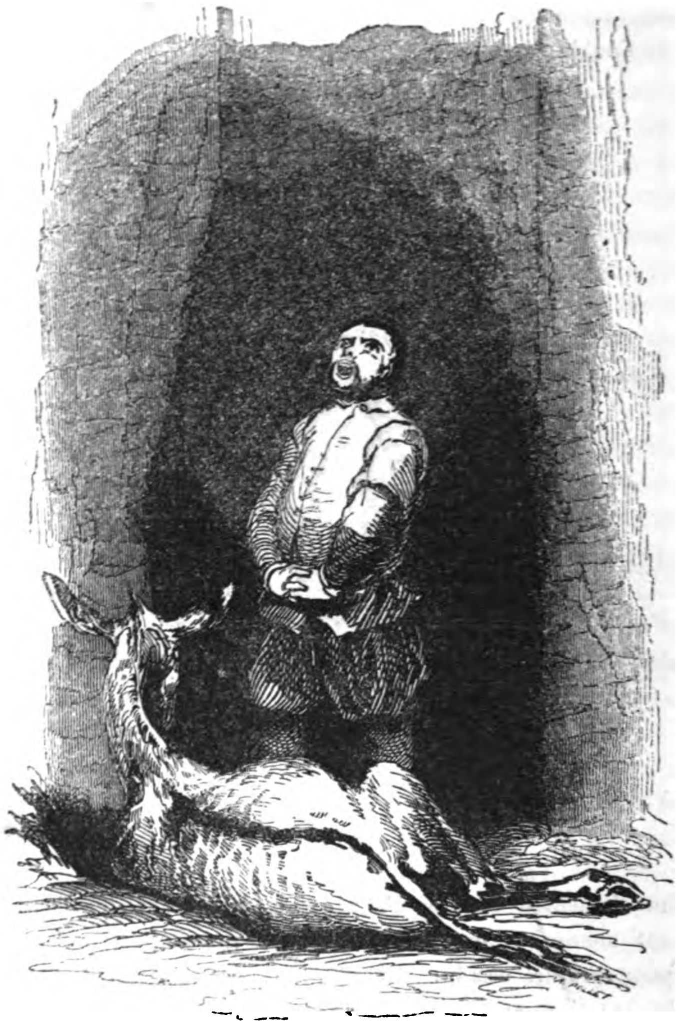
OF WHAT BEFEL SANCHO IN THE WAY, AND OTHER MATTERS WHICH YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE.



LATE as Sancho stayed with Ricote, he had not time to reach the duke's castle that day, though he was arrived within half a league of it when the night, somewhat dark and close, overtook him. But, it being summer-time, it gave him no great concern. Only he struck out of the road, purposing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it, that, in seeking a place where he might best accommodate himself, he and his beast fell together into a very deep, dark pit, among some ruins of old buildings. As he was falling, he recommended himself to God with his whole heart, not expecting to stop till he came to the depth of the abyss. But it fell out otherwise; for, a little beyond three fathoms, the donkey felt ground, and Sancho found himself on his back without having received any damage. He began feeling his body all over, and held his breath to see if he were sound, or bored through in any part. Finding himself well, whole, and in catholic health, he thought he could never give sufficient thanks to God for the mercy extended to him; for he verily believed he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all smooth, and without any hold or footing. At this discovery Sancho was much grieved, especially when he heard his ass groan most tenderly and sadly: and no wonder, certes, for the poor beast did not lament out of wantonness, being all the worse for his fall. "Alas!" cried Sancho Panza, "what unexpected accidents perpetually befal those who live in this miserable world! Who could have thought that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without anybody to help him, without servant or vassal to come to his assistance! Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he of his bruises, and I of grief. At least, I shall not be so happy as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha was, when he descended and went down into the cavern of the enchanted Montesinos, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, insomuch that it seems he found the cloth laid and the bed made. There saw he beautiful and pleasant visions; and here I shall see, I suppose, toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! What are my follies and imaginations come to? Hence shall my bones be taken up, when it shall please God that I am found, clean, white, and bare, and with them those of my trusty Dapple, whence perhaps it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those who have been informed that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. Miserable we, I repeat, since our ill-luck would not suffer us to die in our own country and among our friends, where, though our misfortunes had found no remedy, there would not have been wanting some to regret them, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes! O my companion, my friend, how ill have I repaid thy good services! Forgive me and beg of fortune, in the best manner thou art able, to bring us out of this miserable calamity in which we are both involved. I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayest look like a poet-laureate, and to double thy allowance."



Thus lamented Sancho Panza, and his beast listened to him, without answering one word, such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in. Finally, having passed all that night in sad lamentations and complainings, the day came on, by the first rays of which Sancho perceived it was of all impossibilities the most impossible to get out of the pit without help. Then he began to lament, and to cry out aloud to try if anybody could hear him. But all his cries were in the desert; for there was not a creature in all those parts within hearing. Then he gave himself over for dead. The donkey lay with his mouth upwards; Sancho



Panza contrived to get him upon his legs, though he could scarcely stand; then, pulling out of his wallet, which had also shared the fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss, and Sancho, as if the ass understood him, said: "Bread is relief for all kinds of grief."

At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through, stooping. Sancho Panza, squatting down, crept through upon all four, and found it was spacious and large within; he could see about him, for a ray of the sun, glancing in through what might be called the roof, discovered it all. He saw also that it enlarged and extended itself into another spacious concavity. On observing this he returned to where he had left his ass, and with a stone began to break away the earth of the hole, and soon made room for his ass to pass easily through. He proceeded to introduce Dapple, and taking him by the halter, advanced forward along the cavern to see if he could find a way to get out on the other side. He went on, sometimes darkling, and sometimes without a light, but never without fear. "The Almighty be my aid," said he to himself; "this, which to me is a mishap, to my master Don Quixote had been an adventure. He would, no doubt, have taken these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana[567]; and he would have expected to issue out of this obscurity by some pleasant meadow. But, unhappy I, devoid of counsel and dejected in mind, at every step expect some other pit, deeper than this, to open on a sudden under my feet and swallow me downright. Welcome the ill that comes alone!"

In this manner and with these thoughts, he fancied he had gone somewhat more than half a league; he then discovered a glimmering light, like that of the day, breaking in and opening an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world.

But Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli leaves him there, and turns to treat of Don Quixote, who, with joy and transport, was waiting for the appointed day of combat with the seducer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, resolving to see justice done, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury offered her. Now it happened that riding out one morning to exercise and assay himself for the business of the combat he was to be engaged in within a day or two, as he was now reining now running Rocinante, he chanced to pitch his feet so near a pit, that, had he not drawn the reins in very strongly, he must inevitably have fallen into it. At last Don Quixote stopped him; and, getting a little nearer, without alighting, he viewed the chasm. But, while he was looking at it, he heard a loud voice within, and, listening attentively, he could distinguish that he who spoke from below, said: "Ho, above there! Is there any Christian that hears me, any charitable gentleman, to take pity on a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate ex-governor?" Don Quixote thought he heard Sancho Panza's voice. Surprised and amazed, he raised his voice as high as he could, and cried: "Who is below there? Who is it complains?"—"Who should be here, or who

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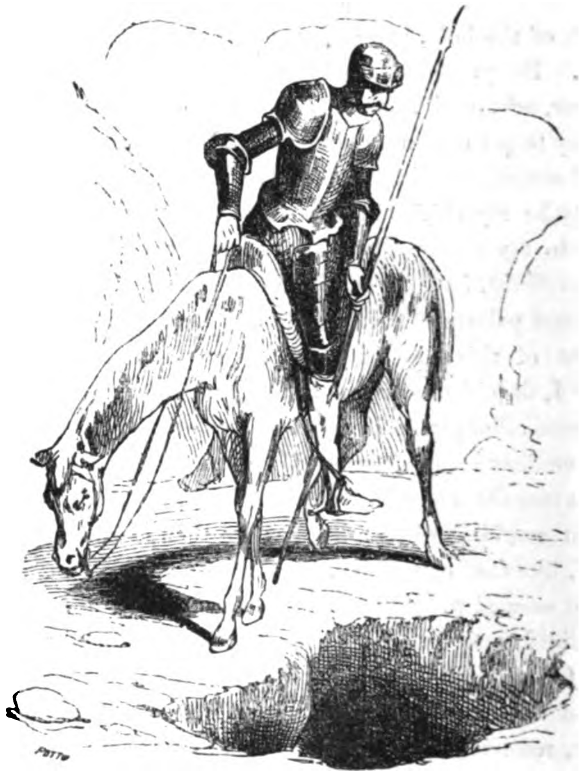
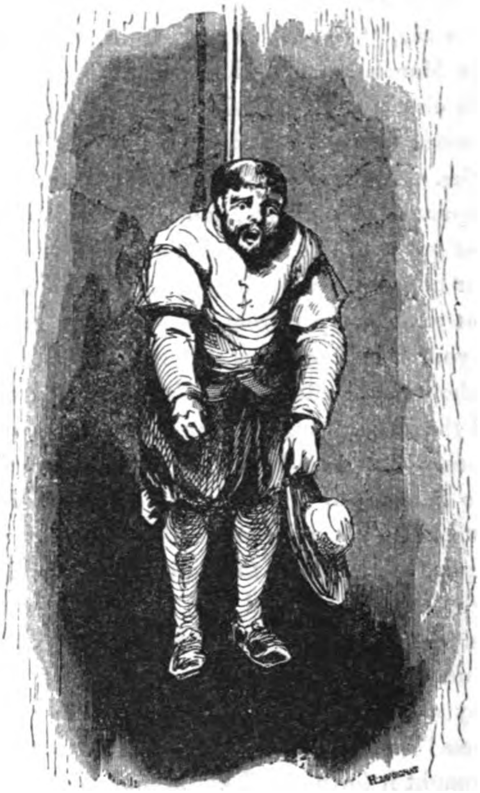
[567] Galiana, according to tradition, was an Arabian princess, to whom her father Gadalifa erected a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tagus, at Toledo. The ruins in the garden *del Rey* are still called Galiana's Palace.



should complain," replied the voice, "but the forlorn Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire of the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha?"

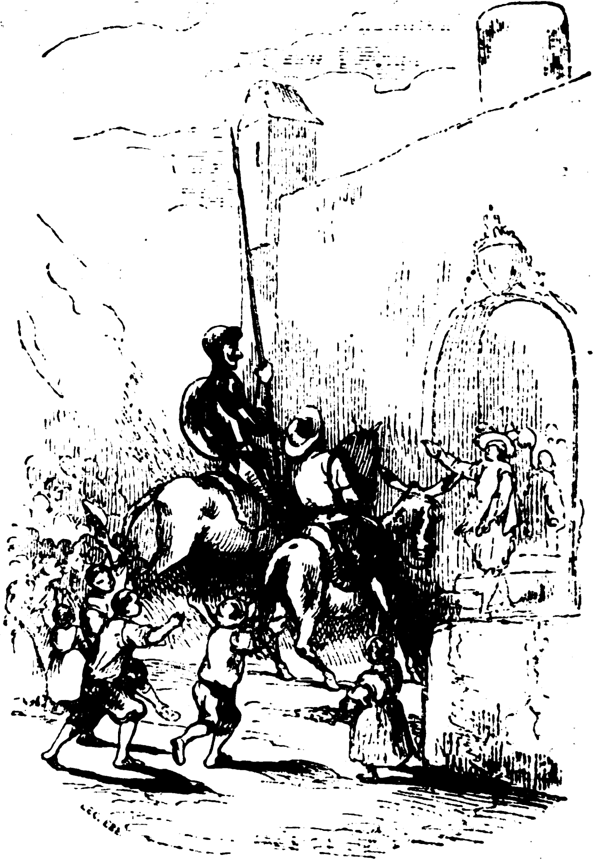
When Don Quixote heard this, his astonishment redoubled; for it came into his imagination that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance. Carried away by this thought, he cried: "I conjure thee, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; since it is my profession to be aiding and assisting to the needy of this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the other, who cannot help themselves."—"So then," answered the voice, "you who speak to me are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the tone of the voice I am sure it can be nobody else."—"Don Quixote I am," replied the Knight, "he who professes to succour and assist the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me who thou art, for thou amazest me. If you are my squire Sancho Panza, and chance to be dead, since the devils have not got you, but through the mercy of God you are in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman catholic church has supplications sufficient to deliver you from the pains you are in, and I will solicit her in your behalf, so far as my estate will permit. Explain, therefore, without more ado, and tell me who you are."—"I vow to God," said the voice, "and I swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life. But having left my government for causes and considerations that require more leisure to relate them, this night I fell into this cavern where I now am, and with me my ass, who will not let me lie, by the same token he stands here by me." One would think the ass had understood what Sancho said, for, at that instant, he began to bray so lustily, that the whole cavern resounded. "A credible witness!" cried Don Quixote: "I know that bray as well as if I had brought it forth, and I know your voice, my dear Sancho. Stay a little, and I will go to the duke's castle hard by and fetch people to get you out of this pit, into which your sins have certainly cast you."—"Pray go, for the Lord's sake," rejoined Sancho, "and return speedily; I cannot long endure being buried alive here, and I am dying with terror."

Don Quixote left him, and went to the castle to tell the duke and duchess what had befallen Sancho Panza. On hearing this, his hosts wondered not a little, though they easily conceived how Sancho might fall, by the corresponding circumstance of the pit, which had been there time out of mind. But they could not imagine how he had left the government without their having advice of his return. Finally they sent ropes and pulleys; and, by dint of a great many hands, and a great deal of labour, the donkey and Sancho were drawn out of those gloomy shades to the light of the sun. A scholar seeing him, said: "Thus should all bad governors



come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss, starved with hunger, wan, and, I suppose, penniless." Sancho hearing him, said: "It is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island that was bestowed upon me, in all which time I had not my stomach full one hour. I was persecuted by physicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites or receive my dues; and this being so, as it really is, methinks I deserved not to be packed off in this manner. But man proposes and God disposes; and God knows what is best and fittest for every body; as is the reason, such is the season, and let nobody say: 'I will not drink of this water;' for where one expects to meet with gammons of bacon, there are no pins to hang them on. God knows my mind, and that is enough; and I say no more, though I could."—"Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what you hear," returned Don Quixote, "for then you will never have done. Come but you with a safe conscience, and let people say what they will. You may as well think to barricado space, as to tie up the tongue of slander; if a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it; and if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool."—"I warrant," answered Sancho, "that for this bout they will rather take me for a fool than a thief."

In such talk, and surrounded by boys and a numerous crowd of people, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess already awaited in a gallery the return of Don Quixote and Sancho. The latter would not go up to see the duke till he had first taken the necessary care of his ass in the stable, saying the poor thing had had but an indifferent night's lodging. That done, up he went to see the duke and duchess, kneeling in whose presence, he said: "I, my lord and lady, because your grandeurs would have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your island of Barataria, into which naked I entered, and which naked I have left; I neither win nor lose. Whether I governed well or ill, there are witnesses who may say what they please. I have resolved doubts and pronounced sentences, all the while ready to die with hunger,



because Doctor Pedro Recio, native of Tirteafuera, physician in ordinary to the island and its governors, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night, and though they put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were delivered and gained the victory by the valour of my arm. According as they say true, so help them God! In short, in this time, I have summed up the cares and burdens that governing brings with it, and find by my account that my shoulders cannot bear them, that neither are they a proper weight for my ribs, nor arrows for my quiver. Therefore, lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government. Yesterday morning, I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs it had before I went into it. I borrowed nothing of anybody, nor set about making a purse; and, though I thought to have made some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is the same thing as though they were not made[568]. I quitted, I say, the island accompanied by nobody but my donkey. I fell into a pit, and went along under ground till this morning, by the light of the sun, I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one but that, if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote there, I had stayed till the end of the world. So that, my lord duke and lady duchess, behold here your governor Sancho Panza, who, in ten days only that he held the government, has gained the experience to know that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This then being the case, kissing your honour's feet and imitating the boys at play, who cry: *leap you, and then let me leap*, I give a leap out of the government, and again pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote; for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my inside full; and for my part, so that be well filled, all is one to me whether it be with carrots or partridges."

Here Sancho ended his long speech, Don Quixote fearing all the while he would utter a thousand extravagances; and when he saw him end with so few, he inwardly returned thanks to Heaven. The duke cordially embraced Sancho, and assured him that it grieved him to the soul he had left the government so soon, but adding that he would take care he should have some other employment in his territories, of less trouble and more profit. The duchess also embraced him, and ordered that he should be made much of; for he seemed to be sorely bruised and in wretched plight.

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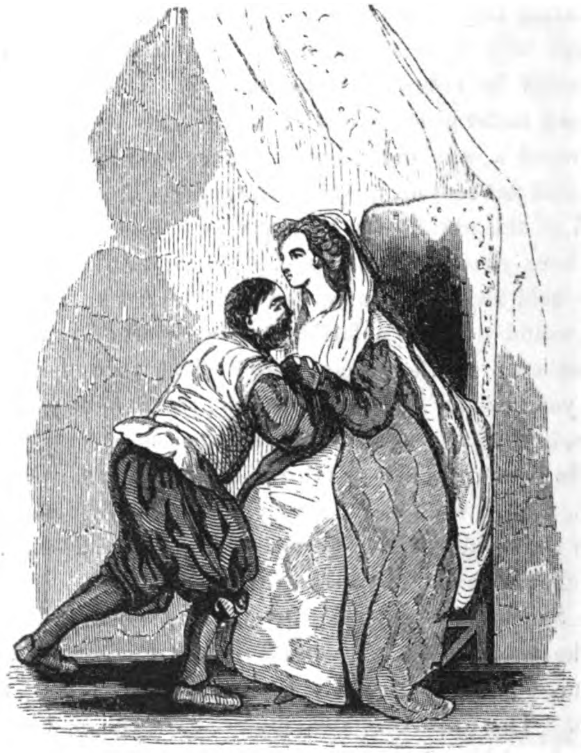
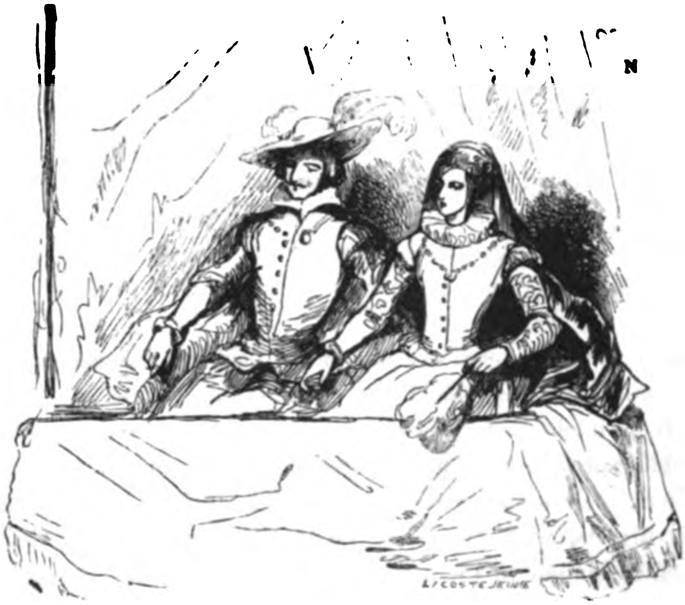
[568] We have here a kind of contradiction to the end of Chap. LI., where we are told that the inhabitants of the Island of Barataria still observe the *Constitutions of the Great Governor Sancho Panza.* But doubtless Cervantes was unable to resist the impulse to launch an epigram against the Spanish government, which at that time formed several laws and ordinances that it was unable to put in force.



CHAPTER LVI.

OF THE PRODIGIOUS AND NEVER SEEN BATTLE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS, IN DEFENCE OF DONNA RODRIGUEZ' DAUGHTER.



IN the end, the duke and duchess repented not of the jest put upon Sancho Panza, in relation to the government they had given him, especially since their steward came home that very day, and gave them a punctual relation of almost all the words and actions Sancho had said and done during that time. In fine, he exaggerated the assault of the island, with Sancho's fright and departure; at which they were not a little pleased.

After this, the history relates, that the appointed day of combat came. The duke, having over and over again instructed his lacquey Tosilos how he should behave towards Don Quixote, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads should be taken off their lances, telling Don Quixote that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, did not allow that this battle should be fought with so much peril and hazard of their lives; and that the combatants should be content with his giving them fair field in his territories, though in opposition to the decree of the holy council of Trent, which prohibits such challenges, without pushing the affair to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote replied that his excellency might dispose matters relating to this business as he liked best, for he would obey him in every thing.

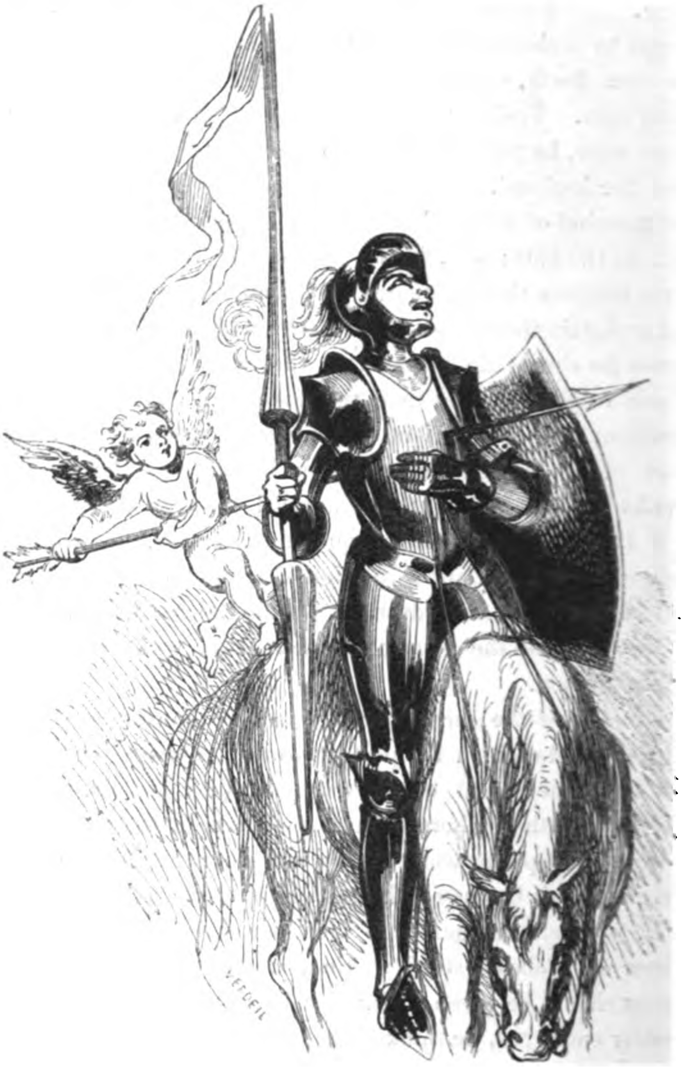
The dreadful day at last came. The duke had commanded a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court of the castle, for the judges of the field, and the two duennas, mother and daughter, appellants. An infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novelty of this combat, the like having never been heard of in that country, neither by the living nor the dead.

The first who entered the pale of the field was the master of the ceremonies, who examined the ground and walked it all over, that there might be no foul play, nor anything covered, to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the duenna and her daughter, and took their seats, covered with veils to their eyes, and even to their breasts, with tokens of no small concern. Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. Awhile after appeared, on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the earth shake under him, the great lacquey Tosilos, his vizor down, and his body quite stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Friselander;

he had an expansive chest, and was a flea-bitten grey in colour. The valorous combatant came well instructed by the duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha. He was cautioned in no wise to hurt him; but, on the contrary, to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full butt. Tosilos traversed the lists; and, coming where the duennas were, he paused awhile to contemplate her who demanded him for her husband.

The marshal of the field called Don Quixote, who had presented himself in the lists; and, in the presence of Tosilos, he asked the duennas whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered that they did, and that whatever he should do in the case they allowed to be well done, firm, and valid. By this time the duke and duchess were seated in a balcony over the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, all expecting to behold this dangerous and unheard-of rencounter. It was articled between the combatants that, if Don Quixote should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry Donna Rodriguez' daughter; but that, if he should be overcome, his adversary should be at liberty, and free from the promise the women insisted upon, without giving any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the post at which he was to stand. The drums beat, the sound of the trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath the horses' feet; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing and others hoping the good or ill success of this business. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself, with all his heart, to God our Lord, and to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting, when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lacquey's thoughts were very differently employed, he thinking of nothing but of what I am going to relate. It would appear that, while he stood looking at his female enemy, he fancied her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and the little blind boy, called up and down the streets, Love, would not lose the opportunity offered him of triumphing over a vile heart, and placing it in the catalogue of his trophies. So approaching him fair and softly, without any body's seeing him, he shot the poor lacquey in at the left side with an arrow two yards long, and pierced his heart through and through;



and certes he might safely do it, for love is invisible; he goes in and out where he lists, without being accountable to any body for his actions. I say then, that when the signal was given for the onset, our lacquey stood transported, thinking on her he had now made the mistress of his liberty; therefore he regarded not the trumpet's sound, as did Don Quixote, who had scarcely heard it, when, bending forward, he ran against his enemy at Rocinante's best speed. His trusty squire, Sancho, seeing him set forward, cried aloud: "Heaven guide you, cream and flower of knights-errant! God give you victory, since you have right on your side."

Though Tosilos saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from his post; on the contrary, calling as loud as he could to the marshal of the field, who came up to see what he wanted: "Sir," said Tosilos, "is not this combat to decide whether I should marry or not marry yonder young lady?"—"It is," answered the marshal. "Then," rejoined the lacquey, "my conscience will not let me proceed any farther, and I declare that I yield myself vanquished, and am ready to marry the gentlewoman immediately." The marshal was surprised at what Tosilos said, and, as he was in the secret of the contrivance, could not tell what answer to make. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary did not come on to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The duke could not guess the reason why the combat did not go forward; but the marshal went and told him what Tosilos had said, at which he was surprised and extremely angry.

In the meantime, Tosilos went up to the place where Donna Rodriguez was, and said aloud: "I am willing, madam, to marry your daughter, and would not obtain that by strife and contention which I may have by peace and without danger of death." The valorous Don Quixote hearing this, said: "Since it is so, I am absolved from my promise. Let them be married in God's name, and, since God has given her, may Saint Peter bless her."

The duke was now come down to the court of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, he said: "Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel?"—"Yes, my lord," answered

Tosilos. "He does very well," interposed Sancho Panza, at this juncture, "for what you would give to the mouse, give it the cat, and you will have no trouble." Tosilos was all this while unlacing his helmet, and desired them to help him quickly, for his spirits and breath were just failing him, and he could not endure to be so long pent up in the straightness of his lodging; they presently unarmed him, and the face of the lacquey was exposed to view. When Donna Rodriguez and her daughter saw it, they cried aloud: "A cheat! a cheat! Tosilos, my lord duke's lacquey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse! justice from God and the king against so much deceit, not to say villany!"—"Afflict not yourselves, ladies," cried Don Quixote; "this is neither deceit nor villany; or, if it be, the duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanters who persecute me, and who, envying me the glory of this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person who you say is a lacquey of the duke's. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him; for, without doubt he is the very man you desire to take for your husband." The duke, hearing this, was ready to vent his anger in laughter: "The things which befal Signor Don Quixote," said he, "are so extraordinary that I am inclined to believe this is not my lacquey. But let us make use of this stratagem and device: let us postpone the wedding for fifteen days, if you please, and, in the meantime, keep this person who holds us in doubt in safe custody. Perhaps during that time, he may return to his pristine figure; and the grudge the enchanters bear to Signor Don Quixote cannot surely last so long, especially since these tricks and transformations avail them so little."—"O sir," cried Sancho, "those wicked wretches make it their practice and custom to change things relating to my master from one shape to another. A knight whom he vanquished a few days ago, the Knight of the Mirrors, was changed by them into the shape and figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a native of our town, and our intimate friend. They have turned my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a downright country wench. Therefore I imagine this lacquey will live and die a lacquey all the days of his life." The duenna Rodriguez' daughter now cried:

"Let him be who he will that demands me to wife, I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be lawful wife to a lacquey, than an abandoned mistress tricked by a gentleman, though he who abused me is not one."

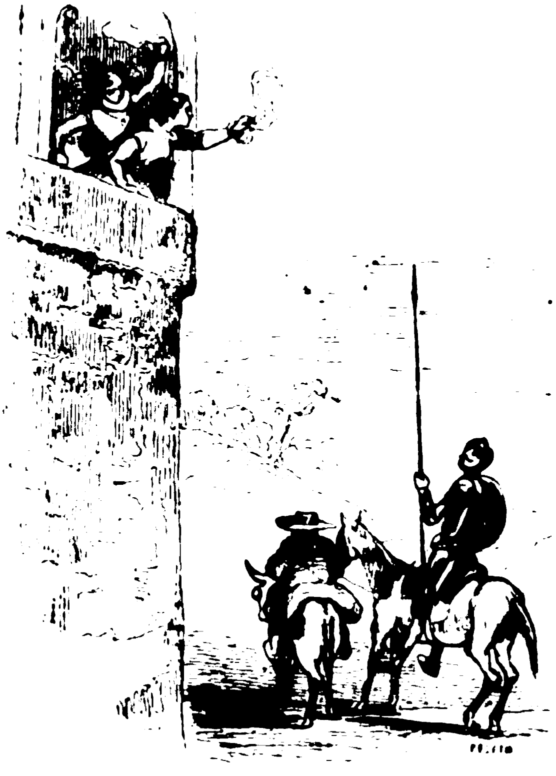
Finally, all these accidents and events ended in Tosilos' confinement till it should appear how his transformation should end. The victory was adjudged to Don Quixote, by general acclamation, but the greater part of the spectators were out of humour to find that the so-much-expected combatants had not hacked one another to pieces; the same as boys are sorry when the criminal they expected to see hanged is pardoned, either by the prosecutor or the court. The crowd dispersed; the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle; Tosilos was confined; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see that, one way or other, this business was likely to end in matrimony, and Tosilos hoped no less.

CHAPTER LVII.

WHICH RELATES HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT BEFEL HIM WITH THE WITTY AND WANTON ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S WAITING WOMEN.

EMERGING from his apathy, Don Quixote began to think it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle. He imagined that he committed a great fault in suffering his person to be thus confined, and in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the duke and duchess provided for him as a knight-errant, and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this inactivity. He therefore one day asked leave of the duke and duchess to depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept on hearing read, and said: "Who could have thought that hopes so great as those conceived in the breast of my wife, Teresa Panza, at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa has behaved like herself in sending the acorns to the duchess. Had she not sent them, I should have been sorry, and she would have shown herself ungrateful. But my great comfort is, that this present cannot be called a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government when she sent them, and it is very fitting that those who receive a benefit should show themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In fine, naked I went into the government, and naked I am come out of it, and I can say, with a safe conscience, which is no small matter, 'Naked I was born, naked I am, I neither win nor lose.'"

This Sancho spoke in soliloquy on the day of their departure. Don Quixote, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the duke and duchesss the night before, presented himself completely armed before the castle. All the folks of the castle beheld him



from the galleries, and the duke and duchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, his wallets well furnished and himself highly pleased, for the duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey, which Don Quixote as yet knew nothing of. Whilst all the folks were thus gazing at him, as has been said, among the other duennas and damsels of the duchess who were beholding him, on a sudden the witty and wanton Altisidora raised her voice, and, in a piteous tone, cried:

"Stay, cruel knight,
Take not thy flight,
Nor spur thy battered jade;
Thy haste restrain,
Draw in the rein,
And hear a love-sick maid.
Why dost thou fly,
No snake am I,
Nor poison those I love:
Gentle I am
As any lamb,
And harmless as a dove.
Thy cruel scorn
Has left forlorn
A nymph, whose charms may vie
With theirs who sport
In Cynthia's court,
Tho' Venus' self were by.
"Cruel Bireno[369]! to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee[370].

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[369] In the tenth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, Bireno abandons his mistress Olympia on a desert island. When the latter awakens, she curses her perfidious lover and loads him with imprecations, like Dido at the departure of Æneas. Hence Altisidora's two comparisons. [The reader will remark that Jarvis has omitted the allusion to Dido's imprecations of Æneas, doubtless for the sake of the rhyme. Ed. D. Q.]

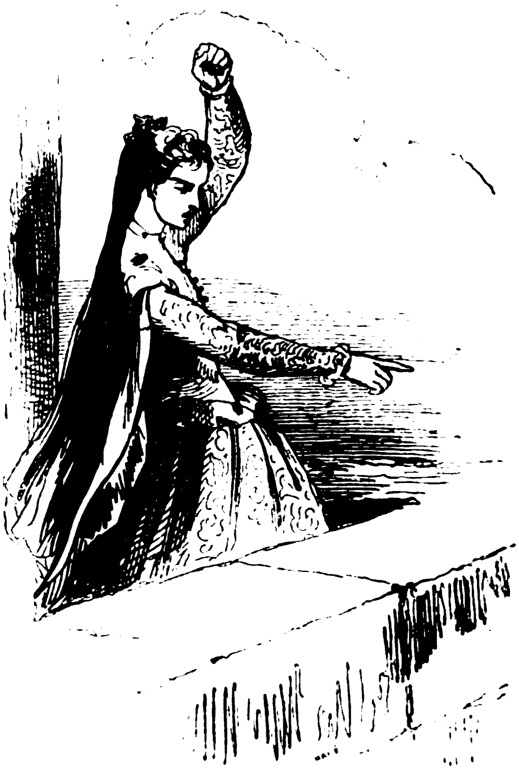
[370] This imprecation forms what the Spaniards call *el estribillo* (the refrain), and is repeated at the end of every strophe.

"Like rav'nous kite,
That takes its flight,
Soon as't has stolen a chicken,
Thou bear'st away
My heart, thy prey,
And leav'st me here to sicken:
Three night-caps too,
And garters blue,
That did to legs belong,
Smooth to the sight,
As marble white,
And faith, almost as strong:
Two thousand groans,
As many moans,
And sighs enough to fire
Old Priam's town,
And burn it down,
Did it again aspire.
"Cruel Bireno! to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

"May Sancho ne'er
His broad back bare,
Fly-flap, as is his duty;
And thou still want
To disenchant
Dulcinea's injured beauty.
May still transform'd,
And still deform'd,
Toboso's nymph remain,
In recompense
Of thy offence,
Thy scorn and cold disdain.
When thou dost wield
Thy sword in field,
In combat or in quarrel,
Ill luck and harms
Attend thy arms,
Instead of fame and laurel.
"Cruel Bireno! to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

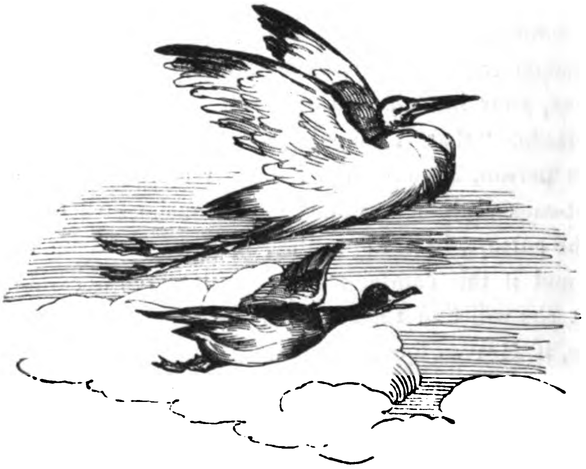
"May thy disgrace
Fill every place,
Thy falsehood ne'er be hid,
But round the world
Be tossed and hurl'd,
From Seville to Madrid.

If, brisk and gay,
Thou sitt'st to play
At Ombre or at Chess,
May ne'er Spadill
Attend thy will,
No luck thy movements bless.
Though thou with care
Thy corns dost pare,
May blood thy penknife follow;
May thy gums rage,
And nought assuage
The pain of tooth that's hollow.
"Cruel Bireno! to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.



While the afflicted Altisidora was thus complaining, Don Quixote stood beholding her, and without answering her a word, turning his face to Sancho, he said: "By the souls of your ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure you tell the truth. Have you taken away three night-caps and the garters this enamoured damsel mentions?"—"The three night-caps I have; but as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon." The duchess was surprised at the liberty Altisidora took; for, though she knew her to be bold, witty, and free, she did not believe her to be impudent to such a degree as to venture upon these freedoms. Besides, as she knew nothing of this jest, her surprise increased. The duke resolved to carry on the joke, and said to Don Quixote: "I think it does not look well, Sir Knight, that, after having received so hearty a welcome in this castle of mine, you should dare to carry off three night-caps at least, if not my damsel's garters besides. These are indications of a bad heart, and ill become your character. Return her the garters, if not, I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid that your knavish enchanters should change or alter my face, as they have done that of Tosilos, my lacquey, your intended adversary."—"God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The night-caps shall be restored, since Sancho says he has them; but for the garters, it is impossible, since I have them not, nor he neither; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-places, I warrant she will find them. I, my lord duke, never was a thief, and think, if Heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be one as long as I live. This damsel talks, as she owns, like one in love, which is no fault of mine; therefore I have no reason to ask pardon neither of her, nor of your excellency, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and once again, to give me leave to depart." —"Pray Heaven, Signor Don Quixote," cried the duchess, "send you so good a journey that we may continually hear good news of your exploits. Go, and God be with you, for the longer you stay, the more you increase the fire in the breasts of the damsels who behold you. As for mine, I will take her to task so severely, that henceforward she shall not dare to transgress with her eyes, or her words."—"Do but hear one word more, O valorous Don Quixote, and I am silent," rejoined Altisidora: "it is, that I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters, for, on my conscience and soul, I have them on; but I was absent in thought, like the man who looked for his ass while he was upon his back."—"Did I not tell you?" cried Sancho. "Oh! I am a rare one for concealing thefts. Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity for it in my government."

Don Quixote bowed his head, and made his obeisance to the duke and duchess and all the spectators, and turning Rocinante's head, Sancho following upon his donkey, he sallied out at the castle gate, taking the road to Saragossa.



CHAPTER LVIII.

SHOWING HOW ADVENTURES CROWDED SO FAST UPON DON QUIXOTE, THAT THEY TROD UPON ONE ANOTHER'S HEELS.

On Don Quixote seeing himself in the open field, free, and delivered from the courtship of Altisidora, he thought himself in his proper element, and that his spirits were reviving in him to prosecute afresh his scheme of knight-errantry. Turning to Sancho, he addressed him thus: "Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most valuable of all the gifts which Heaven has bestowed upon men. The treasures which the earth encloses, or the sea covers, are not to be compared with it. Life may and ought to be risked for liberty as well as for honour; on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil that can befal us. I tell you this, Sancho, because you have observed the civil treatment and plenty we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of those seasoned banquets, those icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done had they been my own; for the obligations of returning benefits and favours received are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a morsel of bread without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than Heaven itself."—"Notwithstanding all your worship has said," returned Sancho, "it is fit there should be some small acknowledgment on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which, as a cordial and sovereign balsam, I carry next my heart, against whatever may happen. We shall not always find castles where we shall be made much of; now and then we must expect to meet with inns where we may be soundly thrashed."

In these and other such discourses our errant knight and squire went jogging on, when, having travelled a little above a league, they espied a dozen men, clad like peasants, sitting at dinner upon the grass in a little green meadow, with their cloaks spread under them. Close by them were certain white sheets, as it seemed, under which something lay concealed. They were raised above the ground, and stretched out at some little distance from each other. Don Quixote approached the eaters, and, having first courteously saluted them, asked them what they had under those sheets. One of them answered: "Sir, under that linen are certain wooden images, designed to be placed upon an altar we are erecting in our village; we carry them covered, that they may not be sullied, and upon our shoulders, that they may not be broken." —"If you please," answered Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them, for images that are carried with so much precaution must doubtless be good ones."—"Ay, and very good ones too," added another, "as their price will testify; for in truth, there is not one of them but stands us in above fifty ducats. And to convince your worship of this truth, stay but a little while, and you shall see it with your own eyes." Rising up from his food, he went and took off the covering from the first figure, which appeared to be a St. George on horseback, with a serpent coiled up at his feet, and his lance run through its mouth, with all the fierceness usually bestowed on it. The whole image seemed to be, as we say, one blaze of gold. "This knight," said Don Quixote, regarding it, "was one of the best errant the divine warfare ever had; he was called St. George, and was besides a defender of damsels. Let us see this other." The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be an image of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. Don Quixote no sooner set eyes on it than he cried: "This knight also was one of the Christian adventurers, and, I take it, more liberal than valiant, as you may perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar and giving him half; doubtless it must have been then winter, or he would have given it him all, so great was his charity."—"That was not the reason," replied Sancho; "he had a mind rather to keep to the proverb, which says: *What to give and what to keep, require an understanding deep.*" Don Quixote smiled, and desired another sheet might be taken off, underneath which was discovered the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword all bloody, trampling on Moors and treading upon their heads. When he beheld this, Don Quixote cried: "Ay, marry, this is a knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron; he is called Saint James Matamoros[71], and was one of the most valiant saints and knights the world had formerly, or Heaven has now." Then they removed another sheet which covered St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances that are usually drawn in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it represented in so lively a manner that one would almost say Christ was speaking, and St. Paul answering, he said: "This was the greatest enemy the church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have; a knight-errant in his life, a stedfast saint in his death, an unwearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard, a teacher of the Gentiles, whose school was Heaven, and whose professor and master was Jesus Christ himself."

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[71] Literally *Moor-Slayer.*

There were no more images, and so Don Quixote bid them cover them up again, and said: "I take it for a good omen, brethren, to have seen what I have seen, for these saints and knights professed what I profess, which is the exercise of arms, the only difference between them and me being that they were saints, and fought after a heavenly manner, and I am a sinner and fight after an earthly manner. They conquered Heaven by force of arms, for Heaven suffers violence[372]; and I, hitherto, cannot tell what I conquer, by force of my sufferings. But could my Dulcinea del Toboso get out of hers, my condition being bettered and my understanding directed aright, I might perhaps take a better course than I do."—"God hear him," said Sancho to himself, "and let sin be deaf!"

The men wondered no less at the figure than at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding half what he meant by the latter. They finished their repast, packed up their images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey.

Sancho remained as much in admiration at his master's knowledge, as if he had never known him before, thinking there was no history nor event which he had not at his fingers' ends, and fastened down to his memory. "Truly, master of mine," said he, "if this that has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it has been one of the softest and sweetest that has befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations. We are clear of it without alarm or blows; we have neither laid our hands to our swords, nor beaten the earth with our bodies, nor are we starved with hunger. Blessed be God for letting me see this with my own eyes!"—"You say well, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but you must consider that all times are not alike, nor do they take the same course. What the vulgar commonly call omens, though not founded upon any natural reason, a discreet man will yet look upon as lucky encounters. One of these superstitious people rises and goes abroad early in the morning, and, meeting with a friar of the order of the blessed saint Francis, turns his back, as if he had met a griffin, and goes home again. Another spills the salt upon the table, and forthwith melancholy overspreads his heart, as if nature was bound to show signs of eusuing mischances by such trivial accidents. The wise and christian man ought not to pry too curiously into the councils of Heaven. Scipio, arriving in Africa, stumbled at jumping ashore; his soldiers took it for an ill omen. But he, embracing the ground: 'Africa, thou canst not escape me,' cried he, 'for I have thee fast between my arms.' Therefore, Sancho, the meeting with these images has been a most happy encounter to me."—"I verily believe it," answered Sancho, "and I should be glad if your worship would inform me why the Spaniards, when they join battle, invoke Saint James Matamoros, and cry: 'Saint James, and close Spain[373]?' Is Spain, peradventure, so open as to want closing? or what ceremony is this?"—"You are a very child, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "take notice that God gave this great knight of the Red Cross to Spain for its patron and protector, especially in those rigorous conflicts the Spaniards have had with the Moors. Therefore they pray to and invoke him as their defender in all the battles they fight, and they have frequently seen him visibly overthrowing, trampling down, destroying and slaughtering the Saracenic squadrons. Of this I could produce examples recorded in the true Spanish histories."

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[372] Saint Matthew, chap. ii. verse 12.

Sancho, changing the discourse, said to his master: "I am amazed, sir, at the assurance of Altisidora, the duchess's waiting-woman. The little blind god, Love, must surely have wounded her sorely, and pierced her through and through. They say he is a boy, who, though purblind, or, to say better, quite blind, if he takes aim at any heart, how small soever, hits and pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have also heard say that the darts of Love are blunted and rendered pointless by the modesty and reserve of maidens; but in this same Altisidora, methinks, they are rather whetted than blunted."—"Look you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "Love regards no respects, nor observes any rules of reason in his proceedings, and is of the same nature with death, which assaults the stately palaces of kings as well as the lowly cottages of shepherds; and when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is to divest it of fear and shame. Thus Altisidora, being without both, made an open declaration of her desires, which produced rather confusion than compassion in my breast."—"Notorious cruelty!" cried Sancho, "unheard-of ingratitude! I dare say, for myself, that the least amorous hint of hers would have made me her vassal. O! what a heart of marble! what bowels of brass! what a soul of plaster of Paris! But I cannot conceive what it is this damsel saw in your worship that subdued and captivated her to that degree. What finery, what gallantry, what gaiety, what face? Which of these, jointly or severally, made her fall in love with you? In truth, in truth, I have often surveyed your worship from the tip of your toe to the top of your head, and I see in you more things to cause terror than love. Having also heard say that beauty is the first and principal thing that enamours, your worship having none at all, I wonder what the poor thing was in love with."—"Look you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there are two sorts of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind shines and discovers itself in the understanding, in modesty, good behaviour, liberality, good-breeding; and all these qualities may subsist and be found in an ill-favoured man. When the aim is at this beauty, and not at that of the body, it produces love with impetuosity and advantage. I know very well, Sancho, that I am not handsome, but I know also that I am not deformed; and an honest man, who is not a monster, may be beloved, provided he has the qualities of the mind I have mentioned."

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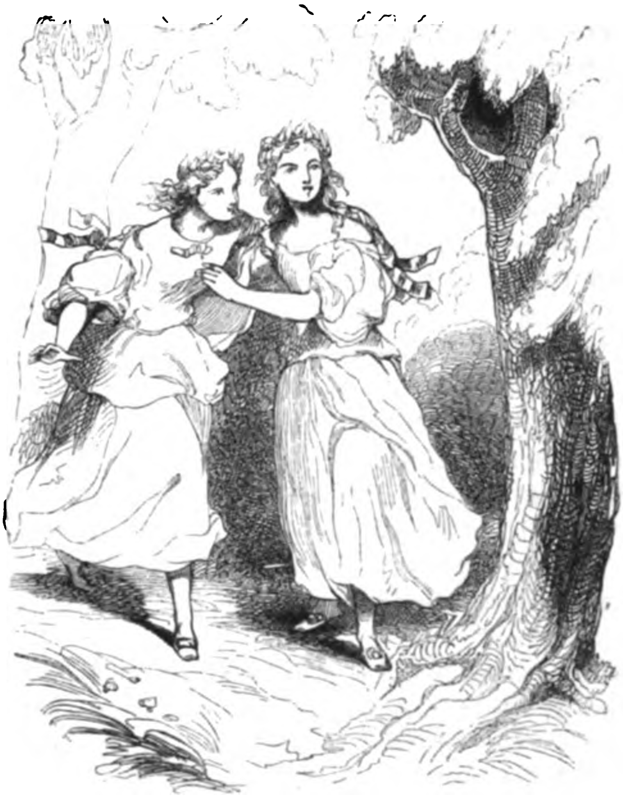
[373] *Santiago, y cierra, Espana.* Literally, *Saint James, and attack Spain.* The word *cerrar*, which formerly meant to attack, now signifies to close. Hence Sancho's *jeu de mots.*

In such converse as this they entered into a wood not far out of the road, and on a sudden Don Quixote found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, which hung from one tree to another. Not being able to imagine what it might be, he said to Sancho: "The business of these nets, Sancho, must, I think, be one of the newest adventures imaginable. Let me die if the enchanters who persecute me have not a mind to entangle me in them, and stop my journey, by way of revenge for the rigorous treatment Altisidora received from me. But I would have them to know that though these nets, instead of being made of thread, were made of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than that in which the jealous Vulcan entangled Venus and Mars, I would break them as easily as if they were made of bulrushes or yarn." He was going to pass forward and break through all, when two most beautiful shepherdesses presented themselves unexpectedly from among the trees before him; at least, they were clad like shepherdesses, excepting that their corsets were of fine brocade, and their habits of



rich gold lutestring. Their hair, which for brightness might come in competition with the rays of the sun, hung loose about their shoulders, and their heads were crowned with garlands of green laurel and red amaranths interwoven. Their age seemed to be not under fifteen nor above eighteen. This sight amazed Sancho, surprised Don Quixote, made the sun stop in his career to behold them, and held them all in marvellous silence. At length one of the shepherdesses was the first to break it: "Stop, signor cavalier," said she to Don Quixote, "and break not the nets placed here, not for your hurt, but our diversion. And because I know you will ask us why they are spread, I will tell you in a few words. In a town about two leagues off, where there are several people of quality and a great many hidalgos, and those rich, it was agreed among several friends and relations that their sons, wives and daughters, neighbours, friends and relations, should all come to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest in these parts. We form among ourselves a new pastoral Arcadia; the maidens dressing themselves like shepherdesses, and the young men like shepherds. We have learned by heart two eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso de la Vega, and the other by the most excellent Camoëns, in his own Portuguese tongue. We have not yet represented them, for yesterday was the first day of our coming hither. We have some field-tents pitched among the trees on the margin of a copious stream which spreads fertility over all these meadows. Last night we hung our nets upon these trees to deceive the birds which should come at the noise we make and be caught in them. If, sir, you please to be our guest, you shall be entertained generously and courteously, for into this place neither sorrow nor melancholy enter."

The shepherdess held her peace, and Don Quixote answered: "Assuredly, fairest lady, Actæon was not in greater surprise and amazement when unawares he saw Diana bathing, than I have been in at beholding your beauty. I applaud the scheme of your diversions, and thank you for your kind offers. If I can do you any service, you may lay your commands upon me in full assurance of being obeyed; for my profession is no other than to show myself grateful and a benefactor to all sorts of people, especially to those of the rank to which your presence denotes you to belong. Should these nets, which probably take up but a small space, occupy the whole surface of the earth, I would seek out new worlds to pass through rather than hazard the breaking of them: and that you may afford some credit to my hyperbole, learn that he who makes you this promise is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if perchance this name has ever reached your ears."—"Ah! friend of my soul!" cried the other young shepherdess, "what good fortune has befallen us! See you this gentleman here before us? I assure you he is the most valiant, the most enamoured, the most complacent knight in the world; at least unless an history which goes about of him in print, and which I have read, lies and deceives us. I will lay a wager that this honest man who comes with him is a certain Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries none can equal."—"That is true," said Sancho, "I am that same jocular squire you say, and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote de la Mancha imprinted, and historified."—"Ah!" cried the other, "let us entreat him to stay; our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased to have him here. I have heard the same things of his valour and wit that you tell me. Particularly they say he is the most constant and most faithful lover in the world, and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm from all the beauties in Spain."—"And with good reason," rejoined Don Quixote, "unless your matchless beauty brings it into question. But weary not yourselves, ladies, in endeavouring to detain me, for the precise obligations of my profession will suffer me to rest nowhere."

By this time there came up to where the four stood a brother of one of the young shepherdesses, also in a shepherd's dress, answerable in richness and gallantry to theirs. They told him that the person he saw was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other, Sancho, his squire, of whom he had some knowledge by having read their history. The gallant shepherd saluted him, and desired him to come with him to the tents, which invitation

Don Quixote could not refuse: he therefore followed him. Then the nets were drawn and filled with a variety of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the nets, fell into the very danger they endeavoured to fly from. Above thirty persons, genteelly dressed in pastoral habits, were assembled together in the place. They presently were made acquainted who Don Quixote and his squire were, which was no small satisfaction to them, as they were already no strangers to their history.

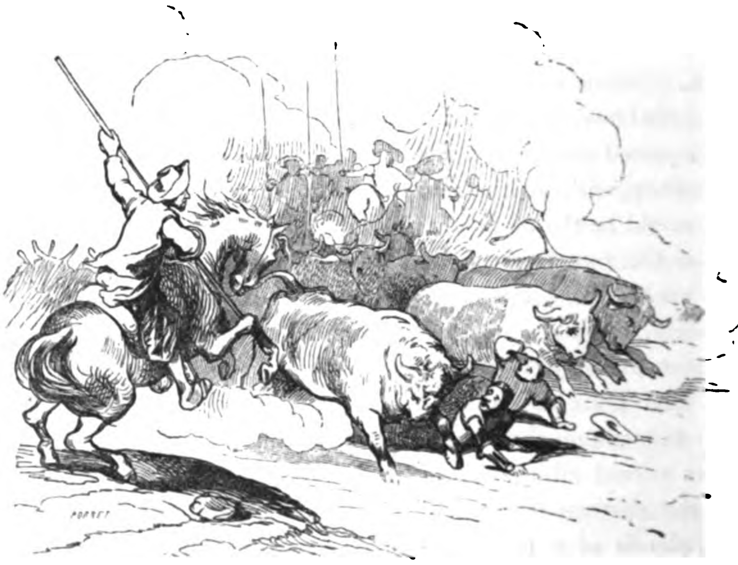
They hastened to the tents, where they found the table spread, rich, plentiful and neat. They honoured Don Quixote by placing him at the upper end. They all gazed at him, wondering at the sight. In due time, the cloth being taken away, Don Quixote raised his voice, and began to speak as follows: "Of all the grievous sins men commit, though some say pride, I affirm that ingratitude is the worst, adhering to the common opinion that hell is peopled with the ungrateful. This sin, I have endeavoured to avoid as much as possibly I could, ever since I came to the use of reason. If I cannot repay the good offices done me with the like, I place in their stead the desire of doing them; and, when this is not enough, I publish them; for he who tells and publishes the good deeds done to him, would return them in kind if he could. Generally, in fact, the receivers are inferior to the givers. God is therefore above all, because he is bountiful above all. But though the gifts of men are infinitely disproportionate to those of God, gratitude in some measure supplies their narrowness and defects. I then, being grateful for the civility offered me here, but restrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a suitable return, offer what I can and what is in my power. Therefore do I say I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of this highway which leads to Saragossa, that these lady shepherdesses in disguise are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my thoughts, without offence to any that hear me be it spoken."

Sancho, who had been listening to him with great attention, on hearing this, cried aloud: "Is it possible there should be any persons in the world who presume to say and swear that this master of mine is a madman! Speak, gentlemen shepherds, is there a country vicar, though ever so discreet or ever so good a scholar, who can say what my master has said? Is there a knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who can offer what my master has now offered?" Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with a wrathful countenance, said: "Is it possible, O Sancho, there is anybody upon the globe who will say you are not an idiot lined with the same, and edged with I know not what of the mischievous and knavish? Who gave you authority to meddle with what belongs to me, and to call in question my folly or discretion? Silence, and make no reply, but go saddle Rocinante, if he be unsaddled; then let us go and put my offer into execution; for, considering how much I am in the right, you may conclude all those who shall contradict me already conquered." That said, with tokens of indignation he rose from his seat, leaving the company wonder-stricken, and in doubt whether they should reckon him a madman or a man of sense.

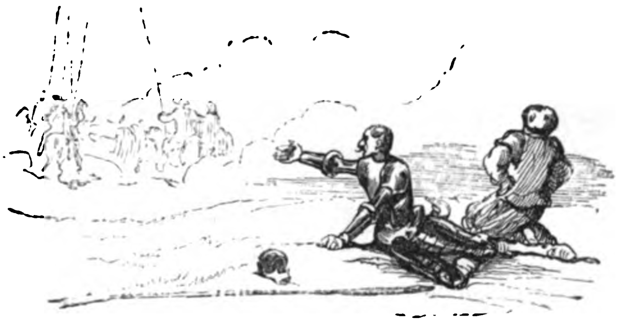
In short, they would have persuaded him not to put himself upon such a trial, saying they were satisfied of his grateful nature, and wanted no other proofs of his valour than those related in the history of his exploits. Don Quixote, however, persisted in his design. Being mounted upon Rocinante, bracing his shield and taking his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the highway which passed near the verdant meadow. Sancho followed upon his donkey, with all the pastoral company, being desirous to see what would be the event of this arrogant and unheard-of challenge.

Don Quixote being posted, as aforesaid, in the middle of the road, spoke at the top of his voice, as follows: "O ye passengers, travellers, knights, squires, people on foot and on horseback, who now pass this way or are to pass in these two days following, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is posted here ready to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and groves exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso; therefore, let him who is of a contrary opinion come; here I stand ready to receive him." Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune, which was disposing his affairs from good to better, so ordered it that soon after they discovered a great many men on horseback, several of them with lances in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. Scarcely had they who were with Don Quixote seen them ere they turned their backs, and got far enough out of the way, fearing that if they staid they might be exposed to some danger. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza screened himself behind Rocinante's haunches. The troop of lance-men came up, and one of the foremost began to cry aloud to Don Quixote: "Get out of the way, devil of a man, lest the bulls trample you to pieces."—"Rascals," replied Don Quixote, "I value not your bulls, though they were the fiercest that Jarama ever bred upon its banks. Confess, ye scoundrels, that what I have here proclaimed is true; if not, I challenge ye to battle."

The herdsman had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, if he would; so the whole herd of fierce bulls and



tame kine which are used to precede them[374], with the multitude of herdsmen, and others who were driving them to a certain town where they were to be baited in a day or two, all ran over Don Quixote and Sancho, Rocinante and Dapple, leaving them all sprawling and rolling on the ground. Sancho remained bruised, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple battered, and Rocinante not perfectly sound. At length they all got up, and Don Quixote, in a great hurry, stumbling here and falling there, began to run after the herd, crying aloud: "Hold, stop, ye vile malandrins, a single knight defies ye all, who is not of the disposition or opinion of those who say: '*Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.*'" But the hasty runners stopped not for this, and made no more account of his menaces than of last year's clouds. Weariness stopped Don Quixote, who more enraged than revenged, sat down in the road, awaiting the coming up of Sancho, Rocinante and Dapple. They came up at last; master and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leaves of the feigned and counterfeit Arcadia, and with more shame than satisfaction, pursued their journey.



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[374] The keepers of bulls destined for the arena guard them on horseback, and use lances instead of whips. The bulls brought from the pasture to the arena, the night before the fight, are led by oxen trained for the purpose, termed *Cabestros.*

CHAPTER LIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT, WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, AND WHICH MAY PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE.

Don Quixote and Sancho found relief from the dust and weariness they underwent through the rude encounter of the bulls, in a clear and limpid fountain which ran in the midst of a cool grove. Leaving Dapple and Rocinante free without halter or bridle, the way-beaten couple, master and man, sat them down on the bank. Sancho had recourse to the cupboard of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his sauce. He rinsed his mouth and Don Quixote washed his face, with which refreshment they relieved their fainting spirits. Don Quixote would eat nothing out of pure chagrin, nor durst Sancho touch the victuals out of pure good manners, excepting his master should first be his taster.

But, seeing him so carried away by his imaginations as to forget to put a bit in his mouth, he said nothing, and, breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to stow away in his hungry stomach the bread and cheese before him. "Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "support life, which is of more importance to you than to me, and leave me to die under the weight of my reflections and by the force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and you to die eating. To show you that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damsels, and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, this morning have I seen myself trod upon, kicked and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and quite takes away my appetite, so that I think of suffering myself to die with hunger, the cruelest of all deaths."—"At this rate," replied Sancho, chewing apace as he spoke, "your worship will not approve of the proverb, which says: 'Let Martha die, but with her belly full.' At least I do not intend to kill myself. On the contrary, I mean rather to imitate the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth till he stretches it to what he would have it. I will stretch my life by eating, till it reaches the end Heaven has allotted it. Let me tell you, sir, there is no greater madness, than to despair as you do. Believe me; after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green mattress of this grass, and when you awake you will find yourself much eased."

Don Quixote complied, thinking Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool. "If, O Sancho," said he, "you would now do for me what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great: it is this, that while I, in pursuance of your advice, am sleeping, you will step a little aside, and with the reins of Rocinante's bridle, turning up your flesh to the sky, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for in faith, it is a great pity the poor lady should continue under enchantment through your carelessness and neglect."—"There is a great deal to be said as to that," rejoined Sancho. "For the present let us both sleep, and afterwards God knows what may happen. Pray consider, sir, that this same whipping one's-self in cold blood is a cruel thing, especially when the lashes light upon a body ill-sustained and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience; one fine day, when she least thinks of it, she will see me pinked like a sieve by dint of stripes, and until death all is life; I mean I am still alive, together with the desire of fulfilling my promise."

Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much; and both proceeded to compose themselves to sleep, leaving Rocinante and Dapple, though inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion and without control, to feed upon the rich thick grass with which that meadow abounded. The sleepers awoke somewhat of the latest. They mounted again and pursued their journey, hastening to reach an inn which seemed to be about a league off. I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns castles. They arrived at it, and demanded of the host if he had any lodging. He answered that he had, with all the conveniences and entertainment that was to be found even in Saragossa. They both alighted, and Sancho secured his baggage in a chamber of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, gave them their allowance, and giving particular thanks to Heaven that this inn had not been taken by his master for a castle, went to see what commands Don Quixote, who was seated upon a stone bench, had for him.

Supper-time came, and they betook them to their chamber. Sancho asked the host what he had to give them for supper. The host answered: "Your mouth shall be measured, and you may call for whatever you please. This inn is amply provided, as far as birds of the air, fowls of the earth, and fishes of the sea go."—"There is no need of quite so much," answered Sancho; "roast us but a couple of chickens and we shall have enough, for my master has a delicate appetite, and I am no glutton." The host replied he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. "Then order a pullet, signor host," quoth Sancho, "to be roasted, and see that it be tender."—"A pullet, Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the host; "truly, truly, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold; but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will."—"If it be so," returned Sancho, "veal or kid cannot be wanting."—"There is none in the house at present," answered the host, "for it is all made an end of; but next week, there will be enough and to spare."—"We are much the nearer for that," answered Sancho; "I will lay a wager all these deficiencies will be made up with a superabundance of bacon and eggs."—"Before Heaven," answered the host, "my guest has an admirable guess with him! I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs! Talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for eggs."—"Body of me! let us come to something," cried Sancho; "tell me in short what you have, and lay aside your flourishings, master host."—"Signor guest," said the innkeeper, "what I really and truly have is a pair of cow-heels that look like calves-feet, or a pair of calves-feet that look like cow-heels. They are in the saucepan, seasoned with peas, onions and bacon, and at this very minute are crying: 'Come eat me, come eat me.'"—"I mark them for my own, from this moment," cried Sancho, "and let nobody touch them; I will pay more for them than another shall, because I could wish for nothing that I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, so they are not hoofs."—"Nobody shall touch them," answered the host; "for some other guests in the house, out of pure gentility, bring their own cook, their caterer and their provisions with them."—"If gentility be the business," said Sancho, "nobody is more a gentleman than my master; but the calling he is of allows of no catering or butlering. Alas! we are often compelled to caulk it out in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns and medlars." This discourse Sancho held with the innkeeper, not caring to answer him any farther, though the other had already asked him of what calling or employment his master was. Supper-time being come, Don Quixote withdrew to his chamber; the host brought the flesh-pot just as it was, and fairly sat himself down to supper.

It seems that in the room next to that where Don Quixote was, and divided only by a partition of lath, Don Quixote presently heard somebody say: "By your life, Signor Don Geronimo, while supper is getting ready, let us read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha." No sooner did Don Quixote hear himself named, than up he stood, and with an attentive ear, listened to their discourse. He heard the Don Geronimo answer: "Why, Signor Don Juan, would you have us read such absurdities? Whoever has read the first part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, cannot possibly be pleased with reading the second."—"For all that," said Don Juan, "it will not be amiss to read it; there is no book so bad but it has something good in it. What displeases me most in it is, that the author describes Don Quixote as no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso[375]."

When Don Quixote overheard this, full of wrath and indignation, he raised his voice and cried: "Whoever shall say that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he is very wide of the truth; for neither can the peerless Dulcinea be forgotten, nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetting. His motto is constancy, and his profession is to preserve it with sweetness, and without doing himself any violence."—"Who is it that answers us?" demanded one in the other room. "Who should it be," replied Sancho, "but Don Quixote de la Mancha himself, who will make good all he says, and all he shall say, for a good paymaster is in pain for no pawn."

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when into the room came two gentlemen (for such they seemed to be), and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said: "Your presence can neither belie your name, nor your name do otherwise than credit your presence. Doubtless, signor, you are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning star of knight-errantry, in spite of him who has endeavoured to usurp your name and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book I here give you has done." At the same time he put a book that his companion held into Don Quixote's hand. The knight took it, and without answering a word, began to turn over the leaves: presently after he returned it, saying: "In the little I have seen, I have found three things in this author that deserve reprehension. The first is, some words I have read in the prologue[576]; the next, that the language is Aragonian, for he sometimes writes without articles; the third, which chiefly convicts him of ignorance, is that he errs and deviates from the truth in a principal point of the history. He says in effect that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez[577], whereas that is not her name, but Teresa Panza; and he who errs in so principal a point may very well be supposed to be mistaken in

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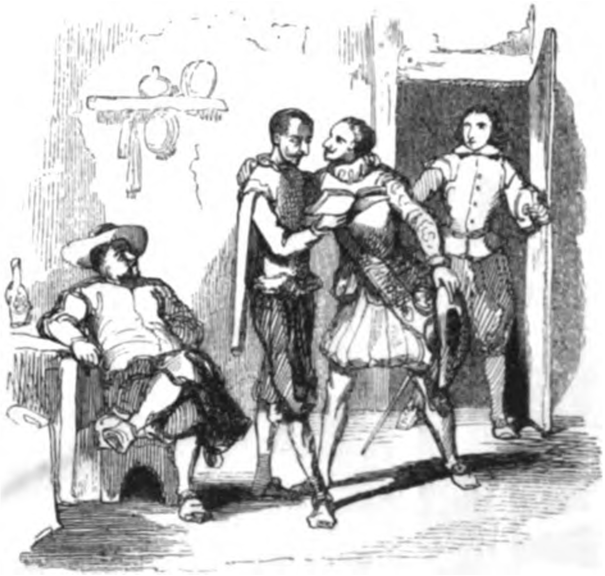
[375] Cervantes here speaks of the impertinent continuation of the *Don Quixote*, composed by an Aragonese author who concealed his real designation under the name of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avallaneda, which made its appearance while he was himself writing the second part. Avallaneda in fact describes Don Quixote as having renounced his passion, in Chapter IV., VI., VIII., XII. and XIII. He had said in his third chapter: "Don Quixote concluded his interview with Sancho by saying that he was resolved to repair to Saragossa to the jousts, and that he thought of forgetting the ungrateful Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso, to seek another mistress."



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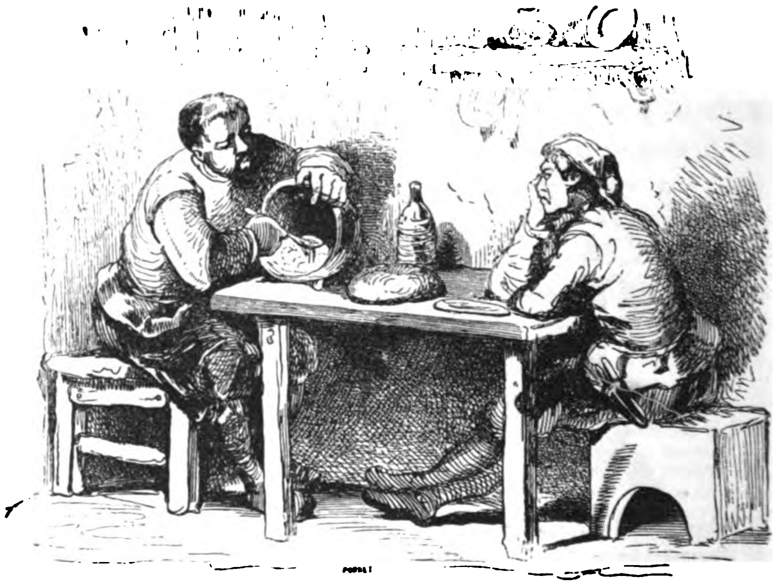
[576] These are grossly injurious expressions addressed directly to Cervantes.

[577] Cervantes forgets that he himself gave her this name in the first part, and that he calls her Juana Gutierrez in the seventh chapter of the second.

the rest of the history."—"Prettily done, indeed, of this same historian!" cried Sancho; "he must be well informed, truly, of our adventures, since he calls Teresa Panza, my wife, Mary Gutierrez! Take the book again, sir, and see whether I am in it, and whether he has changed my name."—"By what you say, friend," said Don Geronimo, "without doubt you are Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire."—"I am so," answered Sancho, "and value myself upon it." —"In faith, then," said the gentleman, "this modern author does not treat you with that decency which seems agreeable to your person. He describes you a glutton and a simpleton, and not at all pleasant, and quite a different Sancho from him described in the first part of your master's history."—"God forgive him," answered Sancho; "he might have let me alone in my corner, without remembering me at all; for let him who knows the instrument play on it, and Saint Peter is nowhere so well as at Rome."

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to step to their chamber and sup with them, well knowing there was nothing to be had in the inn fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always courteous, condescended to their request and supped with them.



Sancho stayed behind with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio;* he placed himself at the head of the table, and by him sat down the innkeeper, as fond of the cow-heels as Sancho himself.

While they were at supper, Don Juan asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whether she was married, whether yet brought to bed or with child, or if, continuing a maiden, she still remembered, with the reserve of her modesty and good decorum, the amorous inclinations of Signor Don Quixote. "Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "is still a maiden, and my inclinations are more constant than ever; our correspondence upon the old footing; her beauty transformed into the visage of a coarse country-wench." Then he recounted every particular of the enchantment of Dulcinea, and what had befallen him in the cavern of Montesinos, with the direction the sage Merlin had given him for her disenchantment, namely Sancho's flagellation. Great was the satisfaction the two gentlemen received to hear Don Quixote relate the strange adventures of his history. They wondered equally at his extravagances and at his elegant manner of telling them. One while they held him for a wise man, then for a fool, nor could they determine what degree to assign him between discretion and folly.

Sancho made an end of supper, and, leaving the innkeeper more than half tipsy, he went to the chamber where his master was, and said as he entered: "May I die, gentlemen, if the author of this book you have got has a mind he and I should eat a good meal together. I hope at least, since, as you say, he calls me glutton, he does not call me drunkard too."—"Ay, marry, does he," answered Don Geronimo; "I do not remember after what manner, though I know the expressions carried but an ill sound, and were false into the bargain, as I see plainly by the countenance of honest Sancho here present."—"Believe me, gentlemen," rejoined Sancho, "that the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are not the same with those of the book composed by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, who are us: my master valiant, discreet, and in love; and I, simple, pleasant, and neither a glutton, nor a drunkard."—"I believe it," returned Don Juan: "and if it were possible, it should be ordered that none dare to treat of matters relating to Don Quixote but Cid

Hamet, his first author, the same as Alexander commanded that none should dare to draw his picture but Apelles."—" Draw me who will," said Don Quixote, " but let him not abuse me; for patience is apt to fail when it is overladen with injuries."—" None," added Don Juan, " can be offered Signor Don Quixote that he cannot revenge, unless he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great."

In these and the like discourses they spent great part of the night; and though Don Juan had a mind Don Quixote should read more of the book, to see what it treated of, he could not be prevailed upon. He made answer that he deemed it as read, that he pronounced it to be foolish, and that he was unwilling its author should have the pleasure of thinking he had read it, if peradventure he might come to hear he had had it in his hands. " Besides," he added, " the thoughts and still more the eyes, ought to be turned from everything obscene and ridiculous[578]." They asked him which way he intended to bend his course. He answered to Saragossa, to be present at the *jousts for armour*, which are held every year in that city. Don Juan told him how the new history related, that Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been there at a ring-race, and that the description thereof was defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style, miserably poor in description; finally, rich only in simplicities[579]. " In that case," answered Don Quixote, " I will not set a foot in Saragossa, and so I will expose to the world the falsity of this modern historiographer, and all people will plainly perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."—" You will do very well," said Don Geronimo; " and there are to be other jousts at Barcelona, where Signor Don Quixote may display his valour."—" It is my intention so to do," said Don Quixote; " but be pleased, gentlemen, to give me leave, for it is time to go to bed, and place me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants."—" And me too," added Sancho, " perhaps I may be good for something."

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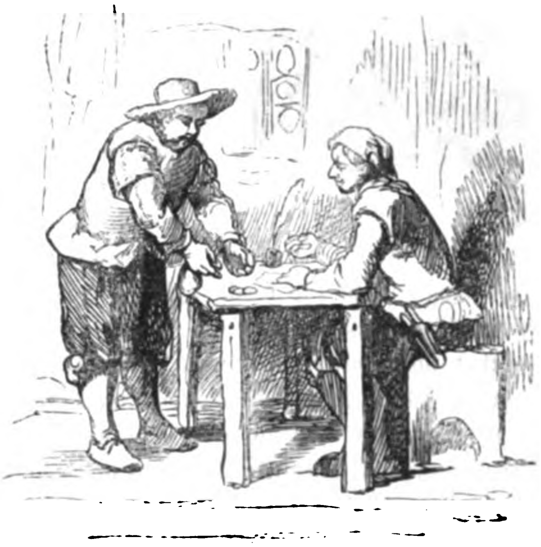
[578] These obscene and ridiculous details are found principally in chapters XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII. and XIX.

[579] The description of this ring-race is in chapter XI.

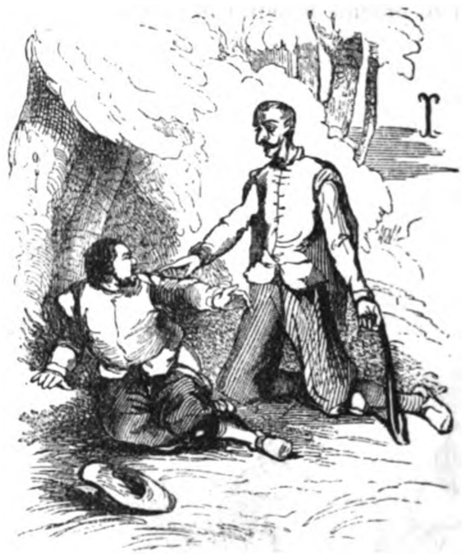
Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don Juan and Don Geronimo astonished at the mixture they had displayed of wit and madness. They verily believed these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those described by the Aragonese author.

Don Quixote got up very early; and tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bade his new friends adieu; Sancho paid the innkeeper most magnificently, and advised him to brag less of the provisions of his inn, or to provide it better in future."



CHAPTER LX.

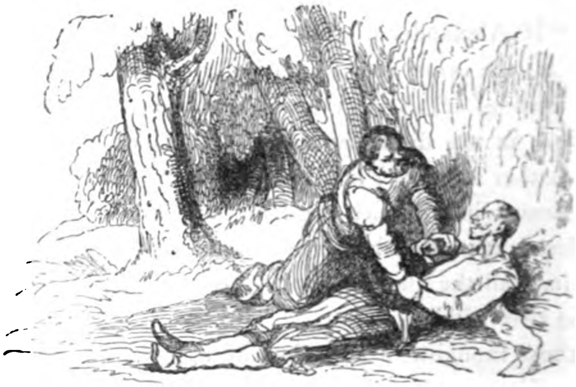
OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.



It was a delightfully cool morning, and the day promised to be so too, when Don Quixote left the inn, after having learned which was the most direct road to Barcelona, without going to Saragossa, so great was his desire to give the lie to that new historian, who, it was said, had abused him so much. Now it happened that in six whole days, nothing fell out worth setting down in writing. At the end of these six days, as they were going out of the road, night overtook them among some shady oaks or cork-trees; for on this head Cid Hamet does not observe that punctuality he is wont to do in other matters. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whose imagination, much more than hunger, kept him waking, could not close his eyes. On the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places. Now he fancied himself in the cavern of Montesinos, now that he saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country-wench, mount upon her ass at a spring; the next moment he fancied he heard the words of the sage Merlin, declaring to him the conditions to be observed and the despatch necessary for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He was ready to run mad to see the lukewarmness and little charity of his squire Sancho, who, as he believed, had given himself five lashes only, a poor and miserably disproportionate number compared to the infinite multitude that still remained due. These reflections caused him so much chagrin and indignation, that he spoke thus to himself: "If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying: 'To cut is the same as to untie,' and became, nevertheless, universal lord of all Asia, the same neither more nor less may happen now, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho whether he will or not. If, in effect, the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving upwards of three thousand lashes, what is it to me whether he gives them himself, or somebody else for him? all the question lies in his receiving them, come from what hand they will."

With these thoughts in his mind, he approached Sancho, having first taken Rocinante's reins and adjusted them so that he might lash him with them, and began to untruss his points, though it is generally thought that he had none but that before, which kept up his breeches. But no sooner had he begun than Sancho awoke, and said, with staring eyes: "What is the matter? who is it that touches and untrusses me?"—"It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who come to supply your defects, and to remedy my own troubles. I come to whip you, Sancho, and to discharge part of the debt you stand engaged for. Dulcinea is perishing; you live unconcerned; I am dying in despair; therefore untruss of your own accord, for I mean to give you, in this solitude, at least two thousand lashes."—

—"Not so," cried Sancho; "pray be quiet, or, by the living God, the deaf shall hear us. The lashes I stand engaged for must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion. At present I have no inclination to whip myself; let it suffice that I give your worship my word to flog and flay myself, when I have a disposition to it."—"There is no leaving it to your courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for you are hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh." Then he struggled with Sancho, and endeavoured to untruss him. When Sancho saw this he got upon his legs, and closing with his master, flung his arms about him, and tripping up his heels, laid him flat on his back, and setting his right knee upon his breast, with his hands he held both his master's so fast, that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote cried in a stifled voice: "How, traitor! do you rebel against your master and natural lord? do you lift up hand against him who feeds you?"—"I neither make nor unmake kings," answered Sancho, "I only assist myself, who am my own lord [380]. If your worship will promise me to be quiet and not meddle with whipping me for the present, I will loose you and give you your liberty; if not, *here thou diest*, *traitor*, *enemy to Donna Sancha* [381]."



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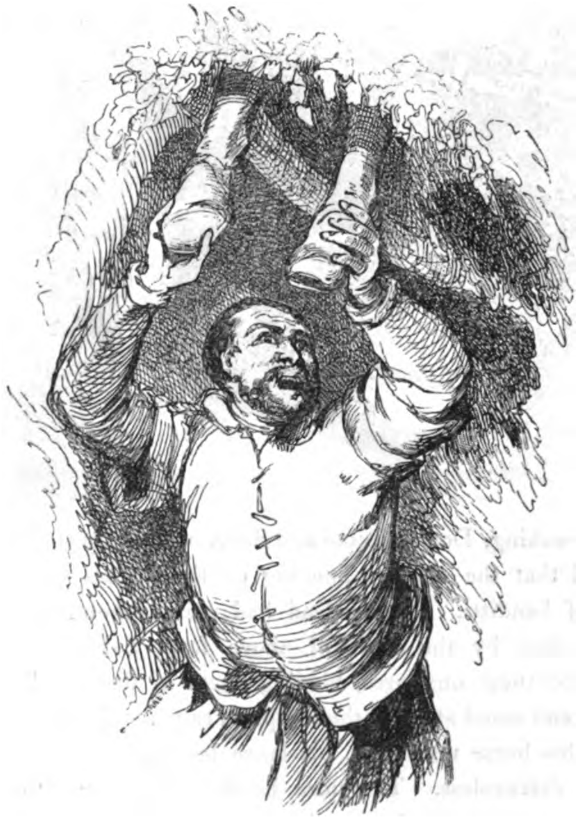
[380] These words are the same that tradition places in the mouth of the constable Duguesclin, when, during the struggle between Pedro the cruel and Henry of Trastamare, on the plain of Montiel, he aided the latter to trample on the body of Pedro, which Henry pierced through with his dagger.

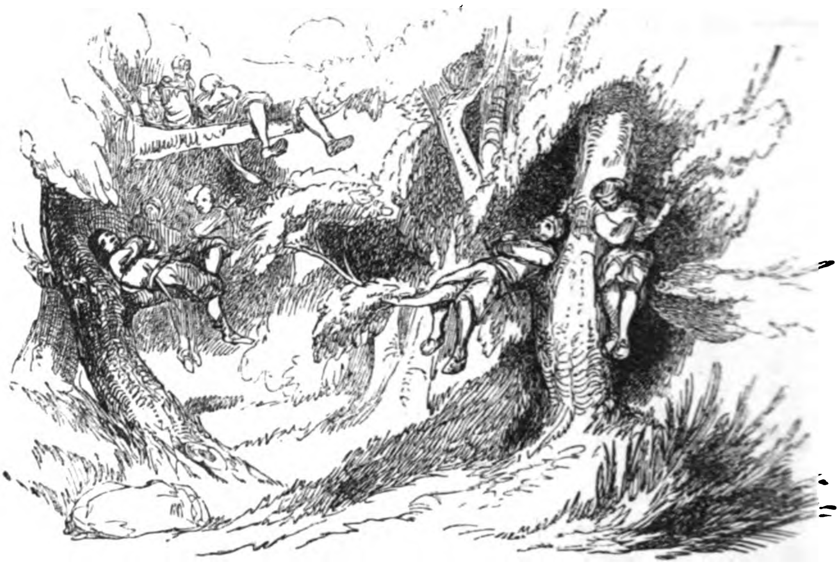
[381] Sancho applies to his master the two concluding verses of an ancient romance, composed on the tradition of the seven children of Lara (*Canc. de Amberes*, p. 17[illegible]). Gonzalo Gustos de Lara had married Donna Sancha, the sister of Ruy-Velasquez. The latter, to avenge an affront, delivered to the Moorish king of Cordova his brother-in-law and his seven nephews. The father was thrown into prison for life, after being served at table with the heads of his seven children. However he was enabled to effect his escape through the affection of an Arabian woman, and a son whom he had by her avenged his brother's blood by shedding that of Ruy-Velasquez. Meeting him one day hunting, he attacked him, and, though the other asked for time to fetch his arms, he slew him, answering in the verses cited by Sancho:

Esperesme, Don Gonzalo,
Iré à tomar las mis armas—
—El *espera* que tu diste
A los infantes de Lara:
Aqui moriras, traidor,
Enemigo de Dona Sancha.

Don Quixote promised him he would. He swore, by the life of his thoughts, he would not touch a hair of his garment, and would leave the whipping entirely to his own choice and free will, whenever he was so disposed. Sancho got up, and went aside some little distance; and, as he was leaning against a tree, he felt something touch his head; lifting up his hands, he laid hold of a couple of feet with hose and shoes. Trembling with fear, he went to another tree, and the like befel him again. He called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote, going to him, asked him what was the matter, and what frightened him. Sancho answered that all those trees were full of men's legs and feet. Don Quixote felt them, and immediately guessed what it was. "You need not be afraid,



Sancho," said he, "for these feet and legs are doubtless those of some robbers and banditti who are hanged upon the trees; for here the officers of justice hang them, when they can catch them, by twenties and thirties at a time. Hence I conjecture I am not far from Barcelona." And, in truth, it was as he imagined.



Day breaking, Don Quixote and Sancho lifted up their eyes, and perceived that the clusters hanging on those trees were so many bodies of banditti. If the dead had scared them, no less were they terrified by the sight of above forty living banditti, who surrounded them unawares, bidding them in the Catalan tongue, be quiet and stand still till their captain came. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and in short, defenceless. Therefore he thought it best to cross his hands and hang his head, reserving himself for a better opportunity. The robbers began rifling the donkey, and stripping him of every thing he carried in his wallet. It was fortunate for Sancho that he had secured the crowns given him by the duke and those he brought from home in a belt about his middle. But these good folks would have searched and examined him even to what lay hid between the skin and the flesh, had not their captain arrived just

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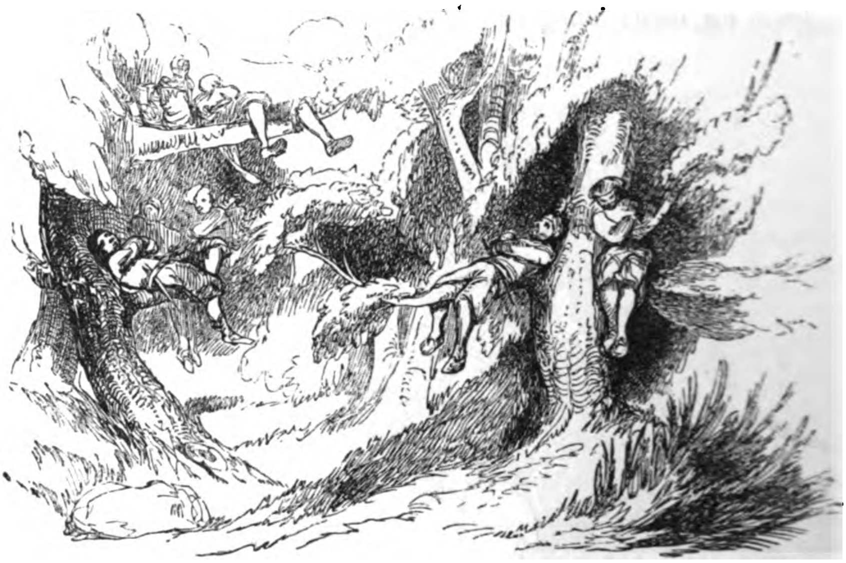

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Roque Guinart presently perceived that Don Quixote's infirmity had in it more of madness than valour; and, though he had sometimes heard him spoken of, he never took what was published of him for truth, nor could he persuade himself that such a humour should

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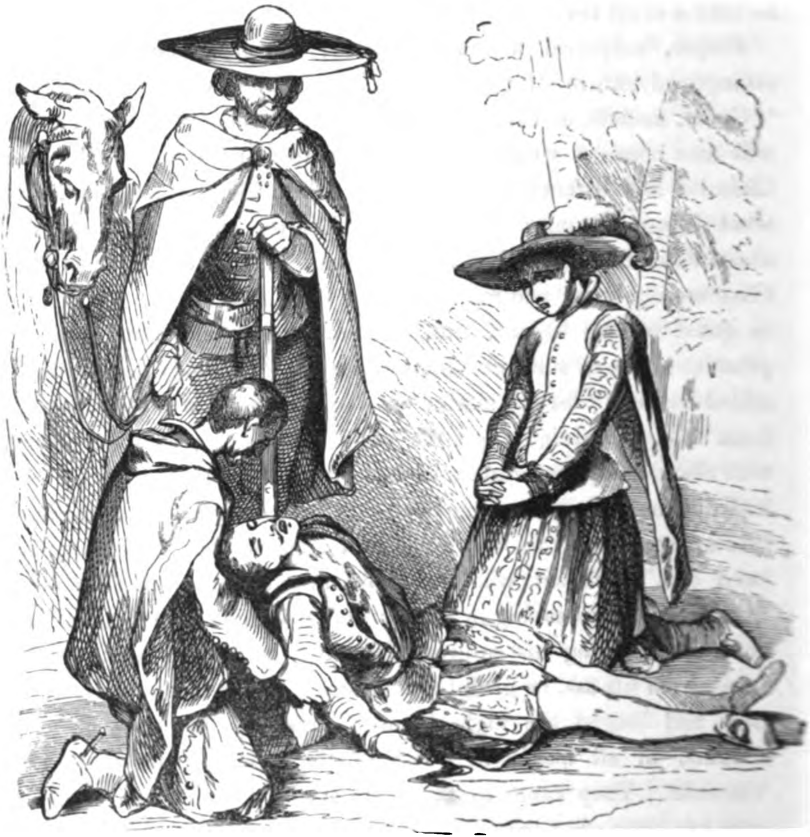
[382] These were small muskets, called by this name of *pedrenales* from the circumstance of their being fired, not with a match, like arquebuses, but with a flint, (*pedernal*).

[383] In Cervantes' time, Catalonia, the most ancient province of Spain, was desolated by the enmities of families, which frequently induced young people of quality, guilty of a revengeful murder, to join banditti. The Niarros and the Cadells at that day divided Barcelona, as the *Capuletti* and *Montecchi* had divided Ravenna. A partisan of Niarros, obliged to take shelter in flight, placed himself at the head of a band of robbers. He was called Roque Gainart, or Guinart, or Guinarte; but his real name was Pedro Rocha Guinarda. He was a brave and generous young man, as described by Cervantes, and had in his time, in Catalonia, the same reputation as that enjoyed in our time, in Andalusia, by the famous José Maria. He is cited in the memoirs of Phillip de Commines.

reign in the heart of man. Therefore he was extremely glad he had met with him, to be convinced near at hand of the truth of what he had heard at a distance. "Be not concerned, valorous knight," said he, "nor look upon this accident as a piece of sinister fortune. It may chance, among these turnings and windings, that your crooked lot may be set to rights, for Heaven, by strange, and by men unheard-of, inscrutable ways, raises those that are fallen and enriches the poor."

Don Quixote was about to return him thanks, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a troop of horse. It however was occasioned by one only, upon which came, riding at full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, clad in a green damask doublet with gold lace trimming, trousers, a loose coat, his hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with strait waxed boots, gilt spurs, dagger and sword, a small carabine in his hand and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque turned about his head at the noise, and saw this handsome personage, who said, as he drew near: "In quest of you I come, O valorous Roque, hoping to find in you, if not a remedy, at least some alleviation of my misfortune. And, not to keep you in suspense, because I perceive you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, your intimate friend, and particular enemy to Clauquel Torrellas, who is also yours, being of the contrary faction. You know that this Torrellas has a son called Don Vincente Torrellas, or at least was called so not two hours ago. He then (to shorten the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in a few words what he has brought upon me) I say, saw and courted me; I hearkened to him and fell in love with him, unknown to my father; for there is no woman, be she never so retired or reserved, but has time enough to effect and put in execution her unruly desires, when under the influence of passion. In short, he promised to be my spouse, and I gave him my word to be his, without proceeding any farther. Yesterday, I was informed that, forgetting his obligations to me, he had contracted himself to another, and that this day was to witness his nuptials. This news confounded me, and I lost all patience. My father happening to be out of town, I had an opportunity of putting myself into this garb, and spurring this horse, I overtook Don Vincente about a league hence. There, without urging reproaches or hearing excuses, I discharged this carabine and these pistols, and, as I believe, lodged more than a brace of balls in his body, opening a door through which my honour, distained in his blood, might issue out. I left him among his servants, who durst not, or could not interpose in his defence. I am come to seek you, that by your means I may escape to France, where I have relations, and to entreat you likewise to protect my father, that the numerous relations of Don Vincente may not dare to take a cruel revenge upon him."

Roque, surprised at the gallantry, bravery, fine shape, and strange adventure of the beautiful Claudia, hastened to answer: "Come, madam, and let us see whether your enemy be dead. We will then consider what is most proper to be done for you." Don Quixote had listened attentively to what Claudia had said, and what Roque Guinart answered. "Let no one trouble himself about defending this lady," he now cried. "I take it upon myself. Give me my horse and my arms, and stay here for me while I go in quest of this knight, and, dead or alive, make him fulfil his promise made to such ravishing beauty."—"Nobody doubts that," added Sancho, "for my master has a special hand at match-making. Less than a fortnight ago, he obliged another person to marry, who also denied the promise he had given to another maiden; and had not the enchanters who persecute him changed his true shape into a lacquey, at this very hour that same maiden would not have been one." Guinart, who was more intent upon Claudia's business than the reasoning of master and man, understood them not, and, commanding his squires to restore to Sancho all they had taken from his ass, he gave them orders to retire to the place where they had lodged the night before; presently he went off with Claudia, in all haste, in quest of the wounded or dead Don Vincente. They came to the place where Claudia had come up with her lover; but they found nothing there but blood newly spilt. Looking round about them as far as they could extend their sight, they discovered some people upon the side of a hill, and guessed (as indeed it proved) that it must be Don Vincente, whom his servants were carrying off, alive or dead, in order either to his cure, or his burial. They made all the haste they could to overtake them; which they easily did, the others going but softly. They found Don Vincente in the arms of his servants, and with a low and feeble voice, desiring them to let him die there, for the anguish of his wounds would not permit him to go any farther. Claudia and Roque, flinging themselves from their horses, drew near. The servants were startled at the sight of Guinart, and Claudia was still more disturbed at that of Don Vincente. Dividing betwixt tenderness and cruelty, she approached him, and, taking hold of his hand: "If you had given me this, according to our contract," said

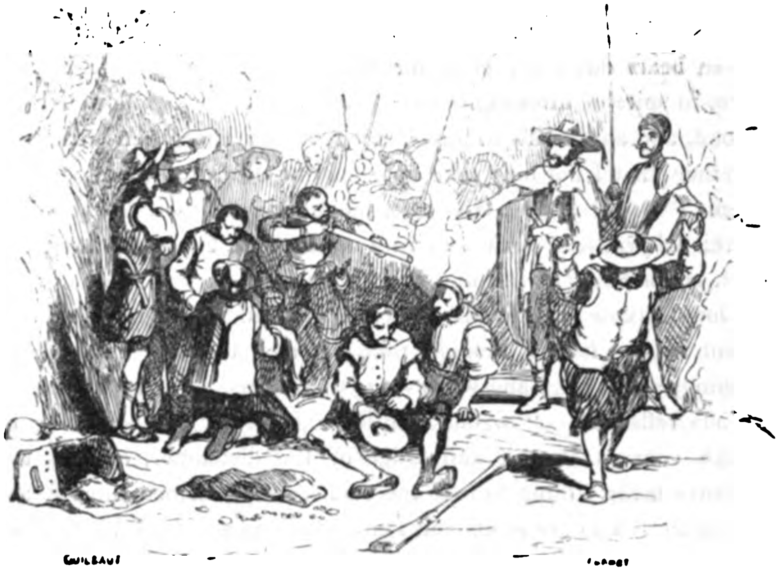


she, "you had not been reduced to this extremity." The wounded gentleman opened his almost closed eyes, and, knowing Claudia, he said: "I perceive, fair and mistaken lady, that to your hand I owe my death. It is a punishment neither merited by me nor due to my wishes, for neither my desires nor my actions could or would offend you."—"Is it not true, then," cried Claudia, "that this very morning you were going to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balbastro?"—"No, in truth," answered Don Vincente; "my evil fortune must have carried you that news, to excite your jealousy to bereave me of life, which since I leave in your hands and between your arms, I esteem myself happy. To assure you of this truth, take my hand, and receive me for your husband, if you are willing. I can give you no greater satisfaction for the injury you imagine you have received."

Claudia pressed his hand, and so wrung her own heart, that she fell into a swoon upon the bloody bosom of Don Vincente, and he into a mortal paroxysm. Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do. The servants ran for water to fling in their faces, and, bringing it, sprinkled them with it. Claudia returned from her swoon, but not Don Vincente from his paroxysm; it put an end to his life. When Claudia became conscious that her sweet husband was no longer alive, she broke the air with her sighs, and wounded the heavens with her complaints; she tore her hair and gave it to the winds, disfigured her face with her own hands, with all the signs of grief and affliction that can be imagined to proceed from a sorrowful heart. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman!" cried she, "with what facility wert thou moved to put so evil a thought in execution! O raging force of jealousy, to what a desperate end dost thou lead those who harbour thee in their breasts! O my husband, thy unhappy lot in being mine alone sent thee, for thy bridal bed, to the grave!" Such and so bitter were the lamentations of Claudia, that they extorted tears from the eyes of Roque, unaccustomed to shed them upon any occasion. The servants wept; Claudia fainted away at every step, and all around seemed to be a field of sorrow and misfortune.

Finally, Roque Guinart ordered Don Vincente's servants to carry the body to the place where his father dwelt, which was not far off, there to give it burial. Claudia told Roque she would retire to a nunnery, of which her aunt was abbess, where she designed to end her life in the company of a better and an eternal spouse. Roque applauded her good intention. He offered to bear her company whithersoever she pleased, and to defend her father against Don Vincente's relations, and all who should desire to hurt him. Claudia would by no means accept of his company, and thanking him for his offer in the best manner she could, took her leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's servants carried off his body, and Roque returned to his companions. Thus ended the loves of Claudia Geronima. But we cannot be surprised, since the web of her doleful history was woven by the cruel and irresistible hand of a blind jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place he had appointed them, and Don Quixote among them, mounted upon Rocinante, and making a speech, wherein he was persuading them to leave that kind of life, so dangerous both to soul and body. But most of them being Gascons, a rude and disorderly sort of people, Don Quixote's harangue made little or no impression upon them. Roque, on his arrival, demanded of Sancho Panza whether they had returned and restored him all the movables and jewels his folks had taken from his ass. Sancho answered they had, all but three night-caps which were worth three cities. "What does the fellow say?" cried one of the by-standers; "I have them, and they are not worth three reals." —"That is true," returned Don Quixote; "but my squire values them at what he has said, for the sake of the person who gave them." Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored immediately; and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, and money, and, in short, all they had plundered since the last distribution, to be brought before them; then, having made a short estimate, and reduced the undivideables into money, he shared it among his company with so much equity and prudence, that he neither went beyond nor fell an atom short of distributive justice. This done, and all considering themselves well recompensed and satisfied, Roque said to Don Quixote: "If this punctuality were not strictly observed, there would be no living among these fellows." Sancho directly added: "By what I have seen, justice is so good a thing that it is necessary even among thieves themselves." One of the squires, hearing his words, lifted up the butt-end of a musket, and had doubtless laid open Sancho's head, had not Roque Guinart



called out aloud to him to desist. Sancho was frightened, and resolved not to open his lips while he continued among those people.

At this juncture arrived two or three of the squires who were posted as centinels on the highway to observe travellers, and give notice to their chief of what passed. "Not far from hence, signor," said one, "in the road that leads to Barcelona, comes a great company of people."—"Have you distinguished," replied Roque, "whether they are such as seek us, or such as we seek?"—"Such as we seek," answered the squire. "Then sally forth," cried Roque, "and bring them hither presently, without letting one escape." They obeyed; and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, remaining by themselves, stood expecting what the squires would bring. In this interval, Roque said to Don Quixote: "This life of ours must needs seem very new to Signor Don Quixote, new adventures, new accidents, all full of danger. I do not wonder it should appear so to you, for, I confess truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet nor more full of alarms than ours. I was led into it by I know not what desire of revenge, which has force enough to disturb the most sedate minds. I am naturally compassionate and good-natured; but, as I have said, the desire of avenging an injury done me so bears down my good inclination, that I persevere in this state, in spite of knowing better. And as one sin is followed by a second, and abyss calls to abyss, my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only take upon me my own, but those of other people. But it pleases God that, though I see myself in the midst of this labyrinth of confusion, I do not lose the hope of getting out of it, and arriving at last in a safe harbour."

Don Quixote was astonished to hear Roque talk such good and sound sense; for he thought that, amongst those of his trade of robbing, murdering, and waylaying, there could be none capable of serious reflection. "Signor Roque," said he, "the beginning of health consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's being willing to take the medicines prescribed him by the physician. You are sick; you know your disease; and Heaven, or rather God, who is our physician, will apply such medicines to heal you as usually heal gradually, by little and little, and not suddenly and by miracle. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than foolish ones; and, since by your discourse you have shown your prudence, it remains only that you be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conscience. If you would shorten the way, and place yourself with ease in that of your salvation, come with me; I will teach you to be a knight-errant; in this profession, there are so many troubles and disasters that, being placed to the account of penance, they will carry you to Heaven in the twinkling of an eye." Roque smiled at the advice of Don Quixote, to whom, changing the discourse, he related the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, which extremely grieved Sancho, who did not dislike the beauty, freedom, and sprightliness of the young lady.

By this time the squires returned with their prize. They brought with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, a coach full of women, and about six servants, some on foot and some on horseback, accompanying them, with two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. The squires enclosed them round, vanquishers and vanquished keeping a profound silence, waiting till the great Roque Guinart should speak. The latter asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had with them. One of them answered: "Sir, we are two captains of Spanish foot; our companies are at Naples, and we are going to embark in four galleys, which are said to be at Barcelona, with orders to pass over to Sicily. We have about two or three hundred crowns, with which we think ourselves rich and happy, since the usual penury of soldiers allows no greater treasures." Roque put the same question to the pilgrims. They replied that they were going to embark for Rome, and that between them both they might have about sixty reals. Roque demanded also who the ladies were in the coach, where they were going, and what money they carried. One of the domestics on horseback answered: "The persons in the coach are my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinonès, wife of the regent of the vicarship of Naples, a little daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna. Six servants of us accompany them, and the money they carry is six hundred crowns."—"So that," returned Roque Guinart, "we have here nine hundred crowns, and sixty reals. My soldiers are sixty; see how much it comes to a piece, for I am by no means a ready reckoner." The brigands, hearing him say this, lifted up their voices, and began to shout: "Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of all the blood-hounds who seek his destruction." The captains showed signs of affliction, the lady regent was dejected, and the pilgrims were not at all pleased at seeing the confiscation of their effects. Roque held them thus some moments in suspense, but he would not let their sorrow, which might be seen a musket-shot off, last any longer. Turning to the captains, he said: "Be pleased, gentlemen, to do me the favour to lend me sixty crowns, and you, lady regent, fourscore, to satisfy this squadron of my followers; for 'the abbot must eat that sings for his meat.' Then you may depart free and unmolested, with a pass I will give you, that if you meet with any more of my squadrons, which I keep in several divisions up and down in these parts, they may not hurt you. It is not my intention to wrong soldiers, nor any woman, especially if she be of quality." Infinite and well expressed were the thanks the captains returned Roque for his courtesy and liberality; for such they esteemed his leaving them part of their money. Donna Guiomar de Quinonès was ready to throw herself out of her coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque; but he would in no wise consent to it, and rather begged pardon for the injury he was forced to do them in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked office. The lady regent ordered one of her servants immediately to give the eighty crowns, her share of the assessment, and the captains had already disbursed their sixty. The pilgrims were going to offer their little all; but Roque bid them stay a little, and, turning about to his men, he said: "Of these crowns two fall to each man's share, and twenty remain: let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may have it in his power to speak well of this adventure. Pen, ink, and paper being brought, with which he was always provided, Roque gave them a pass directed to the chiefs of his bands. He then took leave of them, and gave them their liberty, all in admiration at his generosity, his graceful deportment, and strange proceedings, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious brigand. One of the squires said, in his Gascon and Catalan jargon: "This captain of ours is fitter for a friar than a bandit; but, in future, if he has a mind to show himself liberal, let it be of his own goods, and not of ours." The wretch spoke not so low but Roque overheard him, and drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying: "Thus I chastise the ill-tongued and saucy." All the rest were frightened, and no one durst utter a word; such was the awe and obedience they were held in.

Roque went a little aside and wrote a letter to a friend of his, at Barcelona, acquainting him that the famous Don Quixote de la

Mancha, that knight-errant of whom so many things were reported, was in his company, giving his friend to understand that he was the most pleasant and most ingenious person in the world. He added that four days after, on the feast of Saint John the Baptist, he would appear on the strand of the city, armed at all points, mounted on his horse Rocinante, and his squire Sancho upon his ass. "Do not fail," he concluded, "to give notice of this to my friends the Niarri, that they may make merry with the knight. I would fain my enemies the Cadells may not partake of the diversion; but this is impossible, because the wild extravagances and distraction of Don Quixote, together with the witty sayings of his squire Sancho Panza, cannot fail to give general pleasure to all the world." Roque despatched this epistle by one of his squires, who, changing the habit of an outlaw for that of a peasant, entered into Barcelona, and delivered the letter into the hands of the person to whom it was directed.

CHAPTER LXI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA. WITH OTHER EVENTS MORE TRUE THAN INGENIOUS.

DON QUIXOTE staid three days and three nights with Roque; and, had he staid three hundred years, he would not have wanted subject matter for observation and admiration in his way of life. Here they lodged, there they dined; one while they flew, not knowing why, another they lay in wait, they knew not for whom. They slept standing, with interrupted slumbers, and shifting from one place to another. They were perpetually sending out spies, posting centinels, blowing the matches of their muskets, though they had but few, most of them making use of firelocks. Roque passed the nights apart from his followers, in places to them unknown; for the many proclamations the viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, kept him in fear and disquiet[384]. He durst not trust anybody, and was apprehensive lest his own men should either kill or deliver him up to justice for the price set upon his head: a life truly miserable and irksome.

In short, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented ways and covered paths. They arrived upon the strand on the eve of St. John, in the night; and Roque, having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten crowns promised, which he had not hitherto given him, left them after the exchange of a thousand offers of service. Roque having returned, Don Quixote awaited the day on horseback, just as he was, and it was not long before the face of the beautiful Aurora began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, rejoicing the grass and flowers. Nearly at the same instant, the ears also were rejoiced by the sound of abundance of fifes and kettle-drums, the jingling of morrice-bells, and the trampling of horsemen seemingly coming out of the city. Aurora gave place to the sun, which rose by degrees from below the horizon, with a face round as a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes round on every side, saw the sea, which till then they had never seen. It appeared to them very large and spacious, somewhat broader than the lagunes of Ruidera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the galleys lying close to the shore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared covered with streamers, and pennants trembling in the wind, and kissing and brushing the water. From within them sounded clarionets and trumpets, filling the air all around with sweet and martial music. Presently the galleys began to move and skirmish on the still waters, while, at the same time, an infinite number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses and attended with gay liveries, issued forth from the city. The soldiers on board the galleys discharged several rounds of cannon, which were answered by those on the walls and forts of the city, and the heavy artillery rent the wind with dreadful noise, which was echoed back by the cannon on the forecastles of the galleys. The sea was calm, the land jocund, and the air bright, only now and then obscured a little by the smoke of the artillery; all these things together seeming to rejoice and put in good humour the entire population. Sancho could not imagine how those bulks which moved backwards and forwards in the sea came to have so many legs.

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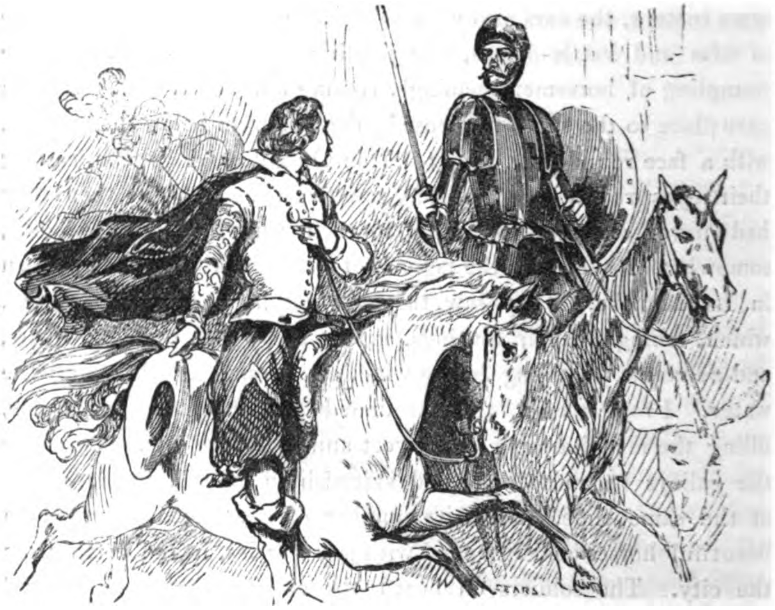
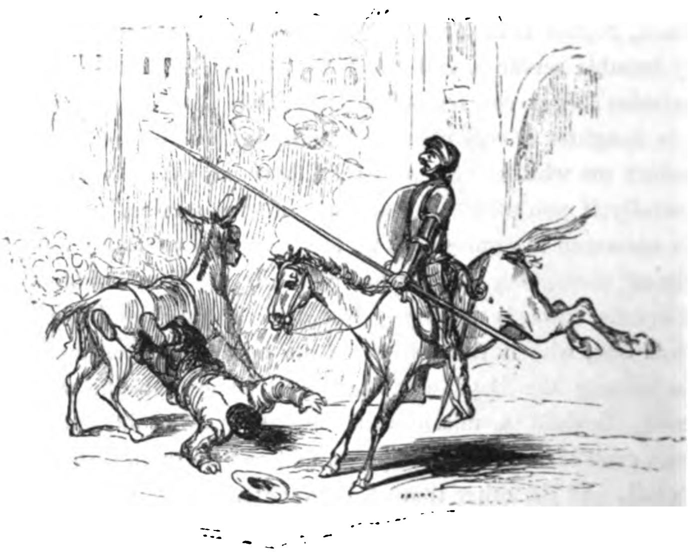
[384] From the word *bando*, used to command attention by the public crier, is derived the word *bandolero*, which signifies a brigand upon whose head a price is set. The name of *bandit*, also, may possibly come from the word *ban*.

At this moment the gentlemen with the liveries came up full gallop, with warlike and joyful cries, to the place where Don Quixote was standing, wrapped in wonder and surprise. One of them, to whom Roque had sent the letter, said, in a loud voice, to Don



Quixote: "Welcome to our city the mirror, the beacon, the polar star of all knight-errantry. Welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the spurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal, lately exhibited among us in lying histories: but the true, the legitimate, the genuine, described to us by Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli, the flower of historians." Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the gentlemen wait for any answer: wheeling about with all their followers, they began to caracole and curvet round Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said: "These people seem to know us well; I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Aragonese lately printed."

The gentleman who had spoken to Don Quixote, resumed: "Be pleased, Signor Don Quixote, to come along with us; for we are all very humble servants, and great friends of Roque Guinart."—"If courtesies beget courtesies," replied Don Quixote, "yours, good sir, is daughter or very near kinswoman to those of the great Roque. Conduct me whither you please; I have no other will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service." The gentleman answered in expressions no less civil, and enclosing him in the midst of them, they all marched with him, to the sound of clarionets and drums, towards the city. But at the entrance of Barcelona, the wicked one, who is the author of all mischief, so ordered it, that some among the boys, who are more wicked than the wicked one himself, devised a mischievous trick. Two bold and unlucky rogues crowded through the press, and one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, and the other that of Rocinante, they thrust under each a handful of briers. The poor beasts felt the new spurs, and by clapping their tails closer, augmented their smart to such a degree that, after several plunges, they flung their riders to the ground. Don Quixote, out of countenance and affronted, hastened to free his horse's tail from this new plumage, and Sancho did the like by his ass. The horsemen who conducted Don Quixote would have chastised the insolence of the boys; but it was impossible, for they were soon lost among above a thousand more that followed them. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted again; and, still accompanied by the acclamations and music, arrived at their conductor's house, which was large and fair, such in sort as became a gentleman of fortune; and there we will leave them for the present, for so Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli will have it.



CHAPTER LXII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, WITH OTHER TRIFLES THAT MUST NOT BE OMITTED.

LOVING mirth in a decent and civil way, a rich and discreet gentleman was Don Quixote's host, and he was called Don Antonio Moreno. When he saw Don Quixote in his house, he began to contrive means, without prejudice to his guest, to take advantage of his madness; for jests that hurt are no jests; neither are those pastimes good for anything, which turn to the detriment of a third person. The first thing, therefore, he did was to cause Don Quixote to be disarmed, and exposed to view in his strait chamois doublet, all soiled by the rust on the inside of his armour, as we have already so frequently described. The knight was conducted to a balcony which looked into one of the chief streets of the city, in sight of the populace and of the boys, who stood gazing at him as if he had been some strange animal. The cavaliers with the liveries began to career it afresh before him, as if for him alone, and not in honour of that day's festival, they had provided their finery. Sancho was highly delighted, thinking he had found, without knowing how or which way, another Camacho's wedding, another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, and another castle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day. They treated Don Quixote with great honour, quite as a knight-errant, at which he was so puffed with vain-glory, that he could not conceal the pleasure it gave him. Sancho's witty conceits were such and so many that all the servants of the house hung as it were upon his lips, and so did all who heard him. While they were at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho: "We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of meat-balls and blanc-manger, that when you have filled your stomach, you stuff your pockets with the remainder for the next day[385]."—"No, sir, it is not so," answered Sancho, "your worship is misinformed, for I am more cleanly than gluttonous; and my master Don Quixote, here present, knows very well that he and I often live eight days upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts. It is true indeed, if it so happens that they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter; I mean that I eat whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them. Whoever has said that I am given to eat much and am not cleanly, take my word for it is very much out; and I would say this in another manner, were it not out of respect to the honourable beards here at table."—"In truth," added Don Quixote, "Sancho's parsimony and cleanliness in eating deserve to be written and engraved on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial for ages to come. I must confess, when he is hungry, he seems to be somewhat of a glutton, for he eats fast, and chews on both sides at once. But, as for cleanliness, he always strictly observes it, and, when he was a governor, he learned to eat so nicely, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork."—"How!" cried Don Antonio, "has Sancho then been a governor?"—"Yes," answered Sancho, "and of an island called Barataria. Ten days I governed it, at my own will and pleasure, in which time I lost my rest and learned to despise all the governments in the world; I fled from it, and fell into a pit, where I looked upon myself as a dead man, and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle." Don Quixote now related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government, which gave great pleasure to the hearers.

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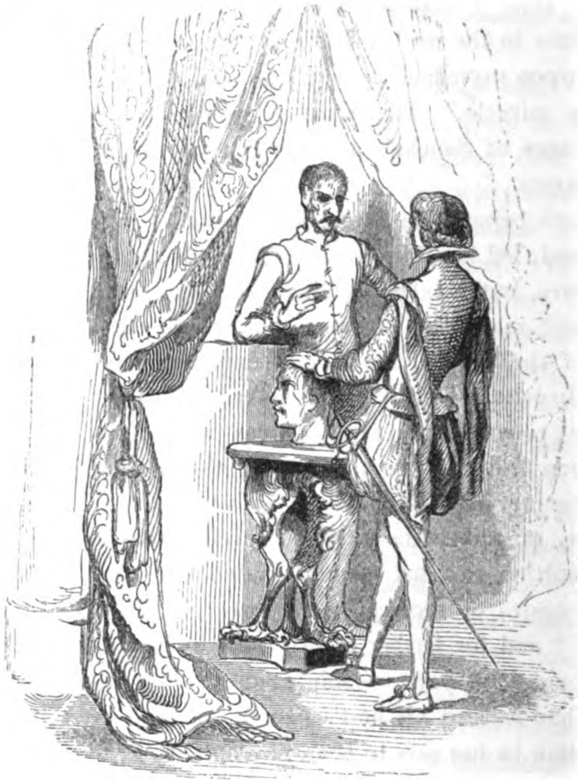
[385] In the Twelfth Chapter of the *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda, it is said that Sancho received from Don Carlos two dozens of small balls and six other balls of blanc-manger, and that, unable to swallow them all at once, he put the remainder in his bosom for his next morning's breakfast.

The cloth being taken away, Don Antonio, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him into a distant apartment, in which there was no furniture, but a table seemingly of jasper, standing upon a foot of the same material. On this table there was placed, after the manner of the busts of the Roman emperors, a head which seemed to be of bronze. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and down the room, taking several turns about the table. "Now, Signor Don Quixote," he then said, "that I am assured nobody is within hearing, and that the door is fast, I will tell you the rarest adventure, or rather the greatest novelty, that can be imagined, upon condition that my communication shall be deposited in the inmost recesses of secrecy."—"I swear it shall," answered Don Quixote, "and for farther security, I will clap a grave-stone over it. I would have your worship know, Signor Don Antonio (Don Quixote had learned his host's name), that you are talking to one who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak. Therefore you may safely transfer whatever is in your breast into mine, and make account you have thrown it into the abyss of silence."—"On the faith of this promise," answered Don Antonio, "I will raise your admiration by what you shall see and hear, and procure myself some relief from the pain I suffer by not having somebody to whom to communicate my secrets, which, sooth to say, are not to be trusted with everybody." Don Quixote became anxious to see how so many precautions would end. Don Antonio taking hold of his hand, made him pass it over the bronze head, the table and the jasper pedestal on which it stood. "This head, Signor Don Quixote," he then said, "was wrought and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and wizards the world ever saw. He was, I believe, a Pole by birth, and a disciple of the famous Escotillo, of whom so many wonders are related[386]. He was here in my house,



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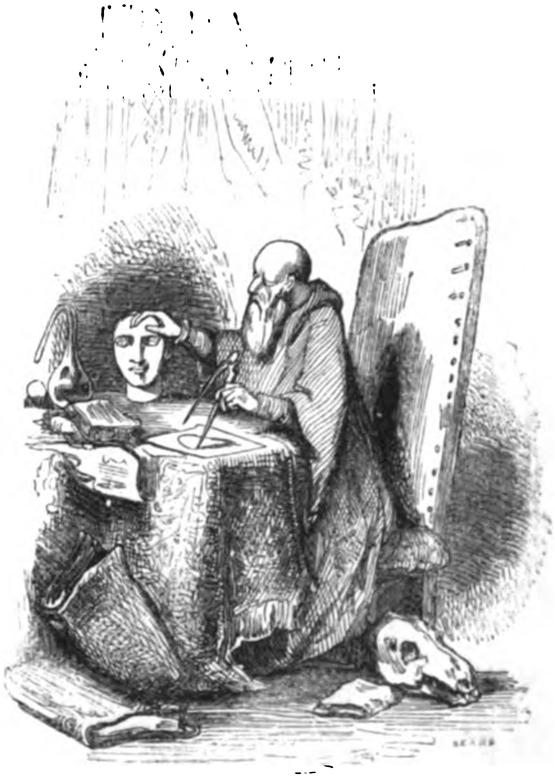
[386] Michael Scotto, of Parma, called by the English Scott, and by the French Scot, or Lescot, or *L'Ecossais*. He was an astrologer of the thirteenth century, in high favour with the emperor Frederick II., to whom he dedicated his *Treatise on Physiognomy* and his other works. Dante makes mention of him in the twentieth canto of the *Inferno*:

Quell' astro, che ne' flanchi è cosi poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco.

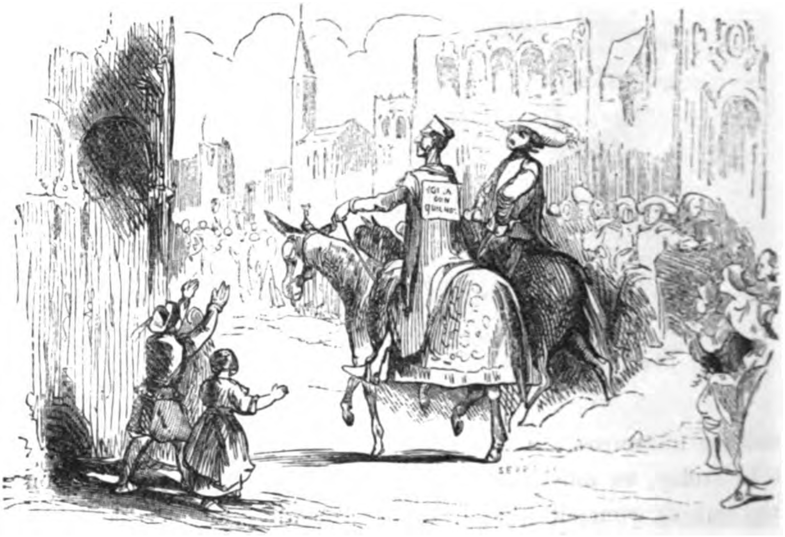
It is related that he frequently invited several persons to dinner, without making any preparation whatever for them; and, when the guests were seated at table he had dishes brought in by spirits. "This," he would say to his company, "comes from the king of France's kitchen; that, from the king of Spain's, etc." (Vide *Dict. de Bayle*, article *Scot.*)

and, for the reward of a thousand crowns, made me this head, which has the virtue and property of answering every question whispered in its ear. After drawing figures, erecting schemes, and observing the stars, he brought it at length to the perfection we shall see to-morrow; it is mute on Fridays, and to-day happening to be Friday, we must wait till to-morrow. In the mean while, you may bethink yourself what questions you will ask; for I know by experience it tells the truth in all its answers."



Don Quixote wondered at the property and virtue of the head, and could scarcely believe Don Antonio. But, considering how short a time was set for making the experiment, he would say no more, only to thank him for discovering to him so great a secret. They went out of the chamber; Don Antonio locked the door after him, and they came to the hall, where the rest of the gentlemen were standing in a group round Sancho, who had recounted to them, in the interval, many of the adventures that had befallen his master.

In the evening they carried Don Quixote abroad to take the air, not armed, but dressed like a citizen, in a long loose garment of tawny cloth, which would have made frost itself sweat at that season. The servants were ordered to entertain and amuse Sancho, so as not to let him go out of doors. Don Quixote rode, not upon Rocinante, but upon a large easy-paced mule, handsomely accoutred. In dressing him, they contrived unperceived to pin at his back a parchment, whereon was written in large letters: 'THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.' They no sooner began their march, than the scroll drew the eyes of all the passengers, and they read aloud: "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote wondered that every body who saw him named and knew him.



Turning to Don Antonio, who was riding by his side, he said: "Great is the prerogative inherent in knight-errantry, since it makes all its professors known and renowned throughout the limits of the earth. Pray observe, Signor Antonio, how the very boys of this city know me, without ever having seen me."—"It is true, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio. "As fire cannot be hidden or confined, so virtue will be known; and that which is obtained by the profession of arms shines with a brightness and lustre superior to that of all others."

Now it happened that, as Don Quixote was riding along with the applause aforesaid, a Castilian, who had read the label on his shoulders, lifted up his voice, and said in his hearing: "The devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! However are you got hither without being killed by the infinite number of bangs you have had upon your back? You are mad; and were you so alone, and within the doors of your own folly, the mischief would be less; but you have the property of converting into fools and madmen all that converse or have any communication with you. Witness these gentlemen, who accompany you. Get you home, fool; look after your estate, your wife and children, and leave off these follies which worm-eat your brain, and skim off the cream of your understanding." —"Brother," rejoined Don Antonio, "keep on your way, and do not be giving counsel to those who do not ask it. Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is perfectly sane, and we who bear him company are not fools. Virtue challenges respect, wherever it is found. Now begone in an evil hour, and meddle not where you are not called."—"Before Heaven," answered the Castilian, "your worship is in the right; for to give advice to this good man, is throwing pearls before swine. Yet it grieves me very much that the good sense it is said this madman discovers in all other things, should run to waste through the channel of his knight-errantry. But the evil hour your worship wished me be to me and to my descendants, if from this day forward, though I should live more years than Methusalah, I give advice to anybody, though even I should be asked."

The adviser departed, and the procession went on. But the boys and the people crowded so to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off, under pretence of removing something else. Night came, and the processioners returned home, where was a numerous assemblage of ladies[387], for Don Antonio's wife, who was a lady of distinction, cheerful, beautiful, and discreet, had invited several of her friends to honour her guest, and to entertain them with his unheard-of madness. Several ladies came; they supped splendidly, and the ball began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and pleasant disposition, who, though they were very modest, yet behaved with more freedom than usual, that the jest might divert without giving distaste. They were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they teazed not only his body, but his very soul. It was a curious sight to behold the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, lean, and yellow, straitened in his clothes, awkward, and especially not at all nimble. The ladies courted him as it were by stealth; and he disdained their advances by stealth too. But, finding himself hard pressed by their courtship, he exalted his voice, and cried: " *Fugite, partes adversae*[538]; leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts; avaunt, ladies,

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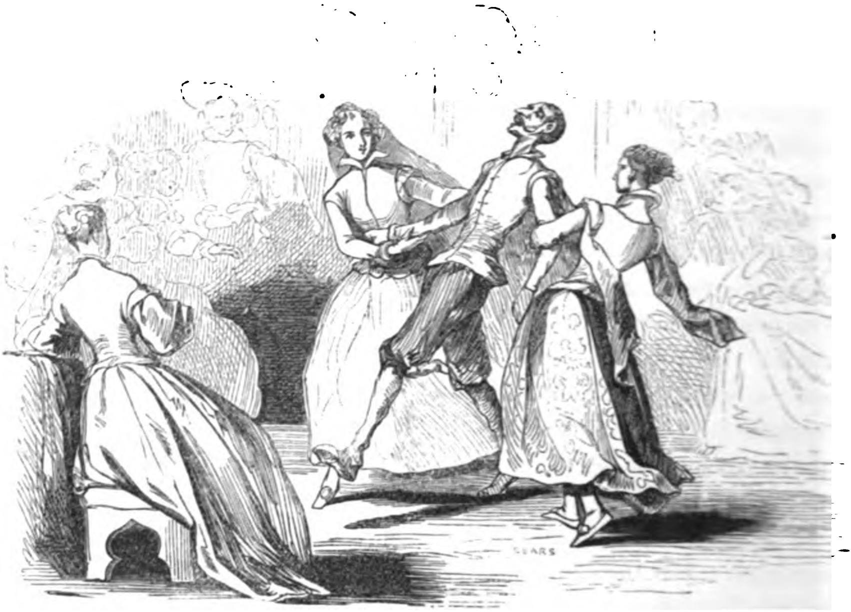
[387] Then called a *sarao*.



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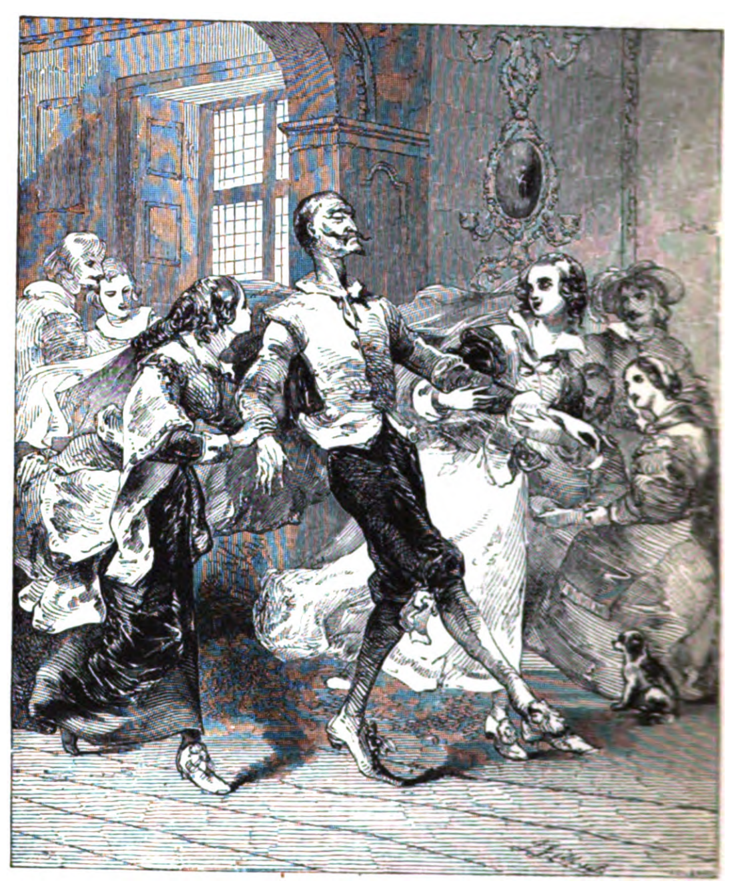
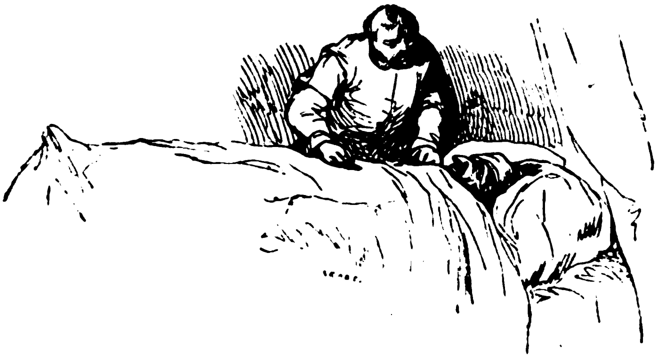
[538] A form of exorcism used by the Catholic Church, which had passed into common language.



p. [illegible]

with your desires, for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that any others' but hers should subject and subdue me." So saying, he sat down in the middle of the hall upon the floor, quite fatigued and disjointed by his violent exercise. Don Antonio ordered the servants to carry him to bed, and the first who lent a helping hand was Sancho. "What, in Heaven's name, master of mine, put you upon dancing? Think you that all who are valiant must be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing-masters? If you think so, I say you are mistaken. I know those who would sooner cut a giant's wind-pipe than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-dance, I would have supplied your place; for I slap it away like an eagle. But, as for regular dancing, I know nothing about it." With this and like talk Sancho furnished matter of laughter to the company, and laid his master in bed, covering him up stoutly, to sweat out the cold he might have got by his dancing.



The next day, Don Antonio thought fit to make experiment of the enchanted head. In company with Don Quixote, Sancho, two other friends, and the two ladies who had worried Don Quixote in dancing, and who had staid that night with Don Antonio's wife, he locked himself up in the room where the head stood. He told them the property it had, charged them all with the secret, and told them this was the first day of his trying the virtue of that enchanted head[589]. Nobody but Don Antonio's two friends knew the trick of the enchantment, and, if Don Antonio had not first discovered it to them, they also would have been as much surprised as the rest, it being impossible to avoid it; so cunningly and curiously was the machine contrived.

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[589] Alluding to a passage of Avellaneda, in Chap. XII.

The first who approached the ear of the head was Don Antonio himself. He said in a low voice, yet not so low but he was overheard by them all: "Tell me, head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what am I now thinking of?" The head answered, without moving its lips, in a clear and distinct voice, so as to be heard by every body: "I am no judge of thoughts." On hearing this all present were astonished, especially since, neither in the room nor anywhere about the table, was there any human creature that could answer. "How many of us are here?" demanded Don Antonio. "You and your wife," answered the head in the same key, "with two friends of yours, and two of hers, and a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, with a certain squire of his, Sancho Panza by name." The astonishment now redoubled; everybody's hair stood on end with terror. Don Antonio, stepping aside to some distance from the head, said: "This is enough to assure me I was not deceived by him who sold you to me, sage head, speaking head, answering and admirable head. Let somebody else go and ask it what they please." As women are commonly in haste and inquisitive, the first who went up to it was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife. "Tell me, head," said she, "what shall I do to be very handsome?"—"Be very modest," was the answer. "I ask you no more," said the querist. Then her companion came up, and said: "I would know, head, whether my husband loves me or not."—"You may easily know that by his usage of you," was the reply. The married woman drew back, saying: "The question might very well have been spared; for in reality a man's actions are the best interpreters of his affections." Then one of Don Antonio's two friends went and asked: "Who am I?" The answer was: "You know."—"I do not ask you that," answered the gentleman, "but only whether you know me?"—"I do," replied the head: "you are Don Pedro Noriz."—"I desire to hear no more," said Don Pedro, "since this is sufficient, O head, to convince me that you know everything." Then the other friend stepped up, and demanded: "Tell me, head, what desires has my eldest son and heir?"—"Have I not told you already," ran the answer, "that I do not judge of thoughts? Yet I can tell you that your son's desire is to bury you."—"It is even so," returned the gentleman: "I see it with my eyes, touch it with my finger; I ask no more questions."

Then Don Antonio's wife approached, and said: "I know not, O head, what to ask you. I would only fain know of you whether I shall be blessed with my dear husband many years?"—"You shall," was the reply, "for his good constitution and his temperate way of living promise many years of life, which several are wont to shorten by intemperance."

Next approached Don Quixote, and said: "Tell me, O answerer, was it truth or was it a dream, what I related as having befallen me in the cavern of Montesinos? Will the whipping of Sancho, my squire, be certainly fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea be effected?"—"As to the business of the cavern," it was answered, "there is much to be said; it has something of both truth and error. Sancho's whipping will go on but slowly; the disenchantment of Dulcinea will be brought about in due time."—"I desire to know no more," returned Don Quixote: "so that I may see Dulcinea disenchanted, I shall make account that all the good fortune I desire comes upon me at a stroke."

The last querist was Sancho, and his question was this: "Head, shall I peradventure get another government? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire? Shall I return to see my wife and children?" It was answered: "You shall govern in your own house, and, if you return to it, you shall see your wife and children; and, quitting service, you shall cease to be a squire."—"Very good, in faith!" cried Sancho Panza. "I could have told myself as much, and the prophet Pero Grullo could have told me no more[590]."—

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[590] They say in Spain the *Prophecies of Pero Grullo*, the same as the *Vérités de M. de La Palisse* of the French.

"Beast," retorted Don Quixote, "what answer would you have? Is it not enough that the answers this head returns correspond to the questions put to it?"—"Yes, it is enough," answered Sancho; "but I wish it had explained itself better, and told me a little more."

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the amazement of the whole company, excepting Don Antonio's two friends, who knew the secret of the adventure. This secret Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli proceeds immediately to discover, not to keep the world in suspense, believing there was some witchcraft or extraordinary mystery concealed in that head. Therefore he says that Don Antonio Moreno procured it to be made in imitation of another head he had seen at Madrid, made by a statuary for his own diversion at the expense of the ignorant. The machine was contrived in the following simple manner: the table was of wood, painted and varnished over like jasper, and the foot it stood upon was of the same, with four eagle claws to make it stand firm. The head, resembling that of a Roman emperor, and coloured in imitation of bronze, was hollow, and so was the table itself, in which the bust was so exactly fixed that no sign of a joint appeared. The foot also was hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the head, and all corresponded with another chamber just under that where the head stood. Through all this hollow of the foot, table, neck and breast of the figure aforesaid, went a pipe of tin, which could not be seen. The answerer was placed in the chamber underneath, with his mouth close to the pipe, so that the voice descended and ascended in clear and articulate sounds, as through a speaking-trumpet. Thus it was impossible to discover the juggle. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a student, acute and discreet, was the respondent, and, as he was informed beforehand by his uncle who were to be with him that day in the chamber of the head, he easily answered, readily and exactly, to the first question. To the rest he answered by conjectures, and, as a discreet person, discreetly.

Cid Hamet says farther, that this wonderful machine lasted about eight or ten days; but it being noised abroad in the city that Don Antonio kept in his house an enchanted head, which answered to all questions, he feared lest it should come to the ears of the watchful centinels of our faith. He therefore acquainted the gentlemen of the inquisition with the secret, who ordered him to break it in pieces, lest the ignorant vulgar should be scandalized at it. But still, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the head continued to be enchanted, and an answerer of questions, more indeed to the satisfaction of Don Quixote than of Sancho [391].

The gentlemen of the town, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the better entertainment of Don Quixote, as well as to give him an opportunity of exhibiting his follies, appointed a ring-race six days after; this ring-race however never took place, in consequence of a certain accident that will be told hereafter.

Don Quixote in the interval had a mind to walk about the town without ceremony and on foot, apprehending that, if he went on horseback, he should be persecuted by the boys. So he and Sancho, with two servants, assigned him by Don Antonio, walked out to make the tour. Now it happened that, as they passed through a certain street, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, saw written over a door, in very large letters: "*Books printed here.*" He was much pleased; for till then he had never seen a printing-office, and he was desirous to know what kind of place it was. In accordingly he entered with all his retinue, and saw working off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that, in short, all the various manual processes to be seen in extensive printing-offices. Don Quixote went to one of the cases and asked what they had in hand there; the workman told him; the knight wondered, and went on. He came to another case, and asked the compositor what he was doing. "Sir," answered the workman, "that gentleman yonder," pointing to a man of a good person and appearance, and of great gravity, "has translated an Italian book into our Castilian language, and I am composing it here for the press."—"What title has the book?" demanded Don Quixote.

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[391] We read frequently of these enchanted heads. Albert the Great constructed one, it is said, and the marquis of Villena another. The Tostado makes mention of a bronze head that prophesied in the town of Tabara, and which was principally consulted to ascertain whether there was any Jew in the place. It would cry in that case: *Judæus adest*, until the Israelite was expelled. (*Super numer.*, cap. xxi.)

The author now answered: "Sir, the book in Italian is called *Le Bagatelle*."—"And what answers to *Bagatelle* in our Castilian?" asked Don Quixote. "*Le Bagatelle*," rejoined the author, "is as if we should say *Trifles*[592], but, though its title be mean, it contains many very good and substantial things."—"I know a little of the Italian language," said Don Quixote, "and value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto. But, good sir, pray tell me (and I do not say this with design to examine your skill, but out of curiosity and nothing else), in the course of your writing, have you ever met with the word *pignata?*"—"Yes, often," replied the author. "And how do you translate it in Castilian?" asked Don Quixote. "How should I translate it," replied the author, "but by the word *spit?*"—"Body of me," cried Don Quixote, "what a progress has your worship made in the Italian language! I would venture a good wager, that where the Italian says *Piace*, you say, in Castilian, *pleases*, and that you translate *piu* by *more*, *su* by *high*, and *giu* by *low*."—"Most certainly I do," rejoined the author, "for those you have named are the correct equivalents."—"I dare take an oath," cried Don Quixote, "you are not known in the world, which is ever an enemy to rewarding florid wits and laudable pains. Oh! what abilities are lost, what geniuses cooped up, what virtues undervalued! But, for all that, I cannot but be of opinion that, translating out of one language into another, unless it be from those queens of languages, Greek and Latin, is like exposing the wrong side of a piece of tapestry. Though the figures are seen, they are full of ends and threads which obscure them, and are not seen with the smoothness and evenness of the right side. Translating out of easy languages shows neither genius nor elocution, any more than transcribing one paper from another. I would not hence infer that translating is not a laudable exercise, for a man may be employed in things of worse consequence, and less profit[593]. I except from this account the two celebrated translators, Christopher de Figueroa, in his *Pastor Fido*, and Don Juan de Jauregui, in his *Aminta*; in which, with rare and remarkable felicity, they bring it in doubt which is the translation, and which the original[594]. But tell me, sir, is this book printed on your own account, or have you sold it to some bookseller?"—"I print it on my own account," replied the author; "and I expect to get a thousand ducats by this first impression. There will be two thousand copies, which will go off, at six reals a set, in a trice."—"Mighty well, sir," rejoined Don Quixote; "it is plain you know but little of the turns and doubles of the booksellers, and the combination there is among them. I promise you that when you find the weight of two thousand volumes upon your back, it will so depress you that you will be frightened, especially if the book be heavy and lack salt."—"What! sir," retorted the author, "would you have me make over my right to the bookseller, who, perhaps, will give me three maravedis for it, and even think he does me a kindness in giving me so much[595]? Nay, nay; I print no more books to purchase fame in the world; for I am already sufficiently known, thank God, by my works. Profit I seek, without which fame is not worth a farthing."—"God send you good success," answered Don Quixote, and passed on to the next case. He observed that they were correcting a sheet of another book, entituled: *The Light of the Soul*[596]. "These kind of books," said he, "though there are a great many of them abroad, are those that ought to be printed, for there are abundance of sinners up and down, and so many benighted persons stand in need of an infinite number of lights." He went forward, and saw they were correcting another book, and asking its title: "It is entituled," was the answer, "the Second Part of *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by so and so, an inhabitant of Tordesillas."

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[592] In Spanish, *los juguetes*.

[593] Before Cervantes threw ridicule on the translators from the Italian, Lope de Vega had said in his *Filomena*: "God grant that he may be reduced to live to translate books from Italian into Castilian; for, in my opinion, it is a worse crime than taking horses into France."

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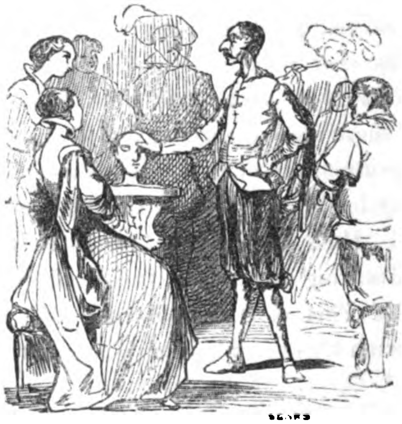
[594] The *Pastor Fido* is by *Guarini*; the *Aminta*, by Tasso. The praise of Cervantes is particularly deserved by the metrical translation of Jauregui.

[595] Cervantes had already said of booksellers, in his novel of the *Licentiate Vidriëra*: ". . . . How they ridicule an author, if he prints at his own expense! Instead of fifteen hundred, they print three thousand copies, and, when the author thinks they are selling his own copies, they vend the others."

[596] *Luz del alma cristiana contra la ceguedad e ignorancia*, by Fra Felipe de Meneses, a Dominican monk. Salamanca, 1564.

—"I know something of that book," retorted Don Quixote, "and, in truth and on my conscience, I thought it had been burnt before now, and reduced to ashes for its impertinence. But its Martinmas will come, as it does to every hog [597]. Fabulous histories are so far good and entertaining as they come near the truth, or the resemblance of it; and true histories are so much the better by how much the truer." So saying he went out of the printing-office with some show of disgust.

That same day Don Antonio purposed to carry him to see the galleys which lay in the road, which not a little pleased Sancho, who had never in his life seen any. Don Antonio gave notice to the commander of the four galleys that he would bring his guest, the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, that afternoon to see them, of whom the commodore, and all the inhabitants of the city, had some knowledge. But what befel them there on their visit, shall be told in the following chapter.



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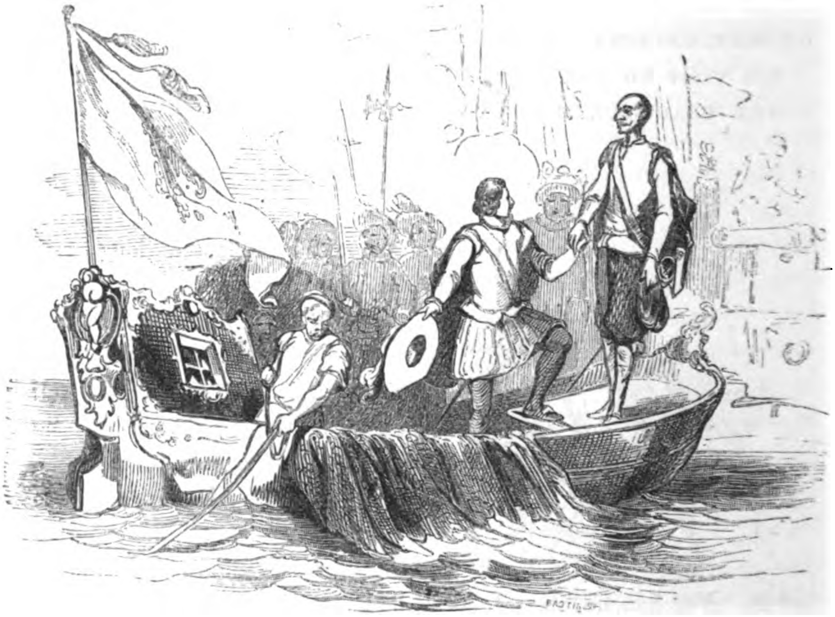
[597] In allusion to the proverb: *To every pig comes his Martinmas.*

CHAPTER LXIII.

OF THE UNLUCKY ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL SANCHO PANZA ON HIS VISIT TO THE GALLEYS, AND THE NOVEL ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MORISCA.

DON QUIXOTE reflected long and profoundly on the answer of the enchanted head; none of his conjectures however gave him the least suspicion of the trick of it, they all centering in the promise, which he looked upon as certain, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He rejoiced within himself, believing he should soon see the accomplishment of it. For Sancho, though he abhorred being a governor, he still had, as has been said, a desire again to command and be obeyed; for such is the misfortune power brings along with it, though but in jest.

Finally, that evening, Don Antonio Moreno and his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The commodore of the four galleys, who had notice of the coming of the two famous personages Don Quixote and Sancho, no sooner perceived them approach the shore, than he ordered all the galleys to strike their awnings and the clarions to play. Immediately he sent out the pinnace, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with cushions of crimson velvet. Directly Don Quixote set his foot into it, the captain of the galley discharged her stern chaser, and the other galleys did the same; and when the knight mounted the accommodation ladder, which was shipped on the starboard side, all the crew of slaves saluted him, as is customary when a person of rank comes on board, with three times *Hou, hou, hou*[508]. The general (for so we shall call him), who was a gentleman of quality of Valencia[509], gave Don Quixote his hand. He embraced the knight, and said: "This day will I mark with a white stone, as one



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[508] This was the *hurrah* of that day.

[509] Don Luis Coloma, count of Elda, commanded the Barcelonian squadron in 1614, when the expulsion of the Moors was effected.

of the best I ever wish to see while I live, since I have seen Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom is comprised and abridged the whole worth of knight-errantry." Don Quixote answered him in expressions no less courteous, overjoyed to find himself treated so like a lord. All the company went aft into the cabin, which was elegantly furnished, and seated themselves upon the lockers. The boatswain passed along the middle gangway and piped the slaves to strip, which was done in an instant. Sancho, on seeing so many men in buff, was frightened; and still more when he saw them spread an awning so swiftly over the galley, that he thought all the devils from hell were there at work. But all this was tarts and cheesecakes to what I am going to relate. Sancho was seated abaft on the starboard side near the *estanterol*, or pillar of the poop, close to the rower who pulled the stroke-oar. Instructed what he was to do, the aftermost rower laid hold on Sancho and lifted him up in his arms; then the whole crew of slaves, standing up and beginning from the right side, passed him from bank to bank and from hand to hand so swiftly that poor Sancho lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily thought a legion of devils was carrying him away. The slaves did not loose him till they had brought him aft again down the larboard side and replaced him on the taffrail, where the poor wretch remained bruised, out of breath, and in a cold sweat, without being able to imagine what had befallen him. Don Quixote, who beheld Sancho's flight without wings, asked the general if that was a ceremony commonly used at people's first coming aboard the galleys. "If so," he added, "for my part, I have no intention of making profession in them, nor inclination to perform the like exercise; and I swear before God that if any one dares to lay hand on me to give me such a tossing, I will kick his soul out." So saying he stood up, and laid his hand on his sword.

At that instant they struck the awning, and let go by the run the main-yard from the top of the mast to the bottom, with a loud noise. Sancho thought the sky was falling off its hinges and tumbling upon his head, and, shrinking it down, he clapped it for fear between his legs. Don Quixote knew not what to think; he too quaked, shrugged his shoulders, and changed countenance.

The slaves ran up the main-yard with the same swiftness and noise they had struck it, and all this without speaking a word, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and, jumping into the middle of the forecastle, with a bull's thong, began to fly-flap the shoulders of the slaves at the oar, and soon got the galley out to sea.

When Sancho saw so many red feet, for such he took the oars to be, move all together, he said to himself: "These be enchantments indeed, and not those my master talks of. But what have these unhappy wretches done to be whipped at this rate? and how has this one man, who goes whistling up and down, the boldness to whip so many? Ah! I maintain it, this is hell, or purgatory at least." Don Quixote, seeing with what attention Sancho observed all that passed, said: "Ah, friend Sancho, how quickly and how cheaply might you, if you would strip to the waist and place yourself among these gentlemen, put an end to the enchantment of Dulcinea! Having so many companions in pain, you would feel but little of your own. Besides, perhaps the sage Merlin would take every lash of theirs, coming from so good a hand, upon account for ten of those you must one day or other give yourself."

The general would have asked what lashes he spoke of, and what he meant by the disenchantment of Dulcinea, when the mast-head-man hailed: "The fort of Monjuich makes a signal that there is a vessel with oars on the coast, bearing westward." The general, on hearing this, leaped upon the middle gang-way, and said: "Pull away, my lads, do not let her escape us. It must be some brigantine, belonging to the corsairs of Algiers, that the fort makes the signal for." The other three galleys pulled alongside the captain to receive his orders. The general commanded that two of them should put out to sea as fast as they could, while he with the other would go along shore, so as to completely cut off the vessel's escape. The crew plied the oars, impelling the galleys with such violence, that they seemed to fly. Those that stood out to sea, about two miles off, discovered a sail, which they judged to carry about fourteen or fifteen banks of oars, and so it proved to be. The vessel discovering the galleys put herself in chase, intending and hoping to get away by her swiftness. But unfortunately for her, the captain-galley happened to be one of the swiftest vessels upon the sea. She therefore gained upon the brigantine so fast, that the corsairs saw they could not escape. The *arraez*[600] ordered his men to drop their oars, and yield themselves prisoners, that they might not exasperate the captain of our galleys. But fortune, that would have it otherwise, ordered that, just as the captain-galley came so near that the corsairs could hear a voice from her calling to them to surrender, two drunken Turks, who came in the brigantine with twelve others, discharged two muskets, with which they killed two of our soldiers on the prow. The general, seeing that, swore not to leave a man alive he should take in the vessel. He attacked with all fury to board her, but she slipped away under the oars. The galley ran several knots a-head. They in the vessel, perceiving they were got clear, made all the way they could while the galley was coming about: they then again put themselves in chase with oars and sails. But their diligence did them not so much good as their presumption did them harm; for the captain-galley, overtaking them in little more than half a mile, clapped her oars on the vessel, and took them all alive. The two other galleys were by this time come up, and all four returned with their prize to the strand, where a vast concourse of people stood expecting them, desirous to see what they had taken. The general cast anchor close in shore, and knowing that the viceroy was in the port[601], he ordered out the boat to bring him on board, and commanded the main-yard to be lowered immediately to hang thereon the *arraez*, and the rest of the Turks he had taken in her, in number about six and thirty persons, all brisk fellows, and most of them arquebus-men.

The general inquired which was the *arraez* of the brigantine; and one of the captives, who afterwards appeared to be a Spanish renegade, answered him in Castilian: "This youth, sir, you see here, is our *arraez*," pointing to one of the most beautiful and most graceful young men that human imagination could paint. His age, in appearance, did not reach twenty years. "Tell me, ill-advised dog," asked the general, "what moved you to kill my soldiers, when you saw it was impossible to escape? Is this the respect paid to captain-galleys? Know you not that temerity is not valour, and that doubtful hopes should make men daring, but not rash?" The *arraez* would have replied, but the general could not hear his answer, because he was going to receive the viceroy, who was just entering the galley, followed by several of his people and some persons from the town. "You have had a fine chase, signor general," said the viceroy. "So fine," answered the general, "that your excellency shall presently see it hanged up at the yard-arm."—

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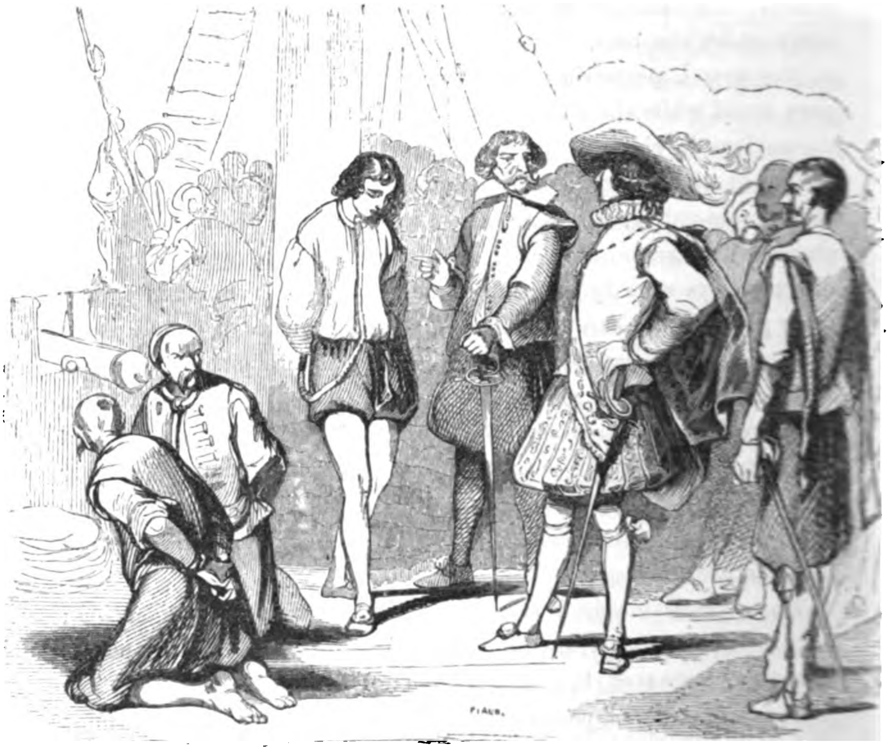
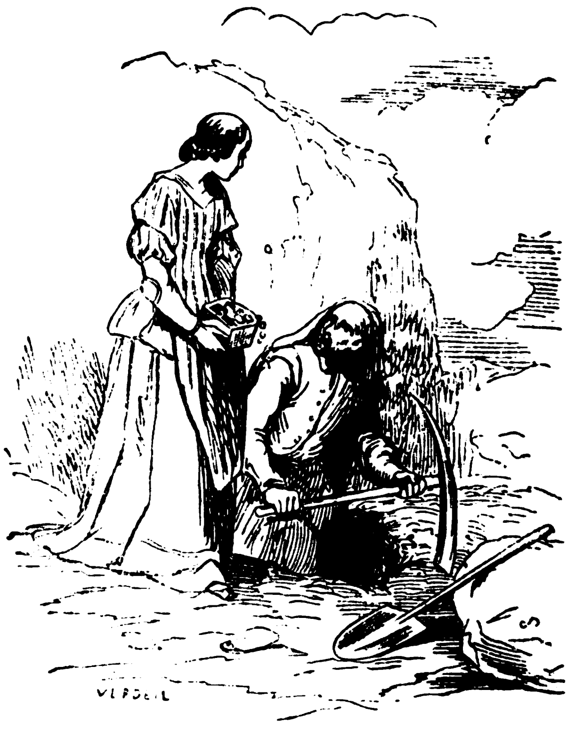
[600] Commander of an Algerine ship.

[601] In 1614, the viceroy of Barcelona was Don Francisco Hurtado de Mendoza, marquis of Almazan.

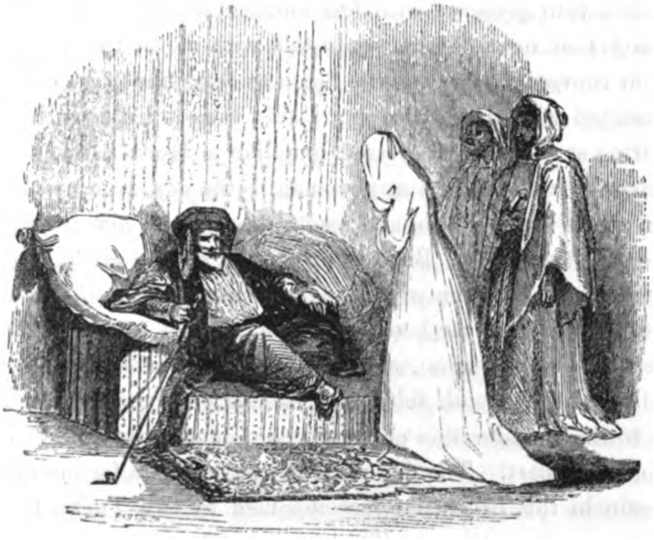


"How so?" rejoined the viceroy. "Because," replied the general, "against all law, against all reason, and the custom of war, they have killed me two of the best soldiers belonging to the galleys, and I have sworn to hang every man I took prisoner, especially this youth here, who is the *arraez* of the brigantine." At the same time he pointed to the young man, who stood, with his hands already tied and a rope about his neck, expecting death. The viceroy looked at him; and, seeing him so beautiful, so genteel, and so humble, he was touched with compassion, and felt anxious to save him. "Tell me, *arraez*," asked he, "are you a Turk, Moor, or renegade?"—"I am," answered the young man in the Castilian tongue, "neither a Turk, nor a Moor, nor a renegade."—"What are you then?" continued the viceroy. "A christian woman," answered the youth. "A christian woman, in such a garb and in such circumstances," said the viceroy, "is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed."—"Gentlemen," said the youth, "suspend the execution of my sentence; it will be no great loss to defer your revenge while I recount the story of my life." What heart could be so hard as not to relent at these expressions, at least so far as to hear what the sad and afflicted youth had to say? The general bid him say what he pleased, but not to expect pardon for his great offence. With this license, the youth began in the following manner:

"I was born of Moorish parents, of that nation, more unhappy than wise, so recently overwhelmed under a sea of misfortunes. In the current of their calamity, I was carried away by two of my uncles into Barbary; it availing me nothing to say I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not of the feigned or pretended, but of the true and catholic ones. The discovery of this truth had no influence on those who were charged with our unhappy banishment, nor would my uncles believe it; they took it for a lie and an invention of mine in order to remain in the country where I was born. They therefore, more by force rather than my good will, carried me away with them. My mother was a Christian, and my father a discreet Christian too. I sucked in the catholic faith with my milk. I was virtuously brought up, and, neither in my language nor behaviour, did I, as I thought, give any indication of my being a Morisca. My beauty, if I have any, grew up and kept equal pace with these virtues, for such I believe them to be; and though my modesty and reserve were great, I could not avoid being seen by a young gentleman called Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son of a person of distinction, whose estate joins our own. How he saw me, how we conversed together, how he became undone for me, and I little less for him, would be tedious to relate, especially at a time when I am under apprehension that the cruel cord which threatens me may interpose between my tongue and my throat. I will therefore only say that Don Gregorio resolved to bear me company in our banishment. He mingled with the Moors who came from other towns, for he understood and spoke their language perfectly; and on the journey, he contracted an intimacy with my two uncles, who had the charge of me. My father being a prudent and provident person, as soon as he saw the first edict for our



banishment, left the town, and went to seek an asylum for us in distant lands. He left a great number of pearls and precious stones of great value hid and buried in a certain place, known to me only, with some money in cruzades and gold doubloons. He commanded me in no wise to touch the treasure he left, if peradventure we should be banished before he returned. I obeyed, and passed over into Barbary with my uncles and other relations and acquaintance. The place we settled in was Algiers, which is a perfect hell itself. The dey heard of my beauty, and fame told him of my riches, which partly proved my good fortune. He sent for me, and asked me in what part of Spain I was born, and what money and jewels I had brought with me. I told him the name of my native town, and added that the jewels and money were buried in it, but that they might easily be brought off if I myself went to fetch them. All this I told him in hopes that his own covetousness, more than my

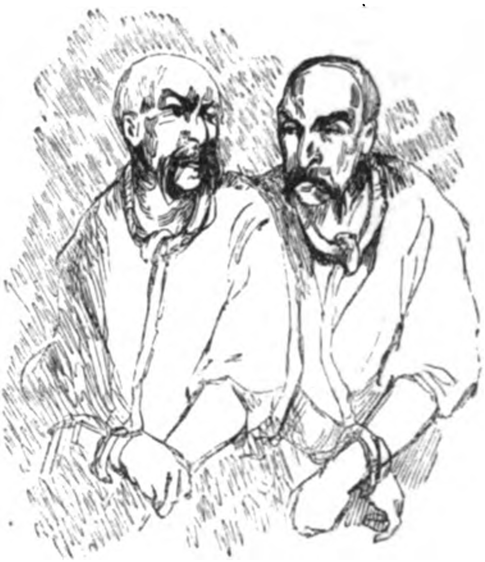


beauty, would blind him. While I was with him, information was brought him that one of the genteelest and handsomest youths imaginable came in my company. I presently understood that they meant Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty is far beyond all possibility of exaggeration. I was greatly disturbed when I considered the danger Don Gregorio was in; for, among those barbarous Turks, a handsome boy or youth is more valued and esteemed than a woman, however beautiful. The dey commanded him to be immediately brought before him, and asked me if what he was told of that youth was true. I, as if inspired by Heaven, answered: 'Yes, it is true; but I must inform you that he is not a man; he is a woman, like myself. Permit me, I entreat you, to go and dress her in her proper garb, that she may shine in full beauty, and appear in your presence with less embarrassment.' He consented, and said that next day he would talk with me of the manner how I might conveniently return to Spain to fetch the hidden treasure. I consulted with Don Gaspar; I told him the danger he ran in appearing as a man. I dressed him like a Morisca, and that very afternoon introduced him as a woman to the dey, who was in admiration at the sight of him, and resolved to reserve him for a present to the grand seignior. But to prevent the risk he might run in the seraglio among his own wives, and distrusting himself, he ordered him to be lodged in the house of a Moorish lady of quality, there to be kept and waited upon, whither Don Gregorio was instantly conveyed. What we both felt, for I cannot deny that I love him, I leave to the consideration of those who tenderly love each other and are forced to part. The dey presently gave orders for me to return to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, the same who killed your soldiers. There came with me also this Spanish renegade (pointing to him who spoke first), whom I certainly know to be a Christian in his heart, and that he comes with a greater desire to stay in Spain than to return to Barbary. The rest of the ship's crew are Moors and Turks, who serve for nothing but to row at the oar. The two drunken and insolent Turks, disobeying the orders given them to set me and the renegade on shore, in the first place of Spain we should touch upon, in the habit of Christians, with which we came provided, would needs first scour the coast with the intent to make some prize, fearing, if they should land us first, we might be induced by some means or other to make known that such a vessel was at sea, and if perchance there were any galleys abroad upon this coast, she might be taken. Last night we made this shore, not knowing anything of these four galleys; to-day we were discovered, and what you have seen has befallen us. In fine, Don Gregorio remains among the women, in woman's attire, and in manifest danger of being undone; I find myself with my hands tied, expecting to lose that life of which I am already weary. This, sir, is the conclusion of my lamentable story, as true as unfortunate. What I beg of you, is, that you will suffer me to die like a Christian; for, as I have told you, I am no wise chargeable with the fault into which those of my nation have fallen." Here she held her peace, her eyes swelled with tender tears, which were accompanied by many of those of the by-standers.

The viceroy, who was of a tender and compassionate disposition, without speaking a word went to her, and, with his own hands, unbound the cord that tied the beautiful ones of the fair Morisca. While she had been relating her strange story, an old pilgrim, who came aboard the galley with the viceroy, fastened his eyes on her. No sooner had she made an end, than, throwing himself at her feet and embracing them, with words interrupted by a thousand sobs and sighs, he cried: "O Ana Felix! my unhappy daughter! I am thy father Ricote, who am returned to seek thee, not being able to live without thee, who art my very soul." At these words, Sancho opened his eyes and lifted up his head, which he was holding down, ruminating upon his late disgraceful jaunt; and, looking earnestly at the pilgrim, he knew him to be the very Ricote he had met with upon the day he left his government. He was persuaded the maiden must be his daughter, who, being now unbound, embraced her father, mingling her tears with his. Ricote said to the general and the viceroy: "This, sirs, is my daughter, happy in her name alone. Ana Felix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, as famous for her own beauty, as for her father's riches. I left my native country, to seek, in foreign kingdoms, some shelter and safe retreat, and, having found one in Germany, I returned in pilgrim's weed, and in the company of some Germans, to fetch my daughter, and take up a great deal of wealth I had left buried. My daughter I found not, but the treasure I did, and have in my possession; and now, by the strange turn of fortune you have seen, I have found the treasure which most enriches me, my beloved daughter. If our innocence, if her tears and mine, through the uprightness of your justice, can open the gates of mercy, let us partake of it, we who never had a thought of offending you, nor in any way conspired with the designs of our people, who have been justly banished."—"I know Ricote very well now," said Sancho, "and am sure what he says of Ana Felix being his daughter is true. But as for the other idle stories of his going and coming, and of his having a good or bad intention, I meddle not with them."

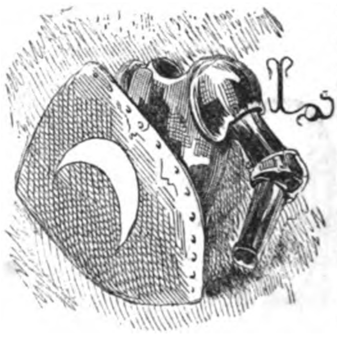
All present wondered at the strangeness of the case. "Each tear you let fall," said the governor, "hinders me from fulfilling my oath. Live, fair Ana Felix, all the years Heaven has allotted you, and let the daring and the insolent undergo the punishment their crimes deserve." Immediately he gave orders for the two Turks who had killed his soldiers to be hanged at the yard-arm. But the viceroy earnestly entreated him not to hang them; their fault being rather the effect of madness than of valour. The general yielded to the viceroy's request; for it is not easy to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they consulted how to deliver Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he was left. Ricote offered above two thousand ducats, which he had in pearls and jewels, in furtherance of this object. Several expedients were proposed, but none so likely to succeed as that of the Spanish regenade whom we have mentioned. He offered to return to Algiers in a small bark of about six banks, armed with christian rowers, for he knew where, how, and when to land, nor was he ignorant of the house in which Don Gaspar was confined. The general and the viceroy were in doubt whether they should rely on the regenade, or trust him with the Christians who were to row at the oar. But Ana Felix answered for him, and her father Ricote said he would be answerable for the ransom of the Christians if they should be betrayed. Matters being thus settled, the viceroy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno took the Morisca and her father along with him; the viceroy charging him to regale and welcome them as much as possible, offering, for his own part, whatever his house afforded for their better entertainment. The beauty of Ana Felix had quite won his heart.



CHAPTER LXIV.

WHCIH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURE THAT GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE SORROW THAN ANY THAT HAD HITHERTO BEFALLEN HIM.



LOUD and hearty was the welcome which the wife of Don Antonio Moreno gave to Ana Felix on receiving her at her house. She paid her every courtesy and kindness; for she was enamoured as well of her beauty as of her amiable disposition, seeing that the Morisca excelled in both mind and person. All the people of the city flocked to see her, as if they had been brought together by ringing the great bell, and to see was to admire.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the method they had resolved upon for the redemption of Don Gregorio was quite a wrong one, there being more danger than probability of success in it, and that they would do better to land him, with his horse and arms, in Barbary, whence he would fetch him off in spite of the whole Moorish race, as Don Gaïferos had done by his spouse Melisendra. "Take notice, sir," said Sancho, hearing this, "that Signor Don Gaïferos rescued his spouse on shore, and carried her over-land into France; but yonder, if peradventure we rescue Don Gregorio, we have no way to bring him into Spain, since the sea is between."—"For all things, excepting for death, there is a remedy," replied Don Quixote. "Let but a vessel come to the sea-side, and we will embark in it, though the whole world should endeavour to oppose it."—"Your worship," rejoined Sancho, "contrives and makes the matter very easy; but 'between the saying and the fact is a very large tract;' I stick to the renegade, who seems to me a very honest and good-natured man."—"Besides," added Don Antonio, "if the renegade should miscarry in the business, it will be time enough to put in practice the expedient of the great Don Quixote's passing over into Barbary."

Two days after, the renegade set sail in a small bark of six oars on a side, manned with a stout crew; and, two days after that, the galleys departed for the Levant; the general having engaged the viceroy to give him advice of all that should happen in respect to the deliverance of Don Gregorio and the fortune of Ana Felix.

Don Quixote having sallied forth one morning to take the air on the strand, armed at all points, for, as he was wont to say, *his arms were his finery, and his recreation fighting*[602], and so he was never without them, he perceived advancing towards him a knight, armed likewise at all points, bearing on his shield the emblazonment of a resplendent moon. When the stranger had approached near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and cried, addressing Don Quixote: "Illustrious knight, and never-enough renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits, perhaps, may bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you know and confess that my mistress, be she who she will, is incomparably more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso. If you do immediately and fairly confess this truth, you will save your own life, and me the trouble of taking it from you. If you fight and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect is one trifling request: it is, that you lay aside arms, forbear going in quest of adventures, and retire home to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live, without laying hand to your sword, in profound peace and profitable repose, which will redound both to the improvement of your estate and the salvation of your soul. If you shall vanquish me, my head shall lie at your mercy, the spoils of my horse and arms shall be yours, and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you. Consider which is best for you, and answer me without delay, for this business must be despatched this very day."

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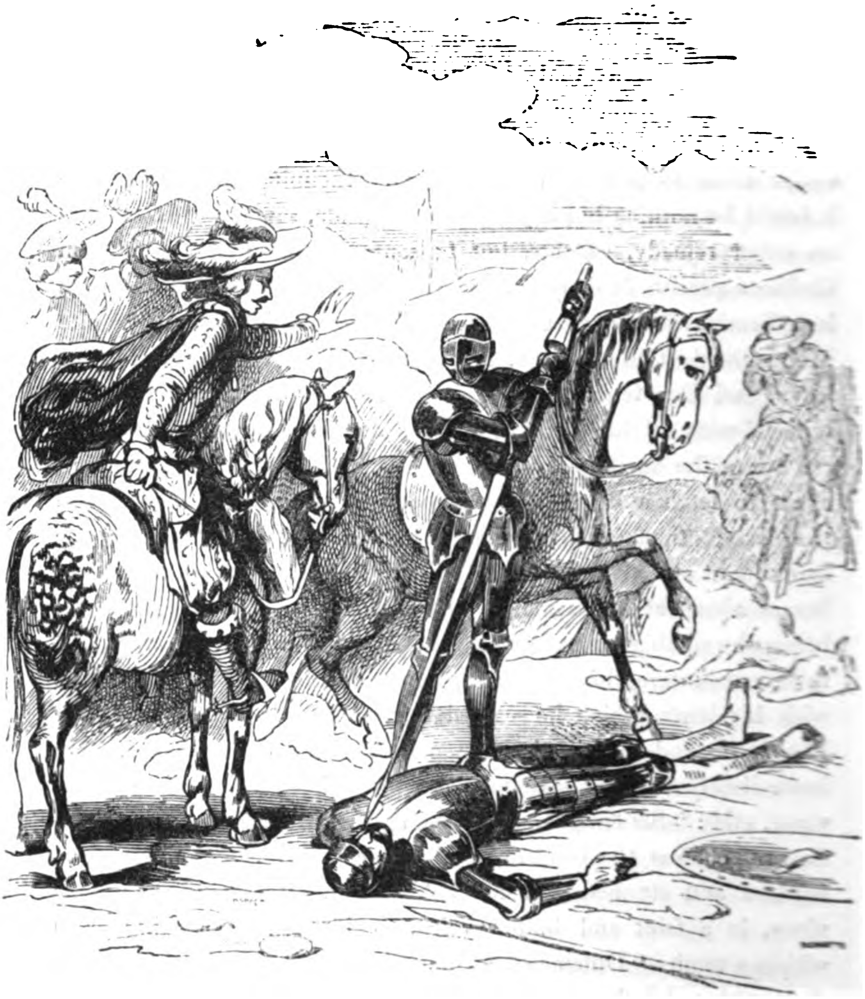
[602] Verses of an old *romance*, already cited in the Second Chapter of Book I. of the First Part.

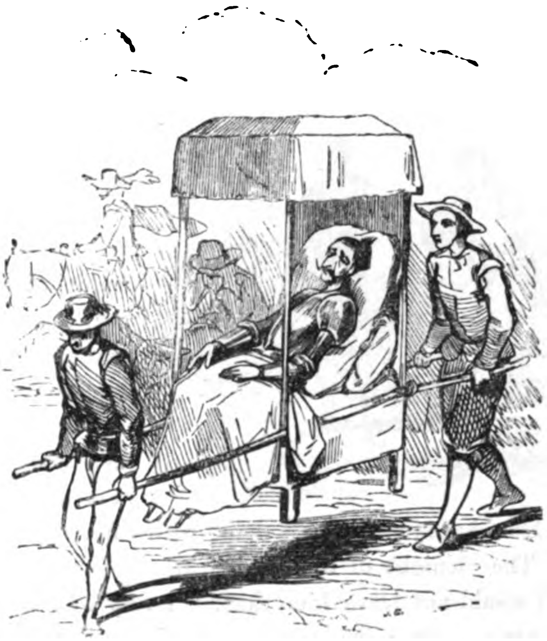
Don Quixote was amazed, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon as at his being challenged by him. He answered with calm gravity, and in a severe tone of voice: "Sir Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I will make you swear you never saw the illustrious Dulcinea. If you had seen her, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have undeceived you, and convinced you that there never was nor ever can be a beauty comparable to hers. Therefore, without giving you the lie, and only saying you are mistaken, I accept your challenge with the aforementioned conditions, and I accept it upon the spot, that the day allotted for this business, may not first elapse. Of the conditions, I only except the transfer of your exploits, because I do not know what they are. I am content with my own, such as they are. Take, then, what part of the field you please, and I will do the like, and to whom God shall give the victory, may St. Peter give his blessing."

The Knight of the White Moon was discovered from the city, and the viceroy was informed that he was in conference with Don Quixote de la Mancha. The viceroy, believing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the town, immediately rode out to the strand, accompanied by Don Antonio, and a great many other gentlemen. They arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rocinante about to take the necessary ground for his career. The viceroy, perceiving they were both ready to turn for the encounter, interposed, asking what induced them to so sudden a fight. "It is the precedency of beauty," answered the Knight of the White Moon; and he proceeded to relate succinctly in a few words what he had said to Don Quixote, and the conditions of the combat agreed to on both sides. The viceroy asked Don Antonio in a whisper whether he knew who the Knight of the White Moon was, and whether it was some jest designed to be put upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio answered that he neither knew who he was, nor whether the challenge was in jest or earnest. This answer perplexed the viceroy; he was in doubt whether or not he should suffer them to proceed to the combat. Inclining rather to believe it could be nothing but a jest, he went aside, saying: "If there is no other remedy, knights, but to confess or die; if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and your worship of the White Moon in affirming, fall to in God's name." The Knight of the White Moon thanked the viceroy, in courtly and discreet terms for the leave, and Don Quixote did the same. The latter, recommending himself with all his heart to Heaven and his Dulcinea, as was his custom at the beginning of the combats that offered, wheeled about again to fetch a larger compass, because he saw his adversary did the like; then, without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give the signal of onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant. But he of the White Moon being the nimblest, met Don Quixote at two-thirds of the career, and there encountered him with such impetuous force, not touching him with his lance, which he seemed to raise on purpose, that he gave Rocinante and Don Quixote a perilous fall to the ground. He immediately advanced again to the knight, and, clapping his lance to his vizor, said: "Sir Knight, you are vanquished, and a dead man, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge." Don Quixote, bruised and stunned with his fall, replied, without lifting up his vizor, in a faint and hollow voice, as if he was speaking from within a tomb: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth. It is not fit that my weakness should discredit this truth. Push, Sir Knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have despoiled me of my honour."—"By no means," cried the Knight of the White Moon. "Live, live the fame of the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in its full lustre. All the satisfaction I demand, is, that the great Don Quixote retire home to his own town for a year, or till such time as I shall command, according to our agreement before we began this battle."



All this was heard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and many other persons there present; they also heard Don Quixote reply that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would perform all the rest like a punctual and true knight. This confession made, the Knight of the White Moon turned about his horse, and, making a bow with his head to the viceroy, entered into the city at a half-gallop. The viceroy ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to ascertain who he was.

They raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face found him pale and in a cold sweat. Rocinante was in so poor a way that he could not stir for the present. Sancho, sorrowful and with tears in his eyes, knew not what to do or say. He fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and that all this business was matter of enchantment. He saw his master vanquished, reduced to mercy, and under an obligation not to bear arms during a whole year. He beheld in imagination the light of the glory of his achievements obscured, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated like smoke by the wind. He was afraid finally, that Rocinante's bones were quite broken, and his master's disjointed, and prayed that it might prove no worse[603]. Don Quixote was carried back to the city in an open sedan the viceroy had commanded to be brought, and the viceroy also returned thither, impatient to learn who the Knight of the White Moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such evil plight.



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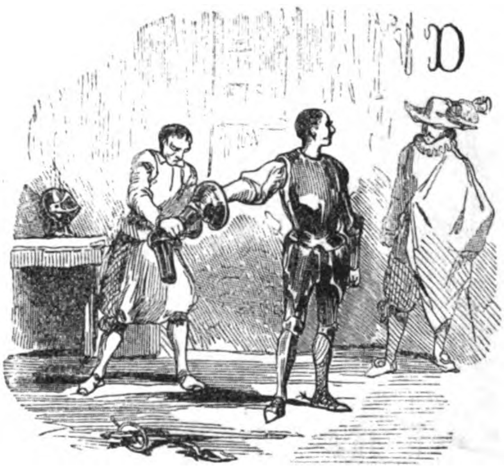
[603] Cervantes here plays very cleverly on the word *deslocado*, to which he gives first the sense of dislocated, then that of the cure of madness, from *loco*, mad.

CHAPTER LXV.

IN WHICH IS MADE KNOWN WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF DON GREGORIO'S LIBERATION, AND OTHER EVENTS.



Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon. A great number of boys also pursued him to the door of an inn within the city. Don Antonio went in after him, desirous to know who he was. A squire came out to receive and unarm him, who then shut himself up in a lower room, and with him Don Antonio, who was dying with curiosity to know who he was. The Knight of the White Moon, perceiving that this gentleman would not leave him, said: "I very well know, sir, the design of your coming; it is to learn who I am, and as there is no reason for concealing it, while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you without deviating a tittle from the truth. Know, sir, that I am called the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: I am of the same village as Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly move all that know him to compassion; and of those who had most pity for him was I one. Believing his recovery to depend upon his being quiet and staying at home in his own house, I devised how to make him continue there. With that view, about three months ago I sallied forth to the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself the Knight of the Mirrors, designing to fight and vanquish him, without doing him harm; the condition of our combat being that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher. What I, concluding him already vanquished, intended to enjoin him, was that he should return to his village, and not stir out of it in a whole year, in which time he might be cured; but fortune ordained it otherwise, for he vanquished me and tumbled me from my horse. Thus my design did not take effect. He pursued his journey, and I returned home vanquished, ashamed and bruised with my fall, which was a very dangerous one. Nevertheless I lost not the desire of finding him and vanquishing him, as you have seen this day. He is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, that he will doubtless respect the obligation I have laid upon him, and be as good as his word. This, sir, is the true business, and I have nothing to add. I only entreat you not to discover me, nor to let Don Quixote know who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and that I may succeed in restoring his understanding to a man who has a very good one, if the follies of chivalry do but leave him."—"Oh! sir," cried Don Antonio, "God forgive you the injury you have done the whole world, in endeavouring to restore to his senses the most diverting madman in it. Do you not see, sir, that the benefit of his recovery will not counterbalance the pleasure his extravagances afford? But I fancy that all signor bachelor's industry will not be sufficient to recover a man so consummately mad; and, were it not against the rule of charity, I should say: 'May Don Quixote never be recovered,' for, by his cure, we shall not only lose his pleasantries, but also those of his squire, Sancho Panza, any one of which is enough to make Melancholy herself merry. Nevertheless I will hold my peace and tell him nothing, to try if I am right in suspecting that all Signor Carrasco's diligence is likely to be fruitless." The bachelor made answer that, all things considered, the business was in a promising way, and he hoped for good success. Don Antonio, having offered his service in whatever else he pleased to command, took his leave. The same day, Sampson, having caused his armour to be tied upon the back of a mule, rode out of the city upon the same horse on which he had fought, and returned to his native place; nothing befalling him by the way worthy to be recorded in this faithful history.

Don Antonio recounted to the viceroy all that Carrasco had told him, at which the viceroy was not much pleased; considering that Don Quixote's confinement would put an end to all the diversion his follies administered to those that knew him.

Six days Don Quixote lay in bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and said, among other things: "Dear sir, hold up your head and try to be cheerful, and above all give Heaven thanks that, though you got a bad fall, you did not come off with a rib broken. You know, that they that will give must take, and that there are not always bacon-flitches where there are pins; you may therefore safely say a fig for the physician, since you have no need of his help in this distemper. Let us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures, through countries and places unknown. If it be well considered, I am the greatest loser, though your worship be the greatest sufferer. I, who with the government quitted the desire of ever governing more, did not quit the desire of being an earl, which will never come to pass if your worship refuse being a king, by quitting the exercise of chivalry. Then all my hopes vanish into smoke."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "you see my confinement and retirement is not to last above a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an earldom to bestow on you."—"God hear it," retorted Sancho, "and let sin be deaf; for

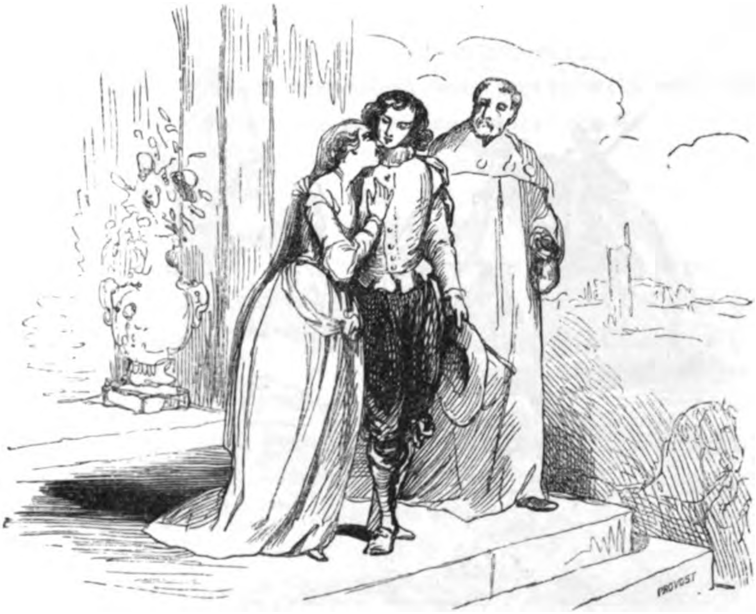
I have always been told that a good expectation is better than a bad possession."

They were thus discoursing when Don Antonio entered with signs of great joy: "My reward, Signor Don Quixote," cried he, "for the good news I bring you: Don Gregorio and the renegade who went to bring him are in the harbour. In the harbour do I say? by this time they must be come to the viceroy's palace, and will be here presently." Don Quixote was a little revived: "In truth I was going to say," said he, "I should be glad if it had fallen out quite otherwise, that I might have been obliged to go over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I should have given liberty, not only to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives that are in Barbary. But alas! what do I say, wretch that I am? am I not vanquished? am I not overthrown? am I not he, who has it not in his power to take arms for a twelvemonth? Why then do I promise? why do I vaunt, I who am fitter to handle a distaff than a sword?" —"No more, sir," cried Sancho. "Let the hen live, though she have the pip. To-day for you, and to-morrow for me. As for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; for he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a-bed; I mean by giving way to despondency, and not endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh encounters. Pray, sir, rise to welcome Don Gregorio, for there seems to be a great bustle in the house, and by this time he is come."

Sancho was right; Don Gregorio and the renegade having given the viceroy an account of the expedition, the former, impatient to see Ana Felix, was come with the renegade to Don Antonio's house. Though Don Gregorio, when he made his escape from Algiers, was in a woman's dress, he had exchanged it in the bark for that of a captive who escaped with him. But, in whatever dress he had come, he would have had the appearance of a person worthy to be loved, served, and esteemed; for he was very handsome, and seemed to be not above seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him: the father in tears, and the daughter with charming modesty. They did not embrace each other, for, where there is much love, there are usually but few freedoms. The joint beauties of Don Gregorio and Ana Felix surprised all the beholders. Silence spoke for the two lovers, and their eyes proclaimed their joyful and modest sentiments. The renegade acquainted the company with the artifices he had employed to bring off Don Gregorio, and Don Gregorio recounted the dangers and straits he was reduced to among the women he remained with; and all this, not in a tedious discourse, but in a few words, showing that his discretion outstripped his years. Finally, Ricote generously paid and satisfied as well the renegade as the Christians who had rowed at the oar. The renegade was reconciled and restored to the bosom of the church, and, though certainly not a most promising member, forthwith became clean and sound through penance and repentance.

Two days after, the viceroy and Don Antonio consulted together about the means how Ana Felix and her father might remain in Spain; for they thought it no manner of inconvenience that a daughter so much a Christian, and a father so well inclined, should continue in the kingdom. Don Antonio offered to solicit the affair himself at court, being obliged to go thither about other business, intimating that, by means of favour and bribery, many difficult matters are there brought about. "No," said Ricote, who was present at the interview, "there is nothing to be expected from favour or bribes; for with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count of Salazar, to whom his majesty has given the charge of our expulsion, no entreaties, no promises, no bribes, no pity, will avail. It is true he tempers justice with mercy, yet, because he sees the whole body of our nation tainted and impure, he rather makes use of burning caustics than mollifying ointments. By prudence and sagacity, by diligence and terrors, he has supported on his able shoulders the weight of this great machine, and brought it to due execution and perfection, our artifices, stratagems, diligence and policies not being able to blind his Argus eyes, continually open to see that none of us stay or lurk behind, and, like a concealed root, hereafter spring up and spread venomous fruit through Spain, already cleared, already freed from the fears in which our vast numbers plunged the kingdom. Heroic resolution of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom in committing this charge to Don Bernardino de Velasco[604]!"—"However, when I am at court," said Don Antonio, "I will use all the diligence and means possible, and leave the success to Heaven. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to comfort his parents under the affliction they must be in for his absence; Ana Felix shall stay at my house with my wife, or in a monastery; and I am sure the viceroy will be glad that honest Ricote remain in his house until he sees the success of my negotiation."

The viceroy consented to all that was proposed; but Don Gregorio, knowing what passed, expressed, at first, great unwillingness to leave Ana Felix. But, desirous to visit his parents, and to concert the means of returning for her, he came at length into the proposal. Ana Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote in the viceroy's palace.



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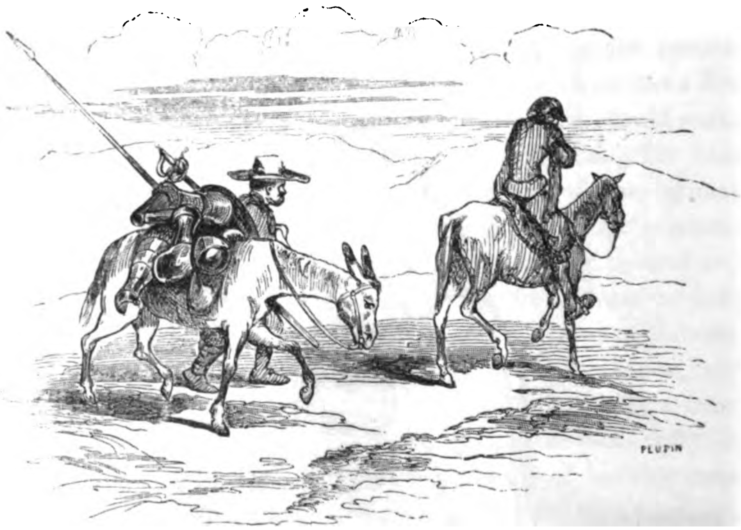
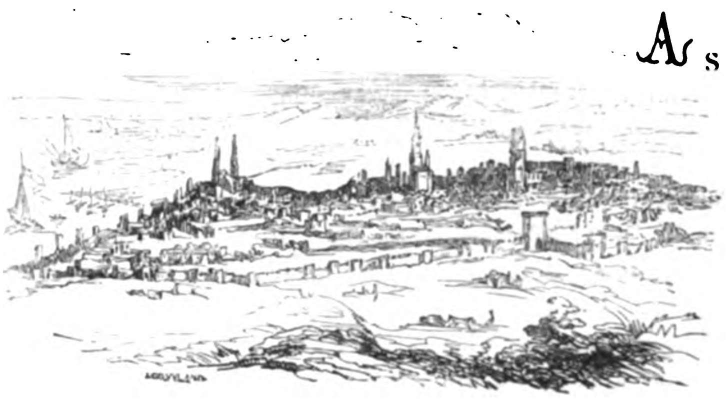
[604] There were several commissaries charged with the expulsion of the Moors, and this Don Bernardino de Velasco, on whom Cervantes makes an eulogium, so badly placed in the mouth of Ricote, was commissioned solely to drive the Moors from La Mancha. It is possible that he was both just and severe in his duties, but other commissaries allowed themselves to be softened, and, as we read in the memoirs of the times, many rich Moors bought the right of remaining in Spain, provided they changed their province.

The day of Don Antonio's departure came, and that of Don Quixote's and Sancho's two days after; for the knight's fall would not permit him to travel sooner. At Don Gregorio's parting from Ana Felix, all was tears, sighs, swoonings and sobbings. Ricote offered his son-in-law a thousand crowns if he desired them; but Don Gregorio would accept only of five from Don Antonio, as a loan to be repaid when they met at Madrid. Finally they both departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho shortly afterwards, as has been said: Don Quixote unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, his donkey being laden with the armour.



CHAPTER LXVI.

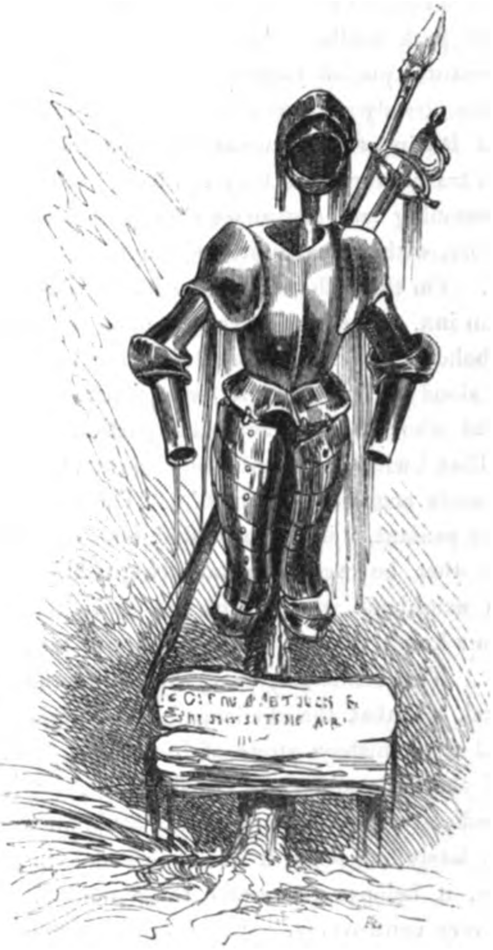
TREATING OF MATTERS WHICH HE WHO READS WILL SEE, AND HE WHO HEARS THEM READ WILL HEAR.



As he quitted Barcelona, Don Quixote turned about to see the spot where he was overthrown, and cried: "Here stood Troy! here my misfortunes, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory! here I experienced the fickleness of fortune! here the lustre of my exploits was obscured! here, lastly, fell my happiness, never to rise again!" Sancho, hearing these lamentations, said: "It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in prosperity; and this I judge by myself: for, as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad. Effectively, I have heard say that she they commonly call Fortune is a drunken, capricious dame, and very blind into the bargain. Thus she does not see what she is about, nor knows whom she casts down, or whom she exalts."

"You are much of a philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and talk very discreetly. I know not whence you had it. But what I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as Fortune, nor do the things which happen in it, be they good or bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven. Hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary; my presumption has accordingly cost me dear. I ought to have considered that the feebleness of Rocinante was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's steed. But I adventured it; I did my best, and I was unhorsed, and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, I gained credit for my exploits; now that I am but a walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words by performing my promise. March on then, friend Sancho; let us pass at home the year of our noviciate. In our forced retreat, we will acquire fresh vigour to the exercise of arms, which I will never abandon."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing as to encourage or incite me to travel great days' journeys. Let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, like a hanged man; and when I am mounted upon Dapple, my feet from the ground, we will travel as your worship shall like, and whither you choose to lead the way. But to think that I will make long stages on foot, is to expect what cannot be."—"You have said well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "hang up my armour for a trophy; and under or around it we will carve on the tree that which was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms:

" Let none presume these arms to move,
Who Roldan's fury dares not prove [603]."



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[603] Vide note 77, Chap. V., Book 2 of the First Part (Vol. I.).

—"All this seems to be extremely right," answered Sancho; "and were it not for the want we should have of Rocinante upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too."—"Neither him, nor the armour," replied Don Quixote, "will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said: '*For good service, bad recompense.*'"—"Your worship says well," answered Sancho; "for, according to the opinion of the wise, 'the ass's fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle.' And, since your worship is in fault for this adventure, punish yourself, and let not your fury spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleness of Rocinante, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, in making them travel more than they can bear."

In such reasoning and discourses they passed all that day, and even four more, without encountering anything to put them out of their way. On the fifth, at entering into a village, they saw, at the door of an inn, a great number of people solacing themselves, it being a holiday. When Don Quixote came up to them, a peasant said aloud: "One of these two gentlemen who are coming this way, and who do not know the parties, shall decide our wager."—"That I will," answered Don Quixote, "most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it."—"The business, good sir," responded the peasant, "is that an inhabitant of this town, who is so corpulent that he weighs about twenty-three stone *, has challenged a neighbour, who weighs not above ten and a half, to run with him a hundred yards. The conditions are that they carry equal weight. The challenger, being asked how the weight should be made equal, said that the challenged, who weighed but ten and a half, should carry thirteen stone of iron about him, and so both the lean and the fat would carry equal weight."—"Not so," cried Sancho immediately, before Don Quixote could answer. "To me, who have so lately left being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every controversy."—"Answer in a good hour, friend

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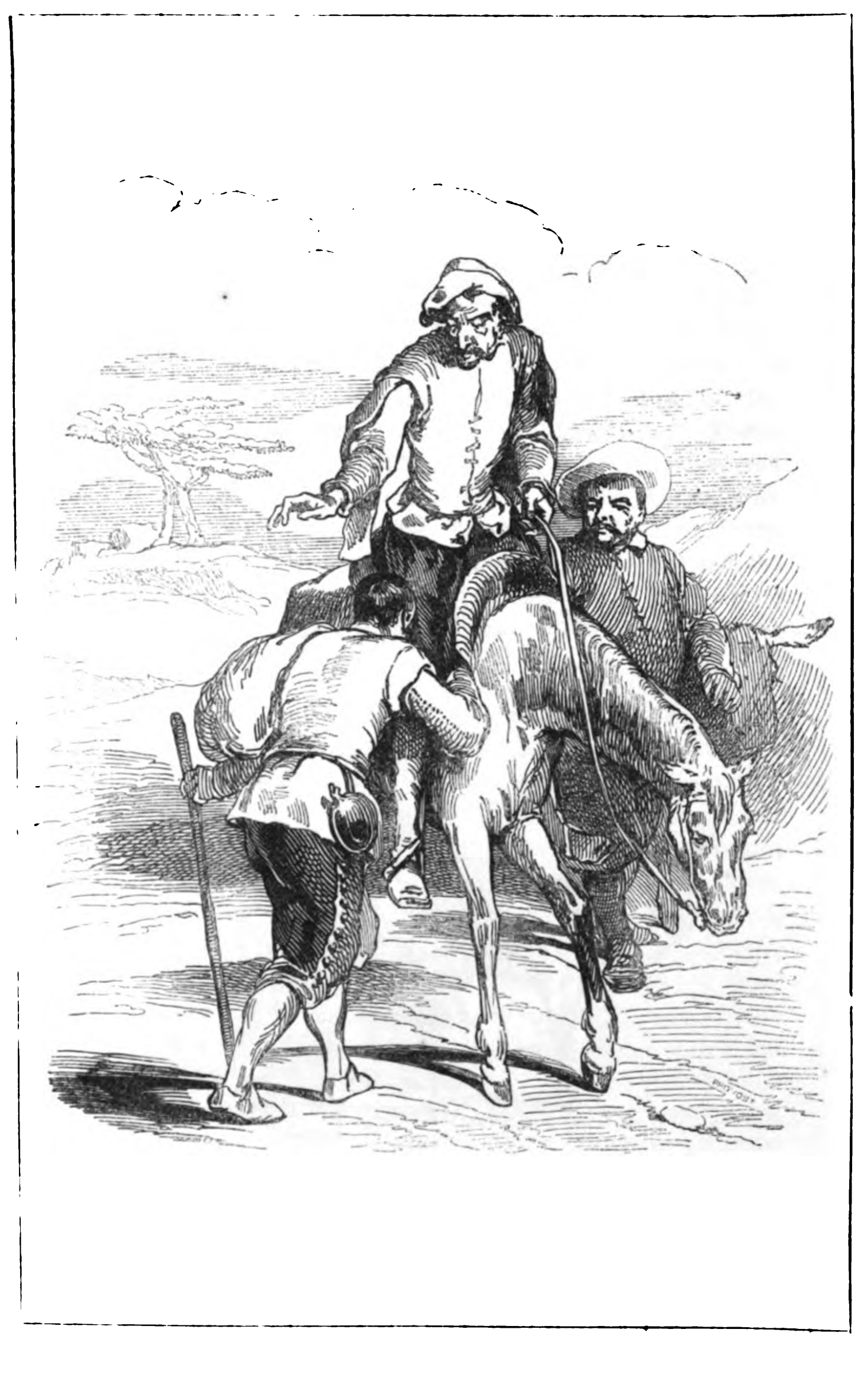
* Eleven *arrobas*. The *arroba* is a weight of twenty-five pounds.

Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for I am not fit to feed a cat, my brain is so disturbed and turned topsy-turvy."

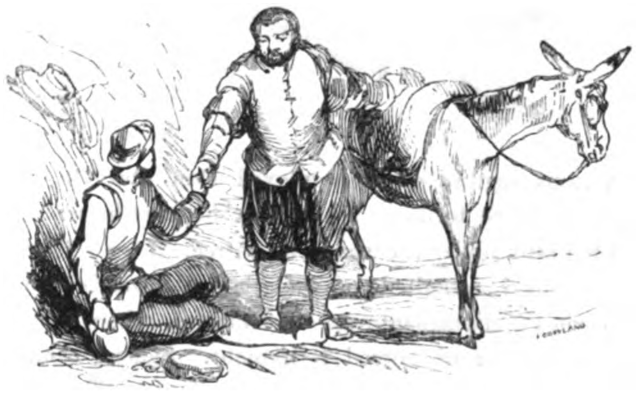
With this license, Sancho, addressing the country-fellows, who crowded about him, gaping, expecting his decision: "Brothers," said he, "the fat man's proposition is unreasonable, nor is there the least shadow of justice in it; for, if it be true, as is commonly said, that the challenged may choose his weapons, it is not reasonable the other should choose for him such as will hinder and obstruct his coming off conqueror. Therefore my sentence is that the fat fellow, the challenger, pare away, slice off, or cut out, thirteen stone of his flesh, somewhere or other, as he shall think best and most proper; thus, being reduced to ten and a half stone weight, he will be equal to and matched exactly with his adversary; then they may run upon even terms."—"I vow," said one of the peasants, who listened to Sancho's decision, "this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon. But I warrant the fat fellow will have no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less thirteen stone."—"The best way," answered another, "will be not to run at all, that Lean may not break his back with the weight, nor Fat lose flesh. Let half the wager be spent in wine; and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and I will be responsible for the rest."—"I thank ye, gentlemen," answered Don Quixote; "but I cannot stay a moment, for melancholy thoughts and disastrous circumstances oblige me to appear uncivil and travel faster than ordinary." Then, clapping spurs to Rocinante, he passed on and left the people in wonder at his figure and his squire's sagacity. One of the peasants cried: "If the man be so acute, what must the master be! I will lay a bet that, if they go to study at Salamanca, in a trice they will become alcaldes at court. There is nothing easier; it is but studying, simply studying; then if he only has favour and good luck, when a man least thinks of it he finds himself with a white wand in his hand, or a mitre on his head."

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields, exposed to the smooth and clear sky, and the next day, resuming their way, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck and a javelin in his hand, the general equipment of a foot-post. When he was come pretty near to Don Quixote, he mended his pace, and, half running, went up to him. Embracing his right thigh (for he could reach no higher), with signs of great joy he said: "Oh! Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, with what pleasure will my lord duke's heart be touched when he hears that your worship is returning to his castle, where he is still with my lady duchess!"—"I know you not, friend," answered Don Quixote, "nor can I guess who you are, unless you tell me."—"I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the foot-post, "am Tosilos, the duke's lacquey, who would not fight with your worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez' daughter."—"God be my aid!" cried Don Quixote, "are you he whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lacquey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat?"—"Peace, good sir," replied the messenger, "there was no enchantment nor change of face. I was as much the lacquey Tosilos, when I entered the lists, as Tosilos the lacquey when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the girl. But my design succeeded quite otherwise; for, as soon as your worship was departed from our castle, my lord duke ordered a hundred bastinadoes to be given me for having contravened the directions he gave me before the battle. The business ended in the girl's turning nun, and Donna Rodriguez' returning to Castile; and I am now going to Barcelona to carry a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy. If your worship please to take a pure draught, though warm, I have here a calabash full of old wine, with some slices of Tronchon cheese, which will serve to awaken thirst, if perchance it be asleep."—"I accept the invitation," cried Sancho; "a truce with compliments and fill a cup, honest Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters that are in the Indies."—"In short, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are the greatest glutton in the world, and the greatest dunce upon earth, if you cannot be persuaded that this messenger is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay you with him, and sate yourself; I will go slowly on and wait your coming."

The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted



his cheese; and taking out a loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass. In peace and good fellowship they attacked and speedily got to the bottom of the provisions in the wallet, with so good an appetite that they licked the very packet of letters because it smelt of cheese. Tosilos said to Sancho: "Doubtless, friend Sancho, this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman."—"Why ought he?" replied Sancho: "he owes nothing to anybody; he pays ready money for everything, especially where madness is current. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it. But what boots it? especially now that there is an end of him, for he is vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon." Tosilos desired him to relate what had befallen him; but Sancho answered that it was unmannerly to let his master wait for him, and that some other time, if they met, they should have leisure to discuss the adventure. Thereupon he arose, shook his doublet and the crumbs from his beard, drove Dapple before him, and, bidding Tosilos adieu, left him and rejoined his master, who was staying for him under the shade of a tree.

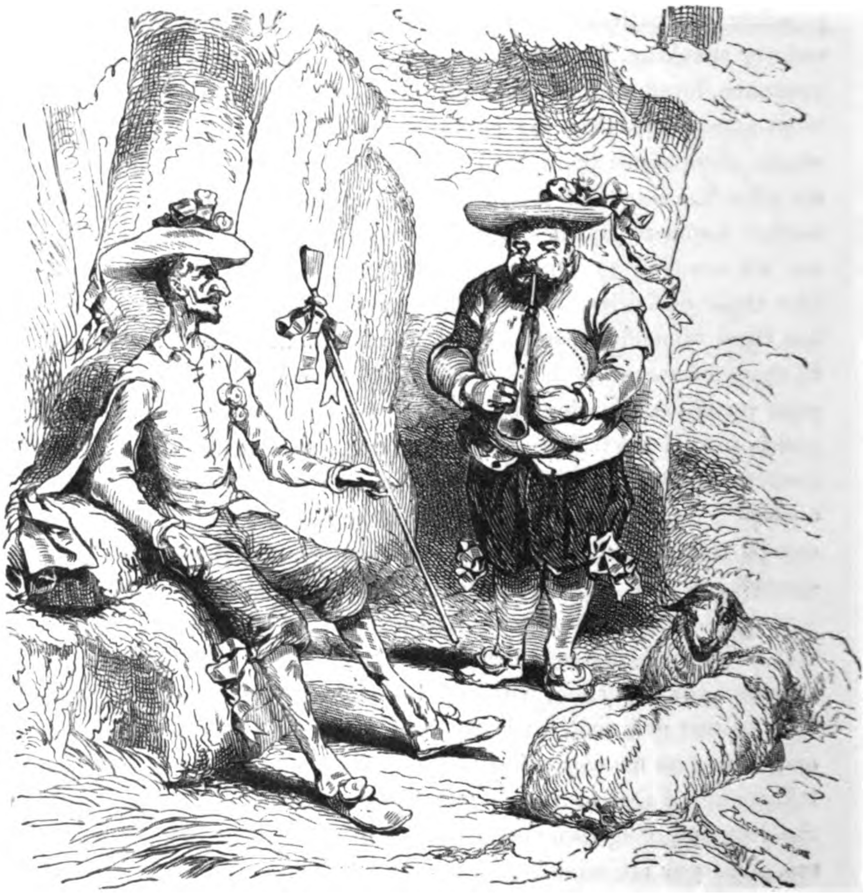


CHAPTER LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO TURN SHEPHERD AND LEAD A RURAL LIFE, TILL THE YEAR OF HIS PROMISE SHOULD BE EXPIRED; WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS TRULY PLEASANT AND GOOD.

So many various cogitations as perplexed Don Quixote before his defeat, many more tormented him after his overthrow. He staid, as has been said, under the shade of a tree, where reflections, like flies about honey, assaulted and stung him, thousands strong. Some turned upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, others upon the life he was to lead in his forced retirement. Sancho came up, and commended to him the generosity of the lacquey Tosilos. "Is it possible, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "that you persist in thinking he is a real lacquey? You seem to have quite forgotten that you saw Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: all the work of enchanters who persecute me. But, tell me now, did you inquire of this Tosilos what God has done with Altisidora; whether she still bewails my absence, or has already abandoned to oblivion the amorous thoughts that tormented her whilst I was present?"—"Mine," answered Sancho, "were not of a kind to afford me leisure to inquire after fooleries. Body of me, sir, is your worship now in a condition to be inquiring after other folks' thoughts, especially amorous ones?"—"Mark me, Sancho," retorted Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between actions inspired by love, and those inspired by gratitude. It is very possible a gentleman may not be in love; but it is impossible, strictly speaking, for him to be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me; she gave me three night-caps, you know; she wept at my departure, she cursed me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained publicly of me. These be signs that she adored me; for the anger of lovers usually ends in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her; for my hopes are all engaged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities. I can only give her these remembrances I have of her, without prejudice however to those I have of Dulcinea; Dulcinea, whom you wrong through your remissness in whipping yourself and disciplining that flesh of yours, (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which had rather preserve itself for the worms than for the relief of that poor lady."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself that the lashing of my person can have any thing to do with disenchanting of the enchanted. It is as if one should say: 'If your head aches, anoint your knee-pans.' At least, I dare swear that in all the histories your worship has read, treating of knight-errantry, you never met with any body disenchanted by whipping. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastising myself."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote; "and Heaven give you grace to see the duty and obligation you are under to aid my lady, who is yours too, since you are mine."

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at the very spot where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho: "This is the meadow where we alighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive in it and imitate the pastoral Arcadia. The thought was as new as ingenious, and in imitation of it, if you are of my advice, I could wish, O Sancho, we might turn



shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired[606]. I will buy sheep, and all other things necessary for the pastoral employment; and I, calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods, and the meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a bounteous hand shall give their sweetest fruit, the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats. The willows shall furnish shade, and the roses perfume; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford their mild light, despite the darkness of the night; singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight; Apollo shall provide verses and love-conceits, with which we will make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present but in future ages."—"Before God," cried Sancho, "this kind of life squares and corners with me exactly; besides, no sooner will the bachelor Sampson Carrasco and master Nicholas the barber have well seen it, than they will have a mind to follow and turn shepherds with us. God grant that the curate have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth."—"You have said very well," returned Don Quixote; "and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enter into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Nicholas the barber may be called Nicholoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso[607]. As for the curate, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be some derivative from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. For the shepherdesses whose lovers we are to be, we may

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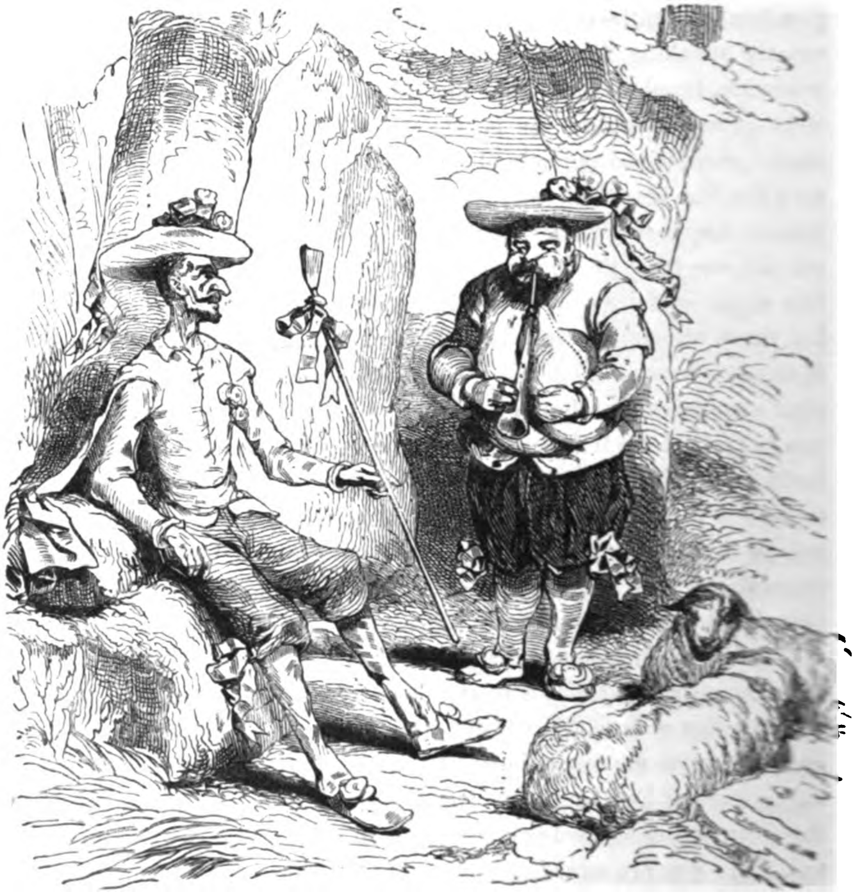
[606] Cervantes here imitates a passage of the *Amadis of Greece*. (Part II. chap. CXXXII.): "In the midst of his numerous cares, Don Florizel of Niquea, resolved to assume the dress of a shepherd and live in a village. This decided on, he set out, made known his intention to an honest man, and made him some sheep for him to conduct to the fields to pasture," etc.

[607] It is thought that Garcilaso de la Vega, in his eclogues, has designated, under the name of *Nemoroso*, his friend the poet Boscan, in consequence of the identity between the Italian word *bosco*, and the Latin word *nemus*, whence is derived the name of *Nemoroso*.

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at the very spot where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho: "This is the meadow where we alighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive in it and imitate the pastoral Arcadia. The thought was as new as ingenious, and in imitation of it, if you are of my advice, I could wish, O Sancho, we might turn



shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired[606]. I will buy sheep, and all other things necessary for the pastoral employment; and I, calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods, and the meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a bounteous hand shall give their sweetest fruit, the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats. The willows shall furnish shade, and the roses perfume; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford their mild light, despite the darkness of the night; singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight; Apollo shall provide verses and love-conceits, with which we will make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present but in future ages."—"Before God," cried Sancho, "this kind of life squares and corners with me exactly; besides, no sooner will the bachelor Sampson Carrasco and master Nicholas the barber have well seen it, than they will have a mind to follow and turn shepherds with us. God grant that the curate have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth."—"You have said very well," returned Don Quixote; "and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enter into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Nicholas the barber may be called Nicholoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso[607]. As for the curate, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be some derivative from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. For the shepherdesses whose lovers we are to be, we may

pick and choose their names as we do pears; and, since my lady's name is appropriate alike for a shepherdess or a princess, I need not trouble myself about seeking another that may suit her better. You, Sancho, may give yours what name you please."—"I do not intend," answered Sancho, "to give mine any other than Teresona[608]; it will fit her fat sides well, and be near her own too, since her name is Teresa. Besides, when I come to celebrate her in verse, I shall discover my chaste desires, for I am not for looking into other folks' houses for better bread than that made of wheat. As for the curate, it will not be proper he should have a shepherdess, that he may set a good example. If the bachelor Sampson will have one, his soul is at his own disposal."—"God be my aid!" cried Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead, friend Sancho! what a world of bagpipes shall we hear! what flageolets! what tamborines!

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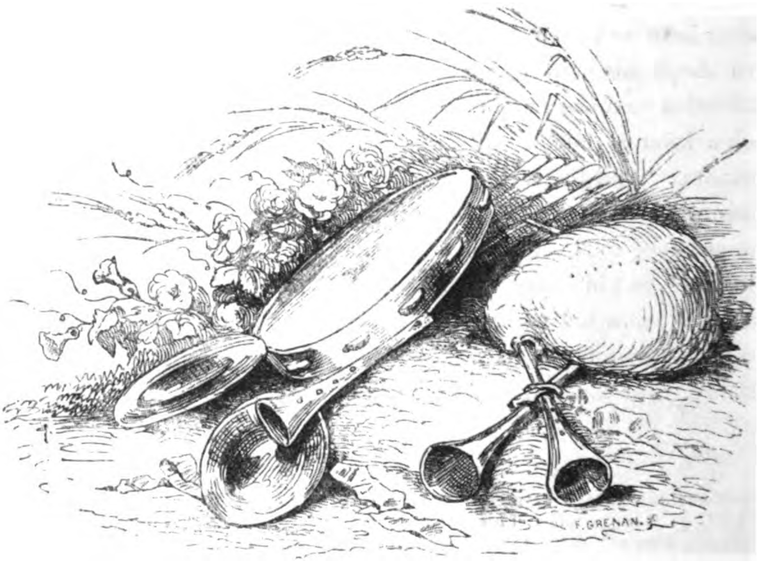
[606] Cervantes here imitates a passage of the *Amadis of Greece*. (Part II. chap. CXXXII.): "In the midst of his numerous cares, Don Florizel of Niquea, resolved to assume the dress of a shepherd and live in a village. This decided on, he set out, made known his intention to an honest man, and made him some sheep for him to conduct to the fields to pasture," etc.

[607] It is thought that Garcilaso de la Vega, in his eclogues, has designated, under the name of *Nemoroso*, his friend the poet Boscan, in consequence of the identity between the Italian word *bosco*, and the Latin word *nemus*, whence is derived the name of *Nemoroso*.



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[608] The termination that in Spanish marks the argumentative.

what tabors and what rebecks! If to all these different musics be added the albogues[609], we shall have almost all the pastoral instruments."—"What are your albogues?" demanded Sancho: "I never heard them named, nor ever saw one of them in all my life." —"Albogues," answered Don Quixote, "are certain plates of brass like candlesticks, which, being hollow, and struck against each other, give a sound, if not very agreeable or harmonious, yet not offensive, and agreeing well enough with the rusticity of the tabor and pipe. This name albogues is Arabian, as are all those in Spanish that begin with *al*, as for example: *almohaza*[610], *almorzar*[611], *alfombra*[612], *alguazil*[613], *almacen*[614], *alcancia*[615], and the like, with very few more. Our language has only three Arabic words ending in *i*: *borcegui*[616], *zaquizami*[617], and *maravedi*[618], for *alheli*[619], and *alfaqui*[620], as well for beginning with *al*, as ending in *i*, are known to be Arabic. This I have told you by the bye, the occasion of naming albogues having brought it into my mind. One main help we shall probably have towards perfecting this profession, is that I, as you know, am somewhat of a poet, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco an extremely good one. Of the curate I say nothing; but I will venture a wager that he has some pretensions to turning verses; and that master Nicholas the barber has some too, I make no doubt, for most, or all of that faculty are players on the guitar and song-makers. I will complain of absence;

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[609] A sort of cymbals.

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[619] Clove-tree.

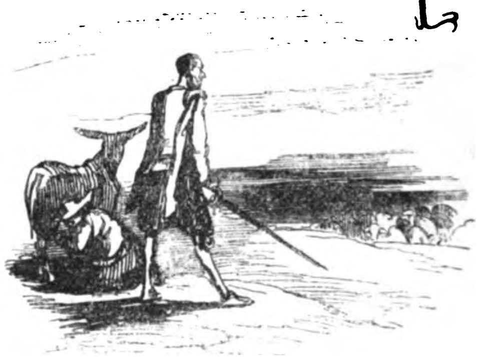
[620] Faquir, a mussulman priest or monk. Cervantes forgets *alfoli*, a salt warehouse, and *aljonjoli*, sesame, a plant.

you shall extol yourself for a constant lover; the shepherd Carrascon shall lament his being disdained, and the curate Curiambro may say or sing whatever will do him most service; then the business will go on as well as heart can wish."—"I am so unlucky, sir," answered Sancho, "that I am afraid I shall never see the day wherein I shall be engaged in this employment. O! what neat wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! what crumbs! what cream! what garlands! what pastoral gimcracks! If they do not procure me the reputation of being wise, they will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter Sanchica will bring us our dinner to the sheepfold. But, take care! she is a very sightly wench; and shepherds there are who are more of the knave than the fool. I would not have my girl come for wool and go back shorn. Loves and wanton desires are as frequent in fields as in cities, and to be found in shepherds' cottages as well as in kings' palaces. Take away the occasion, and you take away the sin; and, 'what the eye views not, the heart rues not;' and, 'a leap from behind a bush has more force than the prayer of a good man.'"—"No more proverbs, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "any one of those you have mentioned, is sufficient to let us know your meaning. I have often advised you not to be so prodigal of your proverbs, and to keep a strict hand over them. But it seems it is preaching in the desert, and *the more my mother whips me, the more I rend and tear.*"—"It seems also," answered Sancho, "your worship makes good the saying: 'The kettle called the pot black-face.' You are reproving me for speaking proverbs, and you string them yourself by couples."—"Look you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I use my proverbs to the purpose; and, when I speak them, they are as fit as the ring to the finger; but you drag them in by the head and shoulders. If I remember right, I have already told you that proverbs are short sentences drawn from experience and the speculations of our ancient sages. But the proverb that is not to the purpose is rather an absurdity than a sentence. Enough however of this, and, since night approaches, let us retire a little way out of the high road, where we will pass this night. God knows what will happen to-morrow."

They retired, supped late and ill, much against the inclination of Sancho, who began to reflect upon the difficulties attending knight-errantry among woods and mountains, though, now and then, plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda's, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's. But he considered it was not possible it should be always day nor always night, and so spent the remainder of that sleeping, while his master lay awake by his side.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

OF THE PLEASANT ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE.



LADY DIANA sometimes takes a brief trip to the antipodes, leaving the mountains black and the valleys in the dark. This happened to have been the case at the precise period of this true history of which Cid Hamet treats at the beginning of the present chapter. In plain truth, it was a dark night, and though the moon was in the heavens, she was not in a part where she could be seen; Don Quixote gave way to nature in taking his first sleep; but he did not indulge in a second, quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, one sleep lasting him from night to morning, an evident sign of his good constitution and few cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him so awake, that he awakened Sancho and said: "I am amazed, Sancho, at the insensibility of your temper; you seem to me to be made of marble or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment; I wake while you sleep; I weep when you are singing; I am fainting with hunger, when you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming. It is, however, the part of good servants to share in their master's pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night; see the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Arise! in Heaven's name arise! go a little apart, and, with a willing mind and good courage, give yourself three or four hundred lashes upon account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This I ask as a favour, for I will not come to wrestling with you again as I did before, because I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, I my absence, and you your constancy, beginning from this moment the pastoral employment which we are to follow in our village."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am of no religious order, to rise out of the midst of my sleep and discipline myself; neither do I think one can pass from the pain of whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and urge not this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh."—"O hardened soul!" cried Don Quixote, "O remorseless squire! O! bread ill employed, and favours ill considered, those I have already bestowed upon you, and those I still intend to bestow upon you! To me you owe that you have been a governor, to me you owe that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or of some title equivalent, without the accomplishment of these things being delayed longer than a year, for *post tenebras spero lucem*[621]."—"I know not what that means," replied Sancho; "I only know that, while I am asleep, I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory. Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd and the king, the simple and the wise. Only one evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it: namely, that it resembles death; for between a sleeper and a corpse, there is but little difference."—"I never heard you, Sancho," rejoined Don Quixote, "talk so elegantly as now, whence I come to know the truth of the proverb you sometimes apply: '*Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.*'"—"Dear master of mine," replied Sancho, "it is not I that am stringing of proverbs now. They fall from your worship's mouth by couples, faster than from me. Only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your worship's come at the proper season, and mine out of season. But, after all is done and said, they are all proverbs."

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[621] *After the darkness I expect the light.* These Latin words, written in exergue round a stork, formed the device of Juan de la Cuesta, the first publisher of the *Don Quixote*, and Cervantes' friend.

They were thus conversing, when they heard a kind of dull sound and harsh noise, spreading itself through all the valley. Don Quixote started up and laid his hand to his sword; Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, trembling no less with fear than Don Quixote with surprise. The noise increased by degrees, and came nearer to the two tremblers, one at least, for the other's courage is already sufficiently known. Now the fact was, that certain fellows were driving about six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and were upon the road with them at that hour. So great was the din they made with grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not guess the occasion of it. The far-spreading and grunting herd came crowding on, and, without any respect to the authority of Don Quixote or that of Sancho, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's entrenchments, and overthrowing, not only Don Quixote, but Rocinante to boot. The crowding, grunting, the hurrying on of these unclean animals, put into confusion and overturned the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rocinante, Sancho and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: all the work of enchanters who persecute me. But, tell me now, did you inquire of this Tosilos what God has done with Altisidora; whether she still bewails my absence, or has already abandoned to oblivion the amorous thoughts that tormented her whilst I was present?"—"Mine," answered Sancho, "were not of a kind to afford me leisure to inquire after fooleries. Body of me, sir, is your worship now in a condition to be inquiring after other folks' thoughts, especially amorous ones?"—"Mark me, Sancho," retorted Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between actions inspired by love, and those inspired by gratitude. It is very possible a gentleman may not be in love; but it is impossible, strictly speaking, for him to be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me; she gave me three night-caps, you know; she wept at my departure, she cursed me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained publicly of me. These be signs that she adored me; for the anger of lovers usually ends in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her; for my hopes are all engaged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities. I can only give her these remembrances I have of her, without prejudice however to those I have of Dulcinea; Dulcinea, whom you wrong through your remissness in whipping yourself and disciplining that flesh of yours, (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which had rather preserve itself for the worms than for the relief of that poor lady."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself that the lashing of my person can have any thing to do with disenchanting of the enchanted. It is as if one should say: 'If your head aches, anoint your knee-pans.' At least, I dare swear that in all the histories your worship has read, treating of knight-errantry, you never met with any body disenchanted by whipping. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastising myself."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote; "and Heaven give you grace to see the duty and obligation you are under to aid my lady, who is yours too, since you are mine."

my mind."—"Methinks," responded Sancho, "the thoughts which give way to the making of couplets cannot be many. Couplet it as much as your worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can." With that, taking as much ground as he wanted, he bundled himself up and fell into a sound sleep, neither debts nor troubles disturbing him. Don Quixote, leaning against a beech or cork tree (for Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli does not distinguish what tree it was), sang the following strophes to the music of his own sighs:

"Ah Love! when sick of heart-felt grief,
I sigh and drag thy cruel chain,
To death I fly, the sure relief
Of those who groan in lingering pain.

"But coming to the fatal gates,
The port in this my sea of woe,
The joy I feel new life creates,
And bids my spirits brisker flow.

"Thus dying ev'ry hour I live,
And living I resign my breath:
Strange pow'r of love, that thus can give
A dying life, and living death."

* * *

The knight accompanied each of these verses with a multitude of sighs and a shower of tears, like one whose heart was pierced through by the grief of being vanquished and the absence of Dulcinea.

shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired[606]. I will buy sheep, and all other things necessary for the pastoral employment; and I, calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods, and the meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a bounteous hand shall give their sweetest fruit, the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats. The willows shall furnish shade, and the roses perfume; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford their mild light, despite the darkness of the night; singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight; Apollo shall provide verses and love-conceits, with which we will make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present but in future ages."—"Before God," cried Sancho, "this kind of life squares and corners with me exactly; besides, no sooner will the bachelor Sampson Carrasco and master Nicholas the barber have well seen it, than they will have a mind to follow and turn shepherds with us. God grant that the curate have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth."—"You have said very well," returned Don Quixote; "and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enter into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Nicholas the barber may be called Nicholoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso[607]. As for the curate, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be some derivative from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. For the shepherdesses whose lovers we are to be, we may

slaves! we Andrew popinjays! we citadels! we Polly famouses! I do not like these names at all. This is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the whole mischief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur; and would to God this disastrous adventure that threatens us may end in no worse!"

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Don Quixote marched along quite confounded, and unable to conjecture, by all the conclusions he could make, why they called them by those reproachful names. He could only gather, that no good was to be expected, and much harm was to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after night-fall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke's, where he had so lately been. "Holy Virgin!" cried he, as soon as he knew the place, "what will this end in? In this house all is courtesy and civil usage; but to the vanquished good is converted into bad, and bad into worse." They entered into the grand quadrangle of the castle, and saw it decorated and set out in such manner that their surprise and terror augmented tenfold, as will be seen in the following chapter.

what tabors and what rebecks! If to all these different musics be added the albogues[609], we shall have almost all the pastoral instruments."—"What are your albogues?" demanded Sancho: "I never heard them named, nor ever saw one of them in all my life." —"Albogues," answered Don Quixote, "are certain plates of brass like candlesticks, which, being hollow, and struck against each other, give a sound, if not very agreeable or harmonious, yet not offensive, and agreeing well enough with the rusticity of the tabor and pipe. This name albogues is Arabian, as are all those in Spanish that begin with *al*, as for example: *almohaza*[610], *almorzar*[611], *alfombra*[612], *alguazil*[613], *almacen*[614], *alcancia*[615], and the like, with very few more. Our language has only three Arabic words ending in *i*: *borcegui*[616], *zaquizami*[617], and *maravedi*[618], for *alheli*[619], and *alfaqui*[620], as well for beginning with *al*, as ending in *i*, are known to be Arabic. This I have told you by the bye, the occasion of naming albogues having brought it into my mind. One main help we shall probably have towards perfecting this profession, is that I, as you know, am somewhat of a poet, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco an extremely good one. Of the curate I say nothing; but I will venture a wager that he has some pretensions to turning verses; and that master Nicholas the barber has some too, I make no doubt, for most, or all of that faculty are players on the guitar and song-makers. I will complain of absence;

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of the night, which was somewhat dark, the absence of day was scarcely perceptible. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, about two yards from the ground, and over it a large canopy of black velvet, round which, upon its steps, were burning above a hundred wax tapers in silver candlesticks and sconces. On the tomb was seen the corpse of a damsel, so singularly beautiful that her beauty made death itself appear lovely. Her head lay upon a cushion of gold brocade, crowned with a garland interwoven with odoriferous flowers of several kinds. Her hands lay cross-wise upon her breast, and between them a branch of triumphal palm. On one side of the court was placed a theatre, and, in two chairs, two personages were seated in it, whose crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands denoted them to be kings, either real or feigned. At the foot of the theatre, to which the ascent was by steps, stood two other chairs, upon which they who brought in the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, in profound silence, giving them both to understand by signs that they must be silent too. But, without bidding, they held their peace, for the astonishment they were in at what they beheld tied up their tongues. Two great persons now proceeded to ascend the theatre with a numerous attendance; Don Quixote presently recognising in them the duke and duchess, whose guest he had been. They seated themselves in two very rich chairs, close by those who seemed to be kings.

Who would not have wondered at all this, especially when we add that Don Quixote now perceived that the corpse upon the tomb was that of the fair Altisidora? On the duke and duchess ascending the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho rose up and made them a profound reverence, and their grandeurs returned it by bowing their heads a little. An officer at this juncture crossed the place, and, approaching Sancho, threw over him a long robe of black buckram, all painted over with flames; then, taking off his cap, he put on his head a lofty pointed mitre, like those used by criminals condemned by the Inquisition, bidding him in his ear not to unsew his lips under pain of being gagged or massacred outright. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw himself all over in flames; but finding they did not burn him, he cared not two farthings. He

They retired, supped late and ill, much against the inclination of Sancho, who began to reflect upon the difficulties attending knight-errantry among woods and mountains, though, now and then, plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda's, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's. But he considered it was not possible it should be always day nor always night, and so spent the remainder of that sleeping, while his master lay awake by his side.

for Silence herself kept silence there, sounded both soft and amorous. Suddenly there appeared, by the cushion of the seemingly dead body, a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, who, in a sweet and clear voice, to the sound of a harp which he struck himself, sung the two following stanzas:

"Till Heaven, in pity to the weeping world,
Shall give Altisidora back to day,
By Quixote's scorn to realms of Pluto hurl'd,
Her ev'ry charm to cruel death a prey;
While matrons throw their gorgeous robes away,
To mourn a nymph by cold disdain betray'd,
To the complaining lyre's enchanting lay,
I'll sing the praises of this hapless maid
In sweeter notes than Thracian Orpheus ever play'd.

"Nor shall my numbers with my life expire,
Or this world's light confine the boundless song:
To thee, bright maid, in death I'll touch the lyre,
And to my soul the theme shall still belong.
When, freed from clay, the flitting ghosts among,
My spirit glides the Stygian shores around,
Though the cold hand of death has seal'd my tongue,
Thy praise th' infernal caverns shall rebound,
And Lethe's sluggish waves move slower to the sound[632]."

"Enough," said one of the supposed kings; "enough, divine enchanter; there would be no end of describing to us the death and graces of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the ignorant world supposes, but alive in the mouth of fame, and in the penance Sancho Panza here present must pass through to restore her to the lost light. Therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who with me judgest in the dark caverns of Pluto, since thou knowest all that is decreed by the inscrutable destinies about bringing this damsel to herself, night to morning, an evident sign of his good constitution and few cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him so awake, that he awakened Sancho and said: "I am amazed, Sancho, at the insensibility of your temper; you seem to me to be made of marble or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment; I wake while you sleep; I weep when you are singing; I am fainting with hunger, when you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming. It is, however, the part of good servants to share in their master's pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night; see the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Arise! in Heaven's name arise! go a little apart, and, with a willing mind and good courage, give yourself three or four hundred lashes upon account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This I ask as a favour, for I will not come to wrestling with you again as I did before, because I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, I my absence, and you your constancy, beginning from this moment the pastoral employment which we are to follow in our village."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am of no religious order, to rise out of the midst of my sleep and discipline myself; neither do I think one can pass from the pain of whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and urge not this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh."—"O hardened soul!" cried Don Quixote, "O remorseless squire! O! bread ill employed, and favours ill considered, those I have already bestowed upon you, and those I still intend to bestow upon you! To me you owe that you have been a governor, to me you owe that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or of some title equivalent, without the accomplishment of these things being delayed longer than a year, for *post tenebras spero lucem*[621]." —"I know not what that means," replied Sancho; "I only know that, while I am asleep, I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory. Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd and the king, the simple and the wise. Only one evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it: namely, that it resembles death; for between a sleeper and a corpse, there is but little difference."—"I never heard you, Sancho," rejoined Don Quixote, "talk so elegantly as now, whence I come to know the truth of the proverb you sometimes apply: '*Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.*'"—"Dear master of mine," replied Sancho, "it is not I that am stringing of proverbs now. They fall from your worship's mouth by couples, faster than from me. Only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your worship's come at the proper season, and mine out of season. But, after all is done and said, they are all proverbs."

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[632] This strophe, and the last two verses of the preceding, are copied literally from Garcilaso de la Vega's third *eclogue*.

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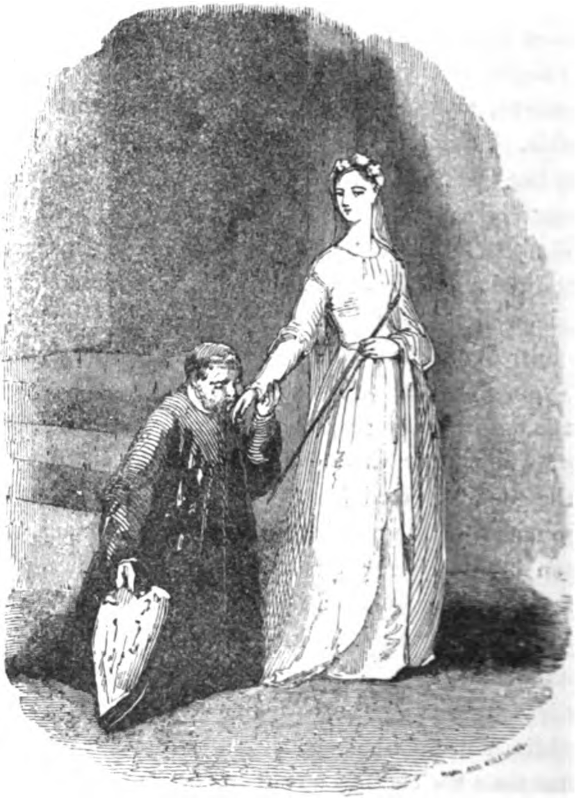
[621] *After the darkness I expect the light.* These Latin words, written in exergue round a stork, formed the device of Juan de la Cuesta, the first publisher of the *Don Quixote*, and Cervantes' friend.

They were thus conversing, when they heard a kind of dull sound and harsh noise, spreading itself through all the valley. Don Quixote started up and laid his hand to his sword; Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, trembling no less with fear than Don Quixote with surprise. The noise increased by degrees, and came nearer to the two tremblers, one at least, for the other's courage is already sufficiently known. Now the fact was, that certain fellows were driving about six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and were upon the road with them at that hour. So great was the din they made with grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not guess the occasion of it. The far-spreading and grunting herd came crowding on, and, without any respect to the authority of Don Quixote or that of Sancho, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's entrenchments, and overthrowing, not only Don Quixote, but Rocinante to boot. The crowding, grunting, the hurrying on of these unclean animals, put into confusion and overturned the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rocinante, Sancho for having infused such virtue into your person, that, by its martyrdom, you disenchant the enchanted and raise the dead." By this time the duennas were got about Sancho. Mollified and persuaded, and seating himself well in his chair, he held out his face and beard to the first, who gave him a twitch well sealed, and then made him a profound courtesy. "Less complaisance, less daubing, mistress duenna," said Sancho; "for, by the mass, your fingers smell of aromatic vinegar." In short, all the duennas sealed him, and several others of the house pinched him. But what he could not bear was the pricking of the pins. Up he started from his seat, in a transport of fury, and catching hold of a lighted torch that was near him, he laid about him with it, putting the duennas, and all his executioners, to flight, crying: "Avaunt, ye infernal ministers! I am not made of bronze, to be insensible to such horrible torments!"

Upon this, Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side. At this sight, all the by-standers cried in a voice: "Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!" Rhadamanthus bid Sancho lay aside his wrath, since they had already attained the desired end. Don Quixote no sooner saw Altisidora stir, than he went and kneeled down before Sancho: "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, rather than my squire," said he, "to give yourself some of those lashes you stand engaged for, in order to the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time, even now, while your virtue is seasoned, and in full efficacy to operate the good expected from you."—"This," answered Sancho, "seems to me to be like pouring brine on open wounds, rather than honey upon bread. A good jest indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings must be followed by lashes! But take a great stone, once for all, tie it about my neck and toss me into a well, if, for the cure of other folks' ailments, I must always be the wedding-heifer. Let them leave me alone, or, by the living God, all shall out."

Meanwhile Altisidora had seated herself upright upon the tomb; at the same time the clarions struck up, accompanied by flutes, and the voices of all present crying aloud: "Live, Altisidora! Long live, Altisidora!" The duke and duchess, and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus, rose up; and, all in a body, with Don Quixote and Sancho went to receive Altisidora, and help her down from the tomb. The resuscitated maiden, counterfeiting the motions of one just recovering from a swoon, inclined her head to the duke and duchess and to the kings; then, looking askew at Don Quixote, she said: "God forgive you, unrelenting knight, through whose cruelty I have been in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years. Thee I thank, O most compassionate squire of all the globe contains, for the life I enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, six of my shifts are at your service, to be made into so many shirts for yourself. If they are not all quite new, at least they are all clean." Sancho, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her



The day appeared, and the sun began to dart his beams in Sancho's eyes. He awoke, roused, rubbed his eyes and stretched his lazy limbs; he then contemplated the havoc the hogs had made in his cupboard, and cursed the drove, not forgetting the swineherds. Finally, they both set forward on their journey, and, towards the decline of the afternoon, they discovered about half a score of men on horseback and four or five on foot, advancing towards them. Don Quixote's heart leaped with surprise, and Sancho's with fear; for the men that were coming up carried spears and targets, and advanced in very warlike array. Don Quixote turned to Sancho: "If I could but make use of my arms, O Sancho!" said he, "and if my promise had not tied up my hands, the squadron that is coming towards us I would make no more of than I would of so many tarts and cheesecakes. But it may be something else than what we fear." By this time the horsemen were coming up, and, lifting up their lances, without speaking a word, surrounded Don Quixote and clapped their spears to his back and breast, threatening to kill him. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his mouth to signify that he should be silent, laid hold of Rocinante's bridle and drew him out of the road. The other men on foot, driving Sancho and his donkey before them, keeping a marvellous silence, followed the steps of him who led Don Quixote. Three or four times the knight was on the point of asking whither they were carrying him, or what they would have; but no sooner did he begin to move his lips, than they stopped his mouth with the points of their spears. The same thing happened to Sancho; no sooner did he show an inclination to talk, than one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, and did as much to the ass, as if he had a mind to talk too. Night set in; they mended their pace, and the fear of the two prisoners increased, especially when they heard the fellows ever and anon say to them: "On, on, ye Troglodytes; peace, ye barbarous slaves; suffer, ye Anthropophagi; complain not, ye Scythians; open not your eyes, ye murdering Polyphemuses, ye devouring lions;" and other similar epithets, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable master and man. Sancho said to himself: "We ortolans! we barbers' slaves! we Andrew popinjays! we citadels! we Polly famouses! I do not like these names at all. This is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the whole mischief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur; and would to God this disastrous adventure that threatens us may end in no worse!"

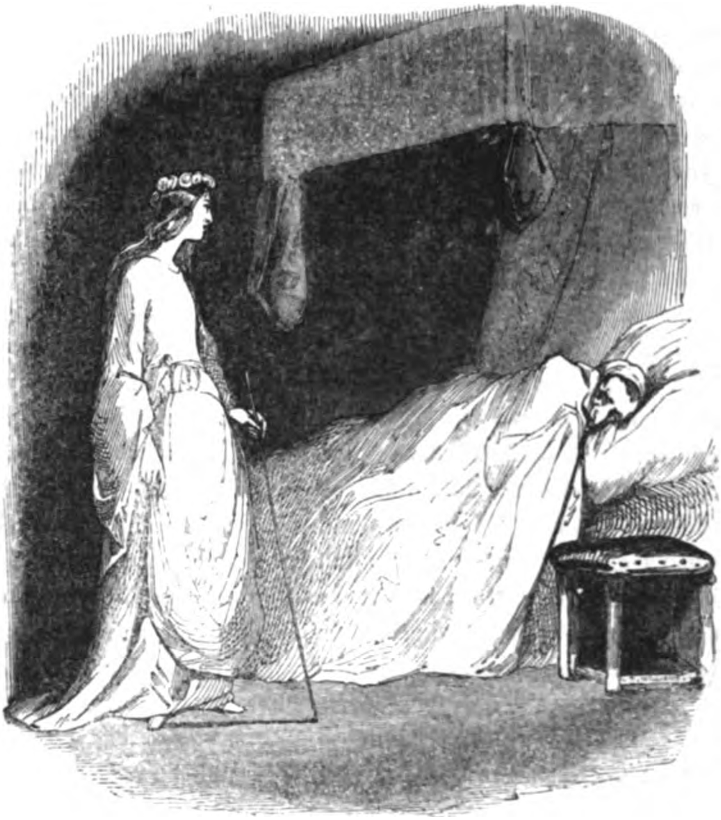
Don Quixote marched along quite confounded, and unable to conjecture, by all the conclusions he could make, why they called them by those reproachful names. He could only gather, that no good was to be expected, and much harm was to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after night-fall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke's, where he had so lately been. "Holy Virgin!" cried he, as soon as he knew the place, "what will this end in? In this house all is courtesy and civil usage; but to the vanquished good is converted into bad, and bad into worse." They entered into the grand quadrangle of the castle, and saw it decorated and set out in such manner that their surprise and terror augmented tenfold, as will be seen in the following chapter.

His fear proved so well founded and his suspicion so just, that scarcely was his master got into bed, when he said: "What think you, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of rejected love, as your own eyes saw Altisidora dead, by no other darts, no other sword, nor any other warlike instrument, nor by deadly poison, but merely by the consideration of the rigour and disdain with which I always treated her."—"She might have died in a good hour, as much as she pleased, and how she pleased," answered Sancho, "and she might have left me in my own house, since I never made her in love, nor ever disdained her in my life. I know not, nor can I imagine how it can be, that the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than discreet, should have anything to do with the torturing of Sancho Panza. Now I plainly and distinctly perceive there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which good Lord deliver me, since I know not how to deliver myself. But for the present I beseech your worship to let me sleep, and ask me no more questions, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window."—"Sleep, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if the pin-prickings, pinchings, and twitchings you have received will give you leave."—"No smart," replied Sancho, "came up to the affront of the twitches, and for no other reason but because they were given by duennas, confound them! But once more I beseech your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is the relief of those who are uneasy awake."—"Be it so," said Don Quixote, "and God be with you."

They both fell asleep; and, in this interval, Cid Hamet, author of this grand history, had a mind to write and give an account of what moved the duke and duchess to raise the edifice of which mention has been made. He proceeds to explain as follows: The bachelor Sampson Carrasco did not forget how, when Knight of the Mirrors, he had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow baffled all his designs. He had a mind to try his hand again, hoping for better success. Informing himself by the page who brought the letter and presents to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where Don Quixote was, he procured fresh armour and a horse, and painted a white moon on his shield, carrying the suit upon a he-mule led by a peasant, not Tommy Cecial, his former squire, lest Sancho Panza or Don Quixote should know him. He arrived at the duke's castle, and was there informed what route Don Quixote had taken to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. The duke also related to him the jests that had been put upon the knight, with the contrivance for the disenchantment of Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho's floggings. In short, he gave him an account how Sancho had imposed upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench, and how the duchess had persuaded Sancho that he himself was deceived, and that Dulcinea was really enchanted. At this the bachelor laughed, and wondered not a little, considering as well the acuteness and simplicity of Sancho, as the extreme madness of Don Quixote. The duke desired, if he found him, whether he overcame him or not, to return that way, to acquaint him with the event. The bachelor promised he would. He departed in search of Don Quixote, and, not finding him at Saragossa, went forward, and there befel him what has already been related. He came back to the duke's castle, and recounted the whole to him, with the conditions of the combat, adding that Don Quixote was now actually returning to perform his word, like a true knight-errant, and retire home to his village for a twelvemonth; "in which time perhaps," said the bachelor, "he may be cured of his madness. This was the motive of all my disguises: for it is a great pity that a gentleman of so good an understanding as Don Quixote should be mad." Thereupon he took leave of the duke, and returned home to await Don Quixote, who was coming after him.

Hence the duke took occasion to play the knight this new trick, so great was the pleasure he took in every thing relating to Don Quixote and Sancho. Sending a great many of his servants, on horseback and on foot, to beset all the roads about the castle, every way by which Don Quixote could possibly return, he ordered them, if they met with him, to bring him, *nolens volens*, to the castle. They succeeded in meeting him, and gave notice of it to the duke, who, having already directed what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, commanded the torches and other illuminations to be lighted up in the court-yard, and Altisidora to be placed upon the tomb, with all the preparations before related, the whole represented so to the life, that there was but little difference between it and truth. Cid Hamet says besides that, to his thinking, the mockers were as mad as the mocked; and that the duke and duchess were within two fingers' breadth of appearing to be mad themselves, since they took so much pains to make a jest of two fools; one of whom was sleeping at full swing, and the other waking with his disjointed thoughts, in which state day and the desire to get up found them; for Don Quixote, whether conquered or conqueror, never took pleasure in the downy bed of sloth.

Altisidora, who, in Don Quixote's opinion was just returned



from death to life, carried on the humour of the duke and duchess. Crowned with the same garland she wore on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffeta flowered with gold, her hair dishevelled, and leaning on a black staff of polished ebony, she suddenly entered the chamber of Don Quixote. The knight was so amazed and confounded at this apparition, that he shrunk down and covered himself almost over head and ears with the sheets and quilts, his tongue mute, with no inclination to show her any kind of civility. Altisidora sat down in a chair, near his bed's head; after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, she said: "When women of distinction and reserved maidens trample upon honour and give a loose to the tongue, oversetting every obstacle, divulging publicly the secrets of their hearts, they must surely be reduced to a cruel extremity. I, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these distressed and love-vanquished maidens; yet am I long-suffering and modest, to such a degree that my soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, by reflection on your rigour, O flinty-hearted knight, and harder than marble to my complaints'[24], I have been dead, or at least judged to be so by those that saw me. And if it were not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world."—"Love," interrupted Sancho, "might as well have placed it in those of my ass; I should have taken it very kindly. But, pray tell me, signora, so may Heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what is it you saw in the other world? what is there in hell? for whoever dies in despair must perforce take up his rest in that place."—"In truth," answered Altisidora, "I did not die quite, since I went not to hell; for, had I once set foot in it, I could not have got out again, though I had wished. The truth is that I came to the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with Flanders lace, ruffles of the same, with four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands seem longer.[*] They held rackets of fire, and what astonished me

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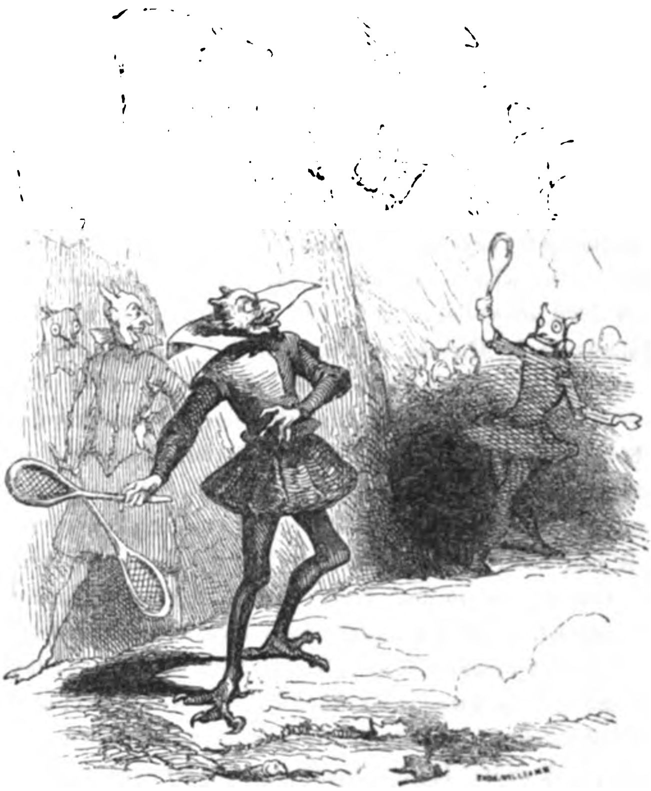
[24] *O mas duro que marmol à mis quejas!* a verse of Garcilaso de la Vega's first eclogue.



was to observe that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books, seemingly stuffed with wind and flocks, a thing assuredly and his arms and sides with twelve pinches and six pricks of a pin: in the performance of this ceremony consists the restoration of Altisidora." When Sancho heard this, he broke silence, and cried aloud: "I vow to God I will no more let my face be sealed, nor my flesh be handled, than I will turn Turk. God's death! what has handling my countenance to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old woman has had a taste, and now her mouth waters. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her. Now Altisidora dies of some distemper it pleases God to send her, and she must be brought to life again by giving me four-and-twenty twitches, making a sieve of my body by pinking it with pins, and pinching my arms till the blood comes! Put these jests upon a brother-in-law! I am too old a sparrow to be caught with chaff. I am down to trap..."—"Thou shalt die then," said Rhadamanthus, in a formidable voice. "Relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee, and set not thyself to examine the difficulties of this business. Twitched thou shalt be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and pinched shalt thou groan. Ho, I say, officers, execute my command, if not, upon the faith of an honest man, you shall see to what end you were born."

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[*] It was so strange and impudent a sight for women or men to show their naked wrists or arms, that the author puts the devils in that fashion.

There now appeared, coming in procession along the court, six duennas, four of them wearing spectacles. The whole of them had their right hands lifted up, and four fingers' breadth of their wrists naked, to make their hands seem the longer, as is now the fashion. Scarcely had Sancho laid his hands on them, when, bellowing like a bull: "No, no," cried he; "I might, perhaps, let all the world beside handle me, but to consent that duennas touch me, by no means! Let them cat-claw my face as my master was served in this very castle, let them pierce my body through and through with the points of the sharpest daggers, let them tear off my flesh with red-hot pincers; I will endure it all patiently, to serve these noble persons. But to let these duennas touch me, I will never consent, though the devil should carry me away."

Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho: "Be patient, son, and oblige these noble persons. Give many thanks to Heaven fates, if there be any, have devoted me. To think that any beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible; I trust this will suffice to disabuse you, and prevail with you to retreat within the bounds of your own modesty, since no one can perform impossibilities."

Altisidora hearing this, assumed an air of anger and fury: "God's death!" cried she, "Don Shotten-herring, soul of a mortar, peach-stone, more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out. Think you, Don Vanquished, and Don Cudgelled, that I died for you? All that you have seen this night has been but a fiction. Oh! by the mass, I am not the woman to let the black of my nail ache for such camels, much less to die for them."—"That I verily believe," interrupted Sancho; "the business of dying for love is a jest. Folks may talk of it; but for doing it, believe it, Judas!"

While they were engaged in this discourse, there entered the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two forementioned stanzas. Making a profound reverence to Don Quixote, he said: "Be pleased, Sir Knight, to reckon and look upon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so this great while, as well on account of your fame, as of your exploits."—"Pray, sir," answered Don Quixote, "tell me who you are, that my civility may correspond with your merits." The young man answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the foregoing night. "Indeed," replied Don Quixote, "you have an excellent voice. But what you sung did not seem to me much to the purpose, for what have the stanzas of Garcilaso to do with the death of this gentlewoman[623]?"—"Wonder not at that, sir," answered the musician; "among the upstart poets of our age, it is the fashion for every one to write as he pleases, and to steal from whom he pleases, be it to the purpose or not, and there is no silly thing sung or written, but it is ascribed to poetical licence."

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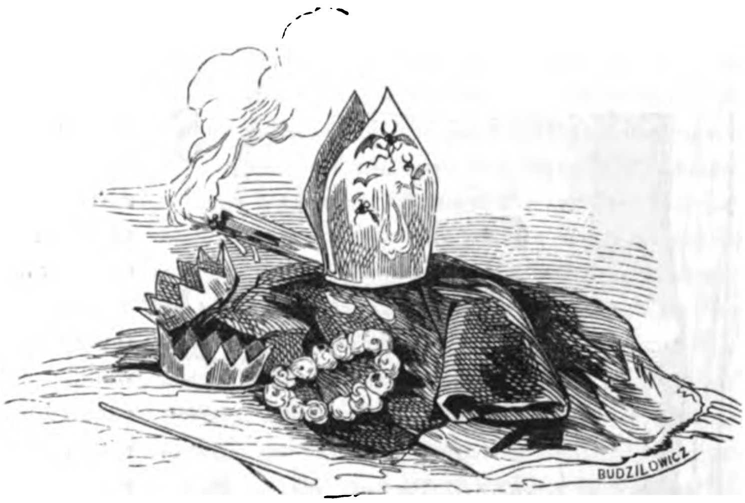
[623] Vide note 622, in the preceding chapter.

Don Quixote would have replied, but the duke and duchess coming to visit him prevented him. Between them there passed a long and delicious conversation, in which Sancho said so many pleasant and waggish things, that their grandeurs admired afresh, as well at his simplicity as at his extraordinary acuteness. Don Quixote beseeched them to grant him leave to depart that very day, adding that it was more becoming such vanquished knights as he to dwell in a hog-stye than a royal palace. His hosts readily granted his request, and the duchess asked him whether Altisidora remained in his good graces. "Your ladyship must know, dear madam," answered Don Quixote, "that the whole of this damsel's distemper proceeds from idleness, the remedy whereof consists in some honest and constant employment. She has told me here that lace is much worn in hell: since she must needs know how to make it, let her stick to that; while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will not be roving so much in her imagination. This is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice."—"And mine too," added Sancho; "for I never in my life saw a maker of lace that died for love. Damsels that are busied have their thoughts more intent upon performing their tasks than upon their loves. I know it by myself: for, while I am digging, I never think of my dame, I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my very eye-lids."—"You say very well, Sancho," replied the duchess; "and I will take care that my Altisidora shall henceforward be employed in needle-work, at which she is very expert."—"There is no need, madam," answered Altisidora, "of this remedy. The consideration of the cruel treatment I have received from this ruffian and monster will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient; and, with your grandeur's leave, I will withdraw, that I may not have before my eyes, I will not say his sorrowful figure, but his abominable and hideous carcase."—"I wish," said the duke, "this may not prove like the saying that a lover railing is not far from forgiving." Altisidora, making show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, and then making a low courtesy to her lord and lady, went out of the room. "Poor damsel," said Sancho, hand. The duke ordered his mitre and flaming robe to be taken from him, and his cap and doublet to be returned, which was done. Sancho begged the duke to let him keep the mitre[623] and frock, having a mind to carry them to his own country, in token and memory of this unheard-of adventure. The duchess replied that he should have them, for he knew how much she was his friend. Then the duke ordered the court to be cleared, and everybody to retire to their own apartment, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old lodgings.



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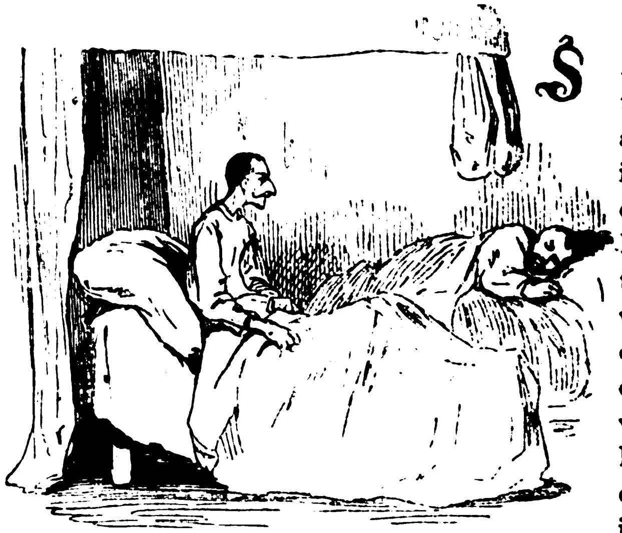
[623] The pointed cap, worn by the criminals condemned by the Holy Office was called *coroza*. It was called *convict's mitre*, in contradistinction to the bishop's mitre.

CHAPTER LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS THE SIXTY-NINTH, AND TREATS OF MATTERS INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS HISTORY.



SANCHO slept that night on a truckle bed, in the same chamber with his master, a thing that he would have excused if he could, for he well knew the knight would disturb him in his sleep with questions and answers; and he was not at all disposed to talk, the smart of his past sufferings being still present to him, and an obstruction to the free use of his tongue. He would have liked better to have lain in a hovel alone, than in that rich apartment in company.

bring himself to believe that the enamoured damsel was really dead. As for Sancho, he went on not at all pleased to find that Altisidora had not been as good as her word in giving him the shifts. Revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: "In truth sir, I am the most unfortunate physician that is to be met with in the world; for there are doctors who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than signing a little scroll of certain medicines, which the apothecary, not the doctor, makes up; while poor I, though another's cure cost me drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pin-prickings, and lashes, get not a doit. But I vow to God that if ever any sick man falls into my hands again, he shall grease them well before I perform the cure; for, 'the abbot must eat that sings for his meat,' and I cannot believe Heaven has endued me with the virtue I have for me to communicate it to others for nothing."—"You are in the right, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and Altisidora has done very ill by you not to give you the promised smocks. Though the virtue you have was given you gratis, for it cost you no study, yet to endure martyrdom on your person is worse than the severest study. For myself, I can say, that if you had a mind to be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to you ere now. But I do not know whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. For all that, I think there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what you would demand, and set about the whipping without more delay; then pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands."

Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider at this proposal, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily. He said to his master: "Well then, sir, I will now dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it. I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me seem a little self-interested. Tell me, sir, how much will your worship give for each lash?"—"Were I to pay you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the shield, carrying the suit upon a he-mule led by a peasant, not Tommy Cecial, his former squire, lest Sancho Panza or Don Quixote should know him. He arrived at the duke's castle, and was there informed what route Don Quixote had taken to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. The duke also related to him the jests that had been put upon the knight, with the contrivance for the disenchantment of Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho's floggings. In short, he gave him an account how Sancho had imposed upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench, and how the duchess had persuaded Sancho that he himself was deceived, and that Dulcinea was really enchanted. At this the bachelor laughed, and wondered not a little, considering as well the acuteness and simplicity of Sancho, as the extreme madness of Don Quixote. The duke desired, if he found him, whether he overcame him or not, to return that way, to acquaint him with the event. The bachelor promised he would. He departed in search of Don Quixote, and, not finding him at Saragossa, went forward, and there befel him what has already been related. He came back to the duke's castle, and recounted the whole to him, with the conditions of the combat, adding that Don Quixote was now actually returning to perform his word, like a true knight-errant, and retire home to his village for a twelvemonth; "in which time perhaps," said the bachelor, "he may be cured of his madness. This was the motive of all my disguises: for it is a great pity that a gentleman of so good an understanding as Don Quixote should be mad." Thereupon he took leave of the duke, and returned home to await Don Quixote, who was coming after him.

Hence the duke took occasion to play the knight this new trick, so great was the pleasure he took in every thing relating to Don Quixote and Sancho. Sending a great many of his servants, on horseback and on foot, to beset all the roads about the castle, every way by which Don Quixote could possibly return, he ordered them, if they met with him, to bring him, *nolens volens*, to the castle. They succeeded in meeting him, and gave notice of it to the duke, who, having already directed what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, commanded the torches and other illuminations to be flexible whip of Dapple's head-stall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote, seeing him go with such resolution and spirit, said to him: "Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces; take time; let one stroke stay till another is over; hurry not yourself so as to lose your breath in the midst of your career; I mean, you must not lay it on so unmercifully as to lose your life before you attain to the desired number. In order that you may not lose the game by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof here, and keep reckoning upon my beads the lashes you shall give yourself; and may Heaven favour you as your worthy intention deserves."—"The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn," answered Sancho; "I design to lay it on in such a manner that it may smart without killing me. In this the essence of the miracle must needs consist."

He then stripped himself naked from the waist upward; then, snatching and cracking the whip, he began to lay on himself, and Don Quixote to count the strokes. Sancho had scarcely given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy. Stopping his hand awhile he told his master that he appealed on being deceived, every lash being richly worth half a real, instead of a *cuartillo*. "Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted," answered Don Quixote; "I double the pay."—"If so," returned Sancho, "away with it in God's name, and let it rain lashes." But the sly knave soon ceased laying them on his back. He laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans that one would have thought each would have torn up his very soul. Don Quixote, naturally tender-hearted, and fearing he would put an end to his life, and that he thus should not attain his desire through Sancho's imprudence, said to him: "I conjure you, by your life, friend, let the business rest here; this medicine seems to me very harsh, and it will not be amiss to give time to time. Zamora[628] was not from death to life, carried on the humour of the duke and duchess. Crowned with the same garland she wore on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffeta flowered with gold, her hair dishevelled, and leaning on a black staff of polished ebony, she suddenly entered the chamber of Don Quixote. The knight was so amazed and confounded at this apparition, that he shrunk down and covered himself almost over head and ears with the sheets and quilts, his tongue mute, with no inclination to show her any kind of civility. Altisidora sat down in a chair, near his bed's head; after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, she said: "When women of distinction and reserved maidens trample upon honour and give a loose to the tongue, oversetting every obstacle, divulging publicly the secrets of their hearts, they must surely be reduced to a cruel extremity. I, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these distressed and love-vanquished maidens; yet am I long-suffering and modest, to such a degree that my soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, by reflection on your rigour, O flinty-hearted knight, and harder than marble to my complaints[724], I have been dead, or at least judged to be so by those that saw me. And if it were not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world."—"Love," interrupted Sancho, "might as well have placed it in those of my ass; I should have taken it very kindly. But, pray tell me, signora, so may Heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what is it you saw in the other world? what is there in hell? for whoever dies in despair must perforce take up his rest in that place."—"In truth," answered Altisidora, "I did not die quite, since I went not to hell; for, had I once set foot in it, I could not have got out again, though I had wished. The truth is that I came to the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with Flanders lace, ruffles of immeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried: "Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee." Don Quixote presently ran to the sound of the piteous voice and the stroke of the severe blow; and, laying hold of the twisted halter which served Sancho instead of a bull's thong, he said: "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, you should lose that life upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children. Let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity; for I will contain myself within the bounds of the nearest hope, and stay till you recover fresh strength, that this business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties."—"Since your worship, dear sir, will have it so," answered Sancho, "so be it, in God's name; but pray fling your cloak over my shoulders, for I am covered with perspiration, and do not want to catch cold as new disciplinants are apt to do." Don Quixote did so, and, leaving himself in his doublet, he covered up Sancho, who slept till the sun waked him. Then they prosecuted their journey, and stopped at a village about three leagues off.

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[628] An ancient town in the kingdom of Leon, long disputed by the Arabs and the Christians.

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[724] *O mas duro que marmol à mis quejas!* a verse of Garcilaso de la Vega's first eclogue.

They alighted at an inn, which Don Quixote took for such, and not for a castle moated round, with its turrets, portcullises, and drawbridge; for, since his defeat, he discoursed with more judgment on all occasions, as will presently appear. He was lodged in a room on the ground floor, hung with painted serge at the window instead of curtains, as is the fashion in country towns. In one of the pieces was painted, by a wretched hand, the rape of Helen, when the daring guest carried her off from Menelaus. In the other was the history of Dido and Æneas, she upon a high tower, making signals with half a bed-sheet to her fugitive guest, who was out at sea, flying away from her in a frigate or brigantine. The knight observed, in the two history-pieces, that Helen went away with no very ill-will, for she was slily laughing to herself. But the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. When Don Quixote had observed them: "These two ladies," said he, "were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I, above all men unhappy that I was not born in theirs; for had I encountered those gallants, Troy had not been burnt, nor Carthage destroyed; by my killing Paris only, these great calamities had most marvellous and new. But what astonished me still more was to see that, whereas it is natural for winning gamesters to rejoice, and losers to be sorry, among the gamesters of that place, all grumbled, all were upon the fret, all cursed one another."—"That is not at all strange," answered Sancho; "for devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be contented."—"That is true," responded Altisidora. "But there is another thing I wonder at, I mean I wondered at. It is that at the first toss the ball was demolished, and could not serve a second time. So they whipped the books away, new and old, marvellous to behold. To one of them, flaming new and neatly bound, they gave such a smart stroke that they made its guts fly out and scattered its leaves all about. 'See what book that is,' said one devil to another; and the other devil answered: 'It is *The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not composed by Cid Hamet, its first author, but by an Aragonese, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas.'—'Away with it,' cried the other devil, 'and down with it to the bottom of the deepest pit in the infernal abyss, that my eyes may never see it more.'—'Is it so bad?' answered the other. 'So bad,' replied the first, 'that, had I myself undertaken to make it worse, it had been past my skill.' They went on with their play, tossing other books up and down; and I, for having heard Don Quixote named, whom I so passionately love, endeavoured to retain this vision in my memory."—"A vision doubtless it must be," said Don Quixote, "for there is no other I in the world. This history is tossed about from hand to hand; but it stays in none, for every body has a kick at it. It gives me no concern to hear that I wander like a phantom, about the shades of the abyss or about the light of the earth, because I am not the person this history treats of. If it be good, faithful, and true, it will survive for ages; but, if it be bad, from its birth to its grave the passage will be but short."

Altisidora was going on with her complaints of Don Quixote, when Don Quixote interrupted her: "I have often told you, madam," said he, "that I am very sorry you have placed your affections on me, since from mine you must expect no return but thanks. I was born to be Dulcinea del Toboso's, and to her the fates, if there be any, have devoted me. To think that any beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible; I trust this will suffice to disabuse you, and prevail with you to retreat within the bounds of your own modesty, since no one can perform impossibilities."

Altisidora hearing this, assumed an air of anger and fury: "God's death!" cried she, "Don Shotten-herring, soul of a mortar, peach-stone, more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out. Think you, Don Vanquished, and Don Cudgelled, that I died for you? All that you have seen this night has been but a fiction. Oh! by the mass, I am not the woman to let the black of my nail ache for such camels, much less to die for them."—"That I verily believe," interrupted Sancho; "the business of dying for love is a jest. Folks may talk of it; but for doing it, believe it, Judas!"

While they were engaged in this discourse, there entered the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two forementioned stanzas. Making a profound reverence to Don Quixote, he said: "Be pleased, Sir Knight, to reckon and look upon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so this great while, as well on account of your fame, as of your exploits."—"Pray, sir," answered Don Quixote, "tell me who you are, that my civility may correspond with your merits." The young man answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the foregoing night. "Indeed," replied Don Quixote, "you have an excellent voice. But what you sung did not seem to me much to the purpose, for what have the stanzas of Garcilaso to do with the death of this gentlewoman[625]?"—"Wonder not at that, sir," answered the musician; "among the upstart poets of our age, it is the fashion for every one to write as he pleases, and to steal from whom he pleases, be it to the purpose or not, and there is no silly thing sung or written, but it is ascribed to poetical licence."

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[625] Vide note 622, in the preceding chapter.

Don Quixote would have replied, but the duke and duchess coming to visit him prevented him. Between them there passed a long and delicious conversation, in which Sancho said so many pleasant and waggish things, that their grandeurs admired afresh, as well at his simplicity as at his extraordinary acuteness. Don Quixote beseeched them to grant him leave to depart that very day, adding that it was more becoming such vanquished knights as he to dwell in a hog-stye than a royal palace. His hosts readily granted his request, and the duchess asked him whether Altisidora remained in his good graces. "Your ladyship must know, dear madam," answered Don Quixote, "that the whole of this damsel's distemper proceeds from idleness, the remedy whereof consists in some honest and constant employment. She has told me here that lace is much worn in hell: since she must needs know how to make it, let her stick to that; while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will not be roving so much in her imagination. This is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice."—"And mine too," added Sancho; "for I never in my life saw a maker of lace that died for love. Damsels that are busied have their thoughts more intent upon performing their tasks than upon their loves. I know it by myself; for, while I am digging, I never think of my dame, I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my very eye-lids."—"You say very well, Sancho," replied the duchess; "and I will take care that my Altisidora shall henceforward be employed in needle-work, at which she is very expert."—"There is no need, madam," answered Altisidora, "of this remedy. The consideration of the cruel treatment I have received from this ruffian and monster will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient; and, with your grandeur's leave, I will withdraw, that I may not have before my eyes, I will not say his sorrowful figure, but his abominable and hideous carcase."—"I wish," said the duke, "this may not prove like the saying that a lover railing is not far from forgiving." Altisidora, making show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, and then making a low courtesy to her lord and lady, went out of the room. "Poor damsel," said Sancho, I turned over the second part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this Don Alvaro Tarfé."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "let me first alight, and then we will question him." The gentleman got down, and the landlady showed him into a lower room, opposite to that of Don Quixote, hung likewise with painted serge. This new comer undressed, and equipped himself in cool attire; and, stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards: "Pray, sir, which way is your worship travelling?" he asked. "To a village not far off," answered Don Quixote, "where I was born. And, pray sir, which way may you be travelling?"—"I, sir," answered the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my native country." —"And a good country it is," replied Don Quixote; "but, sir, oblige me so far as to tell me your name; for I conceive it imports me to know it more than I can well express."—"My name is Don Alvaro Tarfé," answered the new guest. "Then I presume," rejoined Don Quixote, "your worship is that Don Alvaro Tarfé mentioned in the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lately printed and published by a certain modern author." —"The very same," answered the gentleman; "and that Don Quixote, the hero of the said history, was a very great friend of mine. I was the person who drew him from his native place, or at least I prevailed upon him to be present at certain jousts held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself. And in truth I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well stroked by the hangman for being too bold[630]."—"Pray tell me, Signor Don Alvaro," resumed Don Quixote, "am I anything like the Don Quixote you speak of?"—"No, certes," answered the guest, "not in the least."—"And this Don Quixote," added ours, "had he a squire with him called Sancho Panza?"—"Yes, doubtless," answered Don Alvaro; "but though he had the reputation of being very pleasant, I never heard him say one thing that had any pleasantry in it."—"I verily believe it!" cried Sancho: "it is not everybody's talent to say pleasant things; and this Sancho your worship speaks of, signor gentleman, must be some very great rascal, idiot, and knave into the bargain. The true Sancho Panza am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a shower; if not, try but the experiment, sir. Follow me but one year, and you will find that they drop from me at every step, and are so many and so pleasant that, for the most part without knowing what I say, I make every body laugh that hears me[631]. The true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the enamoured, the undoer of injuries, the defender of pupils and orphans, the protector of widows, the murderer of damsels, he who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress, behold him here in this gentleman present, my master. Any other Don Quixote whatever, and any other Sancho Panza are all mockery, and mere dreams."—"Before God I believe it," answered Don Alvaro, "for you have said more pleasant things, friend, in four words you have spoken, than the other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard him say, and that was a great deal. He was more gluttonous than well-spoken, and more stupid than pleasant; and I take it for granted that the enchanters who persecute the good Don Quixote have had a mind to persecute me too with the bad one. But, in sooth, I know not what to say; for I durst have sworn I had left him under cure in the Toledo mad-house; and now, here starts up another Don Quixote, though very different from mine."—"I know not," replied Don Quixote, "whether I am the good one, but I can say I am not the bad one. In proof of what I advance, you must know, dear Signor Alvaro Tarfé, that I never was in Saragossa in all the days of my life. On the contrary, having been told that this imaginary Don Quixote was at the tournaments of that city, I resolved not to go thither, that I might make him a liar in the face of all the world. So I went directly to Barcelona, that town for beauty unique, that register of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native country of the valiant, avenger of the bring himself to believe that the enamoured damsel was really dead. As for Sancho, he went on not at all pleased to find that Altisidora had not been as good as her word in giving him the shifts. Revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: "In truth sir, I am the most unfortunate physician that is to be met with in the world; for there are doctors who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than signing a little scroll of certain medicines, which the apothecary, not the doctor, makes up; while poor I, though another's cure cost me drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pin-prickings, and lashes, get not a doit. But I vow to God that if ever any sick man falls into my hands again, he shall grease them well before I perform the cure; for, 'the abbot must eat that sings for his meat,' and I cannot believe Heaven has endued me with the virtue I have for me to communicate it to others for nothing."—"You are in the right, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and Altisidora has done very ill by you not to give you the promised smocks. Though the virtue you have was given you gratis, for it cost you no study, yet to endure martyrdom on your person is worse than the severest study. For myself, I can say, that if you had a mind to be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to you ere now. But I do not know whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. For all that, I think there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what you would demand, and set about the whipping without more delay; then pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands."

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[630] Vide Chapters VIII., IX. and XXVI. of the *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda.

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[631] In this tirade there is a continual jeu de mots between *Gracioso*, pleasing, *gracias*, sallies, bons mots, and *gracia*, grace, harmony, of which it is impossible to preserve in English all the *grace*.

Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider at this proposal, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily. He said to his master: "Well then, sir, I will now dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it. I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me seem a little self-interested. Tell me, sir, how much will your worship give for each lash?"—"Were I to pay you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the of the greatest importance to them, as if the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos were not evident enough from their words and actions.

Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed his discretion in such manner that he convinced Don Alvaro Tarfe of the error he was in, persuading him that he must needs be enchanted, since he had touched with his hand two such contrary Don Quixotes. The evening came, they departed from the inn; and, at the distance of about half a league, the road parted into two, one leading to Don Quixote's village, and the other to where Don Alvaro was going. In this little way, Don Quixote related to him the misfortune of his defeat, likewise the enchantment and cure of Dulcinea. All this afforded new matter of surprise to Don Alvaro, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, went on his way, and left them to follow theirs.

That night the knight passed among some other trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of finishing his discipline. This the latter did after the same manner as he had done the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beeches than of his back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly that had been upon it. The deceived Don Quixote was very punctual in telling the strokes, and found that, including those of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the sun himself had risen earlier than usual to behold the sacrifice; but, directly daylight appeared, they resumed their journey, discoursing together of Don Alvaro's mistake, and how prudently they had contrived to procure his deposition before a magistrate in so authentic a form.

That day and the following night they travelled without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be that Sancho finished his task that night; at which Don Quixote was above measure pleased, and waited for the day to see if he could light on his lady, the disenchanted Dulcinea, in his way; and, continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met to see if she were flexible whip of Dapple's head-stall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote, seeing him go with such resolution and spirit, said to him: "Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces; take time; let one stroke stay till another is over; hurry not yourself so as to lose your breath in the midst of your career; I mean, you must not lay it on so unmercifully as to lose your life before you attain to the desired number. In order that you may not lose the game by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof here, and keep reckoning upon my beads the lashes you shall give yourself; and may Heaven favour you as your worthy intention deserves."—"The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn," answered Sancho; "I design to lay it on in such a manner that it may smart without killing me. In this the essence of the miracle must needs consist."

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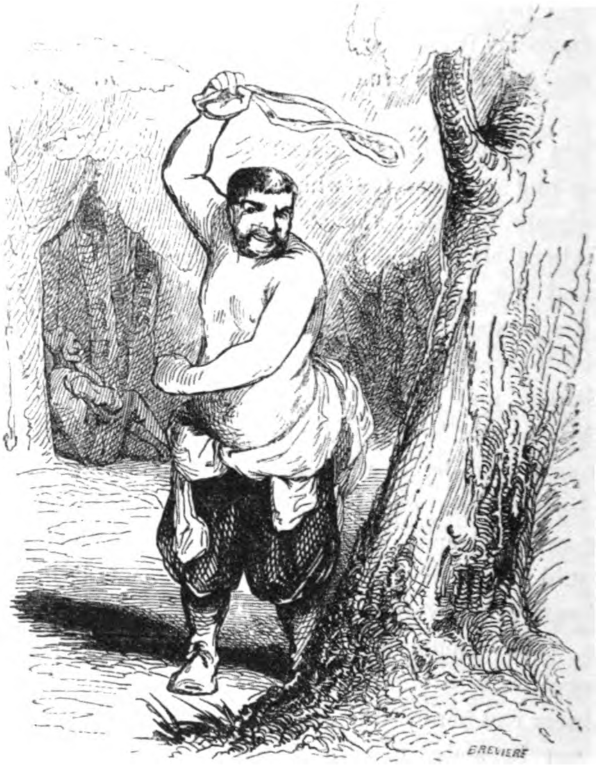
[628] An ancient town in the kingdom of Leon, long disputed by the Arabs and the Christians.

Sancho returned to his task with so much energy, and such was the rigour with which he gave the lashes, that he soon tore the bark off many a tree. Once, lifting up his voice and giving an

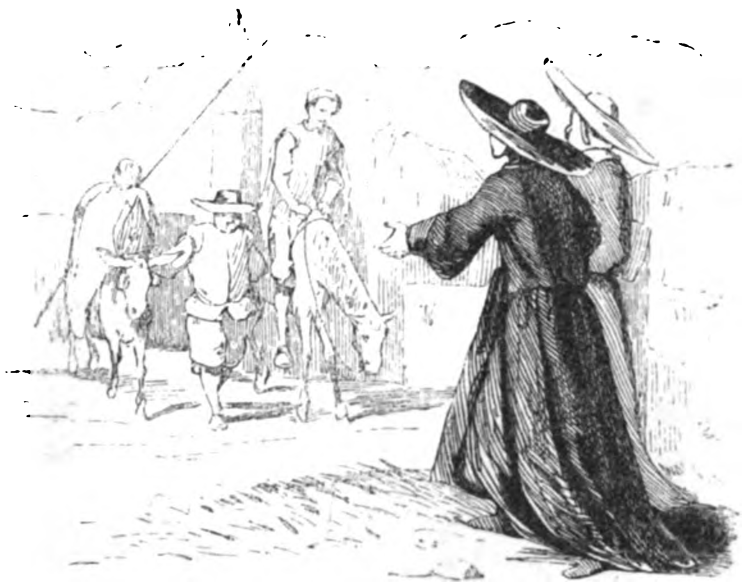


immeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried: "Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee." Don Quixote presently ran to the sound of the piteous voice and the stroke of the severe blow; and, laying hold of the twisted halter which served Sancho instead of a bull's thong, he said: "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, you should lose that life upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children. Let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity; for I will contain myself within the bounds of the nearest hope, and stay till you recover fresh strength, that this business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties."—"Since your worship, dear sir, will have it so," answered Sancho, "so be it, in God's name; but pray fling your cloak over my shoulders, for I am covered with perspiration, and do not want to catch cold as new disciplinants are apt to do." Don Quixote did so, and, leaving himself in his doublet, he covered up Sancho, who slept till the sun waked him. Then they prosecuted their journey, and stopped at a village about three leagues off.

They alighted at an inn, which Don Quixote took for such, and not for a castle moated round, with its turrets, portcullises, and drawbridge; for, since his defeat, he discoursed with more judgment on all occasions, as will presently appear. He was lodged in a room on the ground floor, hung with painted serge at the window instead of curtains, as is the fashion in country towns. In one of the pieces was painted, by a wretched hand, the rape of Helen, when the daring guest carried her off from Menelaus. In the other was the history of Dido and Æneas, she upon a high tower, making signals with half a bed-sheet to her fugitive guest, who was out at sea, flying away from her in a frigate or brigantine. The knight observed, in the two history-pieces, that Helen went away with no very ill-will, for she was slily laughing to herself. But the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. When Don Quixote had observed them: "These two ladies," said he, "were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I, above all men unhappy that I was not born in theirs; for had I encountered those gallants, Troy had not been burnt, nor Carthage destroyed; by my killing Paris only, these great calamities had it if the boy did say so?"—"What!" replied Don Quixote, "do you not perceive that, applying these words to my purpose, the meaning is, that I shall never see Dulcinea more?" Sancho would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running across the field, pursued by abundance of dogs and sportsmen. The poor animal, frightened, came for shelter and squatted between Dapple's feet. Sancho took her up alive, and presented her to Don Quixote, who cried: "*Malum signum, malum signum!* A hare flies, dogs pursue her; it is all over; Dulcinea will never appear again."—"Your worship is a strange man," said Sancho; "let us suppose now that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these dogs that pursue her those wicked enchanters who transformed her into a country wench; she flies, I catch her, and put her into your worship's hands, who have her in your arms and make much of her; what bad sign is this, or what ill omen can you draw hence?"

The two contending boys came up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them what they were quarrelling about. An answer was made by him who had said: "You shall never see it more while you live," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he never intended to restore to him while he lived. Sancho drew a small piece of silver from his pocket, and gave it the boy for his cage, which he put into Don Quixote's hands and said: "Behold, sir, all your omens broken and come to nothing; and they have no more to do with our adventures, in my judgment, dunce as I am, than last year's clouds. If I remember right, I have heard the curate of our village say that good Christians and wise people ought not to regard these fooleries; and your worship told me as much yourself a few days ago, giving me to understand that all such Christians as minded presages were fools. There is no need of troubling ourselves any further about them; let us go on, and get home to our village."

The hunters came up, and demanded their hare, which Don Quixote gave up to them; the knight then went on his way, and at the entrance of the village, in a little meadow, met the curate and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco repeating their breviary. Now you must know that Sancho Panza had thrown the buckram robe painted with flames of fire, which he had worn at the duke's castle, the night he had restored Altisidora to life, over the bundle of armour upon his ass, instead of a sumpter-cloth; he had likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head, insomuch that never was ass so metamorphosed and adorned. The curate and the bachelor presently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them closely. The boys, who are sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to view him, and said one to another: "Come, boys, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo Revulgo [634], and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." Finally, surrounded with boys and accompanied by the curate and Carrasco, they entered



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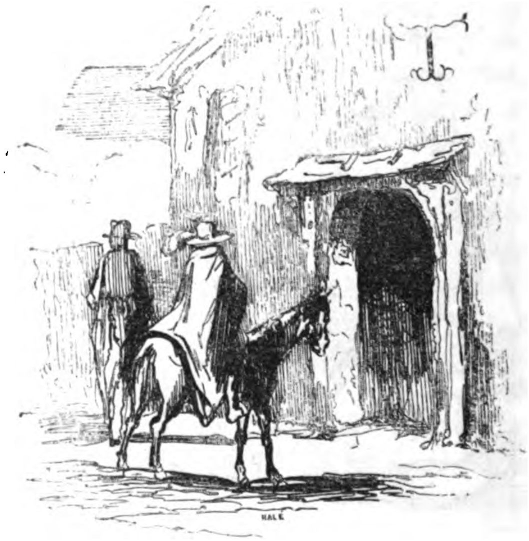
[634] The hero of an ancient popular triplet, in which he is addressed:

¡ Ah! Mingo Revulgo, ò hao!
¿ Que es de tu sayo de blao?
¿ No le vistes en domingo?

"Hey! *Mingo Revulgo*, hey, heyday! what have you done with your blue cloth doublet? Do you not wear it on Sundays?"

CHAPTER LXXII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE.



THE whole of that day Don Quixote and Sancho stayed at the village inn, awaiting the approach of night, the one, to finish his task of whipping in the fields, the other to see the success of it, in which consisted the accomplishment of his wishes. About the same time there arrived before the inn-door a traveller on horseback, with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be their master: "Here, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfé, your worship may take your siesta; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Hearing this, Don Quixote said to Sancho: "I am mistaken, Sancho, if when

I turned over the second part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this Don Alvaro Tarfé."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "let me first alight, and then we will question him." The gentleman got down, and the landlady showed him into a lower room, opposite to that of Don Quixote, hung likewise with painted serge. This new comer undressed, and equipped himself in cool attire; and, stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards: "Pray, sir, which way is your worship travelling?" he asked. "To a village not far off," answered Don Quixote, "where I was born. And, pray sir, which way may you be travelling?"—"I, sir," answered the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my native country."—"And a good country it is," replied Don Quixote; "but, sir, oblige me so far as to tell me your name; for I conceive it imports me to know it more than I can well express."—"My name is Don Alvaro Tarfé," answered the new guest. "Then I presume," rejoined Don Quixote, "your worship is that Don Alvaro Tarfé mentioned in the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lately printed and published by a certain modern author."—"The very same," answered the gentleman; "and that Don Quixote, the hero of the said history, was a very great friend of mine. I was the person who drew him from his native place, or at least I prevailed upon him to be present at certain jousts held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself. And in truth I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well stroked by the hangman for being too bold [630]."—"Pray tell me, Signor Don Alvaro," resumed Don Quixote, "am I anything like the Don Quixote you speak of?"—"No, certes," answered the guest, "not in the least."—"And this Don Quixote," added ours, "had he a squire with him called Sancho Panza?"—"Yes, doubtless," answered Don Alvaro; "but though he had the reputation of being very pleasant, I never heard him say one thing that had any pleasantry in it."—"I verily believe it!" cried Sancho: "it is not everybody's talent to say pleasant things; and this Sancho your he had brought her anything; for she had been wishing for him, she said, as people do for rain in May. She, taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchica leading Dapple by the bridle after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his niece and the housekeeper, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

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[630] Vide Chapters VIII., IX. and XXVI. of the *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, immediately went apart with the bachelor and the curate, and related to them in few words how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under not to stir from his village for a year; an engagement, he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He added that he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment. Finally, he besought them, if they had leisure and if they were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company. "I will buy sheep," said he, "and stock sufficient to give us the name of shepherds. I must inform you that the principal part of the business is already done, for I have already chosen for you names as fit as if they had been cast in a mould."—"What are they?" asked the curate. "I," answered Don Quixote, "will be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor here, the shepherd Carrascon; you, signor curate, the shepherd Curiambro; and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino."

The two friends were astonished at this new madness of Don Quixote; but, to prevent his rambling once more from his village and resuming his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in the course of the year, they fell in with his new project, and applauded his folly as a high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in his rural exercise. "Besides," said Sampson Carrasco, "I, as every body knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is that each of injured, that agreeable seat of firm friendship. Although what befel me there be not very much to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, much to my sorrow, the having seen that city enables me the better to bear it. In a word, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfé, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same that fame speaks of, and not that unhappy wretch who would usurp my name and arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. Therefore I conjure you, sir, as you are a gentleman, to make a declaration before the alcalde of this town that you never saw me before in your life, that I am not the Don Quixote printed in the *Second Part*, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, him you knew."—"That I will, with all my heart," answered Don Alvaro; "but it really surprises me to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos at the same time, as different in their actions as alike in their names. Yes, I repeat and maintain that I am now convinced I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened which has happened."—"Without doubt," interposed Sancho, "your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and would to Heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her; I would lay them on without interest or reward."—"I understand not this business of lashes," returned Don Alvaro. Sancho made answer that it was too long to tell at present, but that he would give a full account of the circumstance if they happened to travel the same road.

Dinner-time was now come, and Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. By chance the alcalde of the place came into the inn with a notary. Don Quixote desired of him that Don Alvaro Tarfé, the gentleman there present, might depose before his worship that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha there present also, and that he was not the man handed about in a printed history entituled: "*The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by a certain de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas." In short, the alcalde proceeded according to form. The deposition was worded as strong as could be in such a case: at which Don Quixote and Sancho were overjoyed; as if this attestation had been of the greatest importance to them, as if the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos were not evident enough from their words and actions.

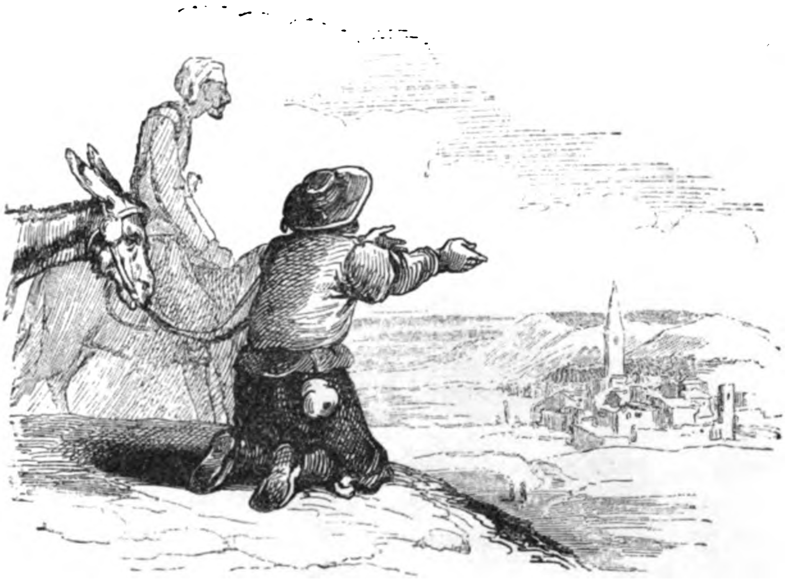
Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed his discretion in such manner that he convinced Don Alvaro Tarfé of the error he was in, persuading him that he must needs be enchanted, since he had touched with his hand two such contrary Don Quixotes. The evening came, they departed from the inn; and, at the distance of about half a league, the road parted into two, one leading to Don Quixote's village, and the other to where Don Alvaro was going. In this little way, Don Quixote related to him the misfortune of his defeat, likewise the enchantment and cure of Dulcinea. All this afforded new matter of surprise to Don Alvaro, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, went on his way, and left them to follow theirs.

That night the knight passed among some other trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of finishing his discipline. This the latter did after the same manner as he had done the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beeches than of his back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly that had been upon it. The deceived Don Quixote was very punctual in telling the strokes, and found that, including those of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the sun himself had risen earlier than usual to behold the sacrifice; but, directly daylight appeared, they resumed their journey, discoursing together of Don Alvaro's mistake, and how prudently they had contrived to procure his deposition before a magistrate in so authentic a form.

That day and the following night they travelled without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be that Sancho finished his task that night; at which Don Quixote was above measure pleased, and waited for the day to see if he could light on his lady, the disenchanted Dulcinea, in his way; and, continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met to see if she were

Dulcinea del Toboso; for he held it for infallible that Merlin's promises could not lie.

With these thoughts and desires, they ascended a little hill, whence they discovered their village. At this sight, Sancho kneeled down and cried: "Open thine eyes, O desired country, and behold thy son, Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not very rich, at least very well whipped. Open thine arms and receive likewise thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes conquered by another's hand, yet comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory that can be desired. Money I have; for, if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman[632]."—"Leave those fooleries, Sancho," said Don



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[632] The same proverbial expressions are already introduced in Sancho's letter to his wife Teresa, in the thirty-sixth chapter of this part.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, OF THE WILL THAT HE MADE, AND OF HIS DEATH.

CID HAMET begins this last chapter by asserting that all human things, especially the lives of men, are by nature transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period, and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from Heaven to exempt it from the common fate, so did his end and dissolution come when he least thought of it. Whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by his finding himself vanquished, or from the disposition of Heaven so decreeing it, he was seized with a fever, which confined him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends; his trusty squire, Sancho Panza, never stirring from his bed-side. They, supposing that his grief at being vanquished and the disappointment of his wishes for the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea had reduced him to this state, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage and rise from bed, to enter upon his pastoral exercise. "I have already," he added, "composed an eclogue for the occasion, not inferior to any written by Sannazaro[636]; and I have besides already bought with my own money, of a herdsman of Quintanar, two excellent dogs to guard the flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron." For all this, Don Quixote's melancholy continued. His friends sent for a physician, who felt his pulse and did not much like it, and said: "Come what may, it will not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. Don Quixote heard it with composure of mind. But so did not his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead and laid out before their faces. It was the doctor's opinion that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. Don Quixote desired they would leave him awhile, for he was inclined to sleep a little. They all did so, and he slept at a stretch, as the saying is, above six hours; insomuch that the housekeeper and the niece thought he would never awaken again. But awaken he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, cried: "Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good! In short, his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them."

The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and she thought there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness: "What is it you say, sir?" asked she. "Has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies and sins do you speak of?" —"Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, free from those dark clouds of ignorance with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them. I am only sorry I am undeceived so late that I have no time left to make some amends by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, O niece! at the point of death, and I would fain so order it as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory. Though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends the curate, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; I would make my confession and my will." This trouble was saved the niece by the entrance of the three parties. No sooner had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, than he continued: "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quijano, for his virtues surnamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis of Gaul and the innumerable rabble of his descendants; now, all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane; I am now sensible of my folly, and the danger I was led into by reading them; now finally, through the mercy of God and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them."

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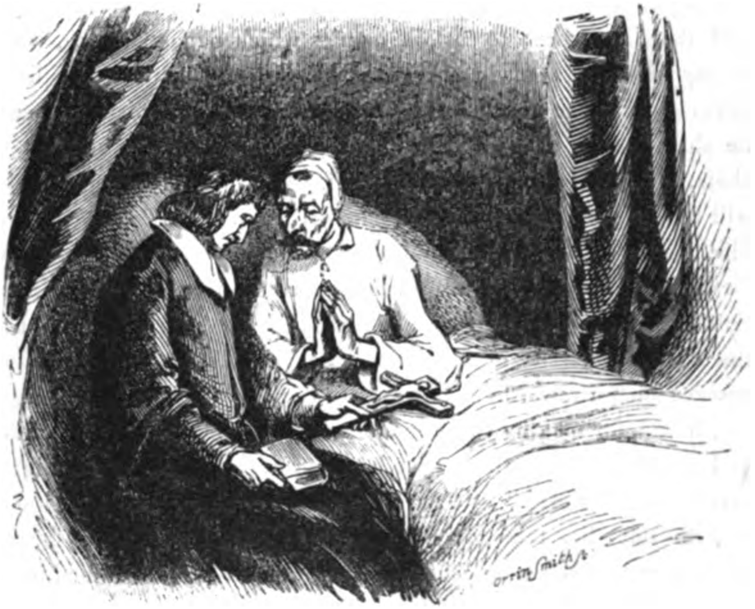
[636] Giacobo Sannazaro, born in Naples in 1458, the author of several Italian eclogues and of the famous latin poem *De partu Virginis*, on which he was employed twenty years.

When the three friends heard him speak thus, they believed that some new phrensy had possessed him. "What, Signor Don Quixote," said Sampson, "now that we have news of the lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, can you talk at this rate! and now that we are on the point of becoming shepherds and lead our lives singing like princes, would you turn hermit? Peace, in Heaven's name! recollect yourself, and leave idle stories."—"Those which have hitherto done me so much real hurt," replied Don Quixote, "my repentance, by the assistance of Heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death. Let us be serious. Bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will. In such circumstances as these a man must not trifle with his soul. Therefore, I beseech you, while my friend the curate is taking my confession, let the notary be fetched.

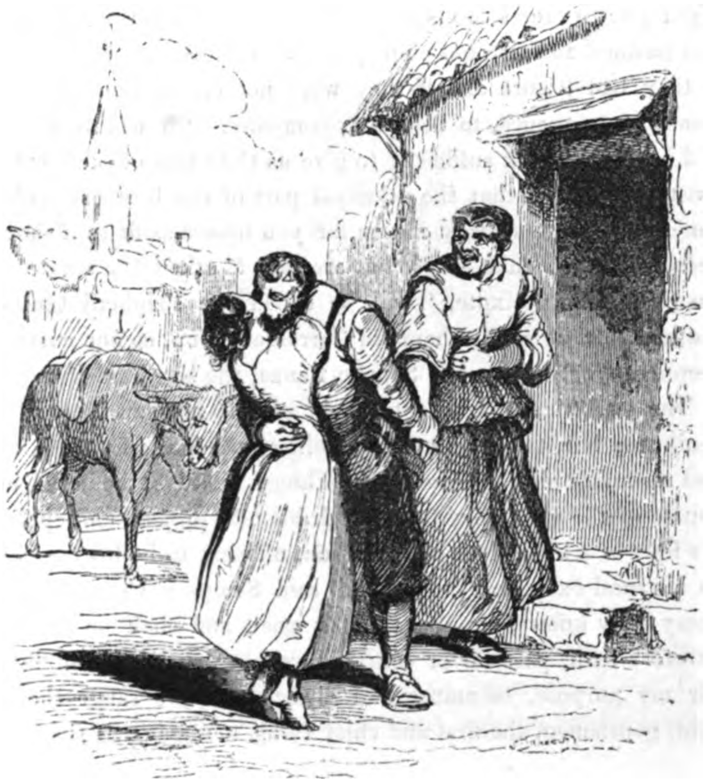
They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's expressions; but, though still in some doubt, they resolved to believe him. And one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying, was his passing by so easy and sudden a transition from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so christian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The curate made everybody leave the room, and staid with Don Quixote alone and confessed him. The bachelor went out for the notary, and presently returned with him and Sancho Panza. Poor Sancho, having learned from the bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to weep and sob. The confession ended, the curate came out of the room, saying: "Good Alonzo Quijano is certainly in his right mind; let us all go in, that he may make his will." This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza; so as to force a torrent of tears and a thousand groans from their breasts; for, in truth, as has been said



before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quijano the Good, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved not only by those of his own family, but by all who knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others. Then the preamble of the will being made, and Don Quixote having disposed of his soul, with all the christian circumstances required, coming to the legacies, he dictated as follows: "Item, it is my will that, in respect to certain monies which Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them. If, after he has paid himself, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him. If, as during my madness I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the simple sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings deserve such a reward." Turning to Sancho, he added: "Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly and are now knights-errant in the world."—" Alas! answered Sancho, sobbing, "dear sir, do not die, take my counsel and live many years; for the greatest madness a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die without anybody's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not lazy, sir; get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do; who knows but behind some bush or other we may find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish. If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed by my not having girthed Rocinante's saddle as it ought to have been. Besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalries that it is a common thing for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who is vanquished to-day, to become conqueror to-morrow."—"It is so," said Sampson.

heard the news of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, half naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to see her husband. But, seeing him not so well equipped as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? Methinks you come a-foot like a dog. You seem more like a bad subject than a governor."—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho: "There is not always bacon where there are pins to hang it on. Let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me, which is the main business, earned by my own industry, and without damage to anybody."—"Bring but money, my good husband," rejoined Teresa, "and let it be got this way or that way, for, get it how you will, you will have brought up no new custom in the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if



he had brought her anything; for she had been wishing for him, she said, as people do for rain in May. She, taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchica leading Dapple by the bridle after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his niece and the housekeeper, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, immediately went apart with the bachelor and the curate, and related to them in few words how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under not to stir from his village for a year; an engagement, he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He added that he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment. Finally, he besought them, if they had leisure and if they were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company. "I will buy sheep," said he, "and stock sufficient to give us the name of shepherds. I must inform you that the principal part of the business is already done, for I have already chosen for you names as fit as if they had been cast in a mould."—"What are they?" asked the curate. "I," answered Don Quixote, "will be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor here, the shepherd Carrascon; you, signor curate, the shepherd Curiambro; and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino."

The two friends were astonished at this new madness of Don Quixote; but, to prevent his rambling once more from his village and resuming his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in the course of the year, they fell in with his new project, and applauded his folly as a high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in his rural exercise. "Besides," said Sampson Carrasco, "I, as every body knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is that each of

"and honest Sancho is very much in the right."—"Gentlemen," resumed Don Quixote, "let us proceeed fairly and softly, and not look for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad, I am now sober; I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am now, as I have said, Alonzo Quijano the Good. May my unfeigned repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me, and let the notary proceed.—Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quijano, my niece here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper for all the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats beside for mourning. I appoint for my executors[637] Signor the curate and Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present.—Item, it is my will that if Antonia Quijano, my niece, is inclined to marry, it shall be with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry. In case it shall appear he is acquainted with them, and my niece notwithstanding will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her; which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper.—Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if good fortune should bring them acquainted with the author who is said to have written a history handed about and entituled, *The Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and so great absurdities as he there has done; for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience for having furnished him with a motive for so doing."

This last dictation being added, the will was signed and attested, and, a fainting-fit seizing him, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed. All present were alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and, in three days that he survived the making his will, he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion; however, the niece ate with good appetite, the housekeeper drank healths, and Sancho Panza made much of himself; for legacies efface or moderate the grief naturally due to the deceased.

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[637] Called by the Spaniards *albaceas*.

of an inferior stamp, who, if they do not square, may corner with us."—"And when we are at a loss," added Sampson Carrasco, "we will give them the names we find in print, of which the world is full, to wit the Phillises, Amarallises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, Belisarduses. Since they are sold in the market we may lawfully buy and make use of them as our own. If my mistress, or to speak more properly, my shepherdess, is called Ana, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda; if her name be Frances, I will call her Francescina; if Lucy, Lucinda, and so of the rest. And Sancho Panza, if he is to be one of this brotherhood, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresaina[635]." Don Quixote smiled at the application of the names; and the curate highly applauded his virtuous and honourable resolution, again offering to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. With this, the two friends took their leave of the knight, desiring and entreating him to take care of his health, and make much of himself with good heartening things.

Fortune would have it that the niece and housekeeper overheard all the conversation, and as soon as Don Quixote was alone, they both entered the room: "What is the meaning of this, uncle?" said the niece. "Now that we thought your worship was returned with a resolution to stay at home and live a quiet and decent life, you have a mind to involve yourself in new labyrinths by turning little shepherd that comes, little shepherd that goes. In truth! barley-straw is too hard to make pipes of." The housekeeper hastened to add: "And can your worship bear, in the open fields, the summer's sultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; this is the business of robust fellows, tanned and bred to such employment from their cradles. Of the two evils, it is better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you. sir, take my advice; it is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head: stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor, and if any ill comes of it, on my soul..." —"Peace, daughters," interrupted Don Quixote; "I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed; for methinks I am not very well; and assure yourselves, that whether I am a knight-errant or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience." The two good women, housekeeper and niece, carried him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as possible.

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[635] *Aina* is an old word meaning, in haste. *Teresaina* would mean Teresa the cross. Sancho called her previously *Teresona*, which would mean literally Teresa the stout.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, OF THE WILL THAT HE MADE, AND OF HIS DEATH.

CID HAMET begins this last chapter by asserting that all human things, especially the lives of men, are by nature transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period, and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from Heaven to exempt it from the common fate, so did his end and dissolution come when he least thought of it. Whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by his finding himself vanquished, or from the disposition of Heaven so decreeing it, he was seized with a fever, which confined him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends; his trusty squire, Sancho Panza, never stirring from his bed-side. They, supposing that his grief at being vanquished and the disappointment of his wishes for the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea had reduced him to this state, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage and rise from bed, to enter upon his pastoral exercise. "I have already," he added, "composed an eclogue for the occasion, not inferior to any written by Sannazaro[636]; and I have besides already bought with my own money, of a herdsman of Quintanar, two excellent dogs to guard the flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron." For all this, Don Quixote's melancholy continued. His friends sent for a physician, who felt his pulse and did not much like it, and said: "Come what may, it will not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. Don Quixote heard it with composure of mind. But so did not his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead and laid out before their faces. It was the doctor's opinion that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. Don Quixote desired they would leave him awhile, for he was inclined to sleep a little. They all did so, and he slept at a stretch, as the saying is, above six hours; insomuch that the housekeeper and the niece thought he would never awaken again. But awaken he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, cried: "Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good! In short, his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them."

The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and she thought there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness: "What is it you say, sir?" asked she. "Has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies and sins do you speak of?" —"Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, free from those dark clouds of ignorance with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them. I am only sorry I am undeceived so late that I have no time left to make some amends by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, O niece! at the point of death, and I would fain so order it as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory. Though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends the curate, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; I would make my confession and my will." This trouble was saved the niece by the entrance of the three parties. No sooner had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, than he continued: "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quijano, for his virtues surnamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis of Gaul and the innumerable rabble of his descendants; now, all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane; I am now sensible of my folly, and the danger I was led into by reading them; now finally, through the mercy of God and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them."

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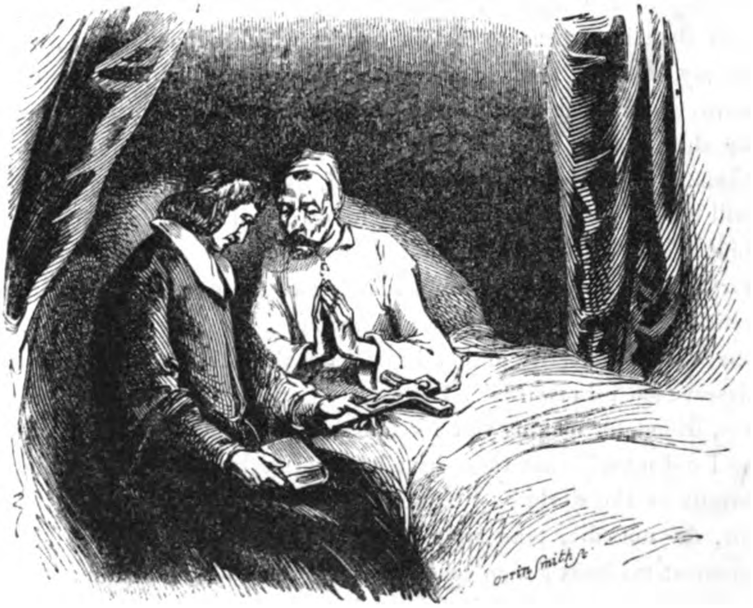
[636] Giacobo Sannazaro, born in Naples in 1458, the author of several Italian eclogues and of the famous latin poem *De partu Virginis*, on which he was employed twenty years.

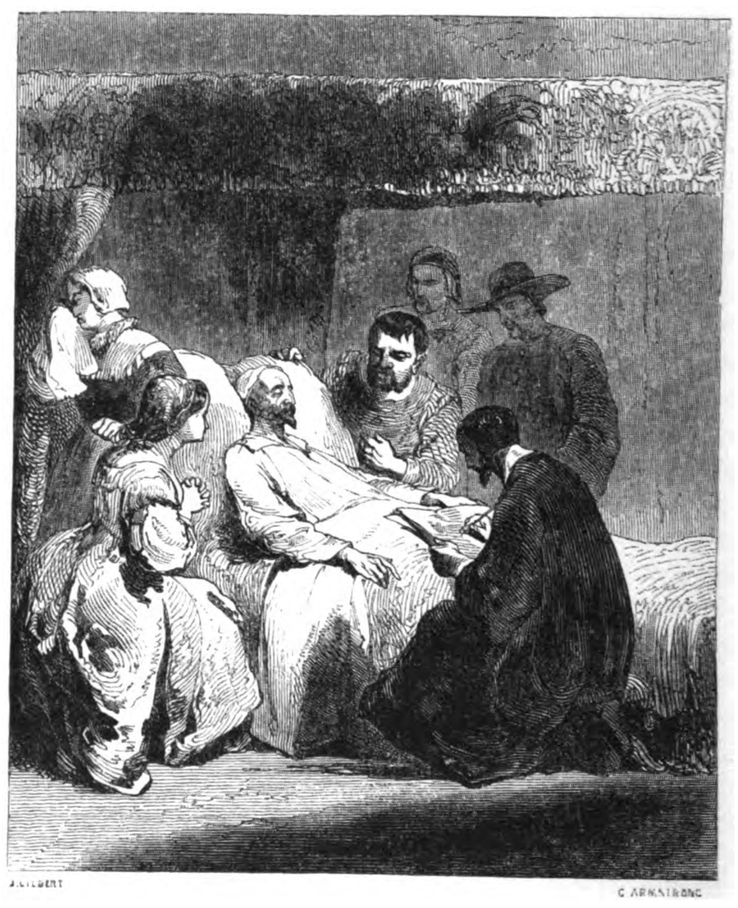
When the three friends heard him speak thus, they believed that some new phrensy had possessed him. "What, Signor Don Quixote," said Sampson, "now that we have news of the lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, can you talk at this rate! and now that we are on the point of becoming shepherds and lead our lives singing like princes, would you turn hermit? Peace, in Heaven's name! recollect yourself, and leave idle stories."—"Those which have hitherto done me so much real hurt," replied Don Quixote, "my repentance, by the assistance of Heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death. Let us be serious. Bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will. In such circumstances as these a man must not trifle with his soul. Therefore, I beseech you, while my friend the curate is taking my confession, let the notary be fetched.

They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's expressions; but, though still in some doubt, they resolved to believe him. And one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying, was his passing by so easy and sudden a transition from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so christian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The curate made everybody leave the room, and staid with Don Quixote alone and confessed him. The bachelor went out for the notary, and presently returned with him and Sancho Panza. Poor Sancho, having learned from the bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to weep and sob. The confession ended, the curate came out of the room, saying: "Good Alonzo Quijano is certainly in his right mind; let us all go in, that he may make his will." This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza; so as to force a torrent of tears and a thousand groans from their breasts; for, in truth, as has been said



before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quijano the Good, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved not only by those of his own family, but by all who knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others. Then the preamble of the will being made, and Don Quixote having disposed of his soul, with all the christian circumstances required, coming to the legacies, he dictated as follows: "Item, it is my will that, in respect to certain monies which Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them. If, after he has paid himself, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him. If, as during my madness I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the simple sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings deserve such a reward." Turning to Sancho, he added: "Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly and are now knights-errant in the world."—"Alas! answered Sancho, sobbing, "dear sir, do not die, take my counsel and live many years; for the greatest madness a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die without anybody's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not lazy, sir; get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do; who knows but behind some bush or other we may find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish. If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed by my not having girthed Rocinante's saddle as it ought to have been. Besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalries that it is a common thing for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who is vanquished to-day, to become conqueror to-morrow."—"It is so," said Sampson,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"and honest Sancho is very much in the right."—"Gentlemen," resumed Don Quixote, "let us proceeed fairly and softly, and not look for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad, I am now sober; I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am now, as I have said, Alonzo Quijano the Good. May my unfeigned repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me, and let the notary proceed.—Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quijano, my niece here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper for all the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats beside for mourning. I appoint for my executors[637] Signor the curate and Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present.—Item, it is my will that if Antonia Quijano, my niece, is inclined to marry, it shall be with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry. In case it shall appear he is acquainted with them, and my niece notwithstanding will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her; which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper.—Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if good fortune should bring them acquainted with the author who is said to have written a history handed about and entituled, *The Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and so great absurdities as he there has done; for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience for having furnished him with a motive for so doing."

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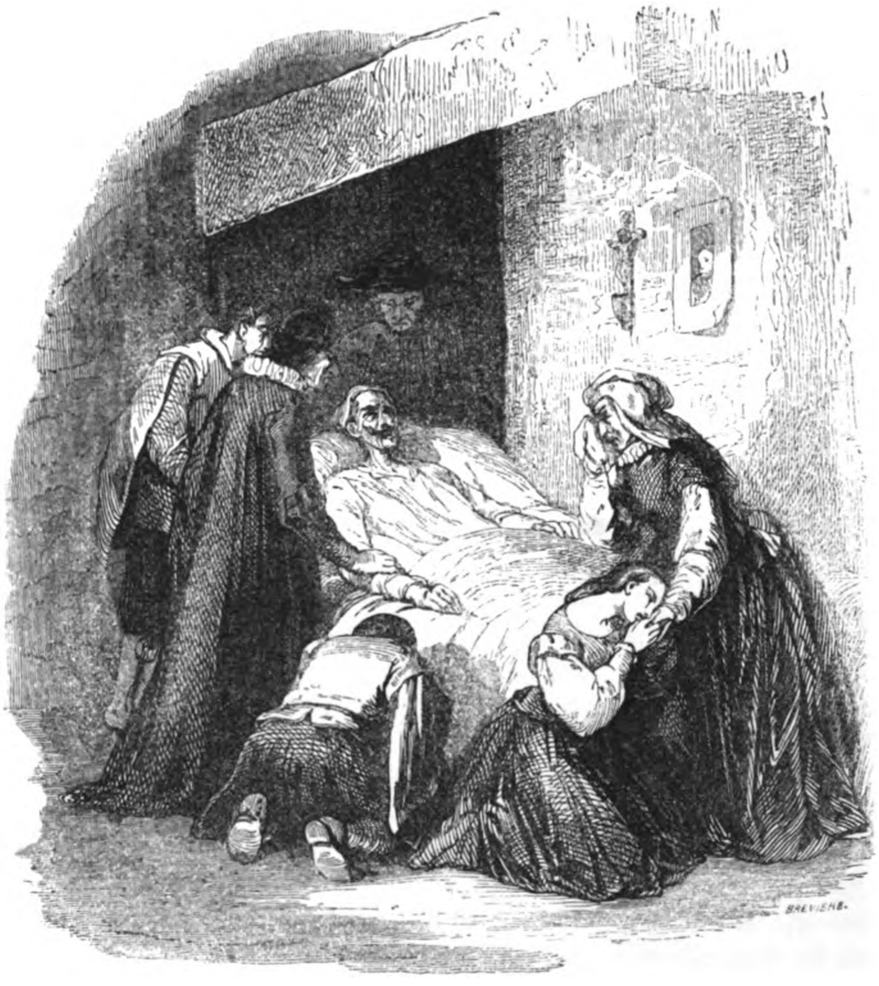

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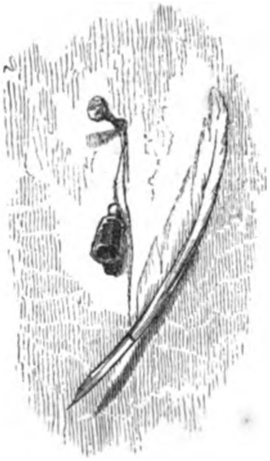

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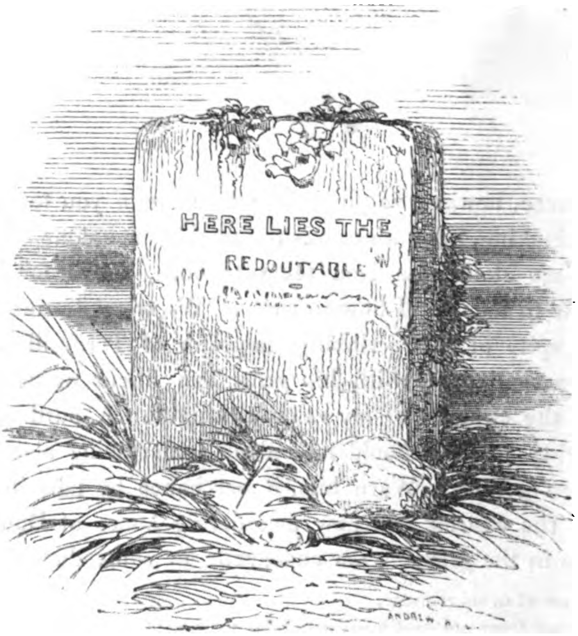

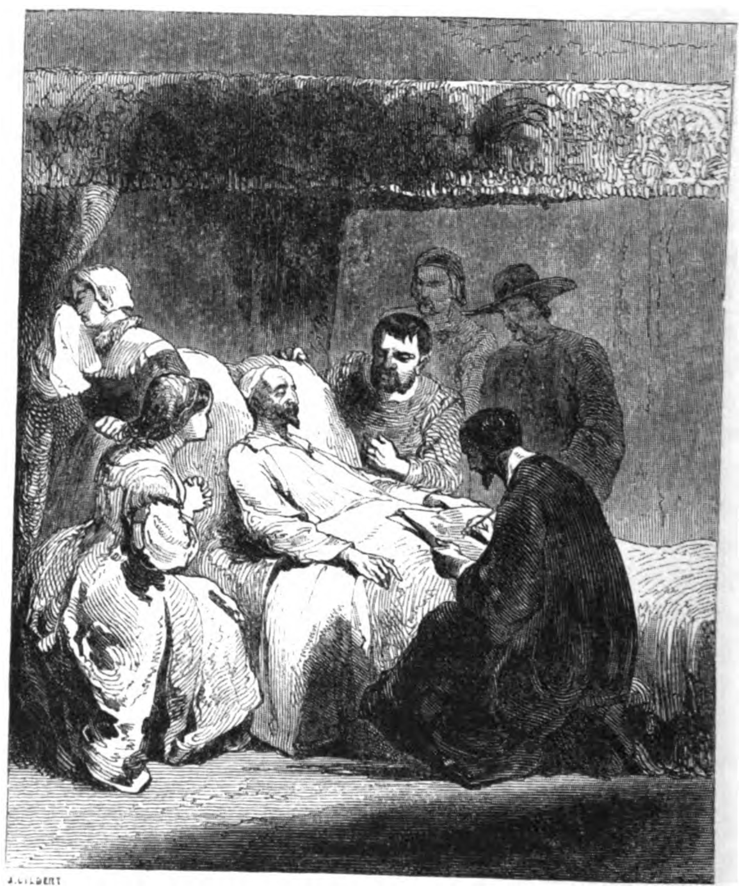

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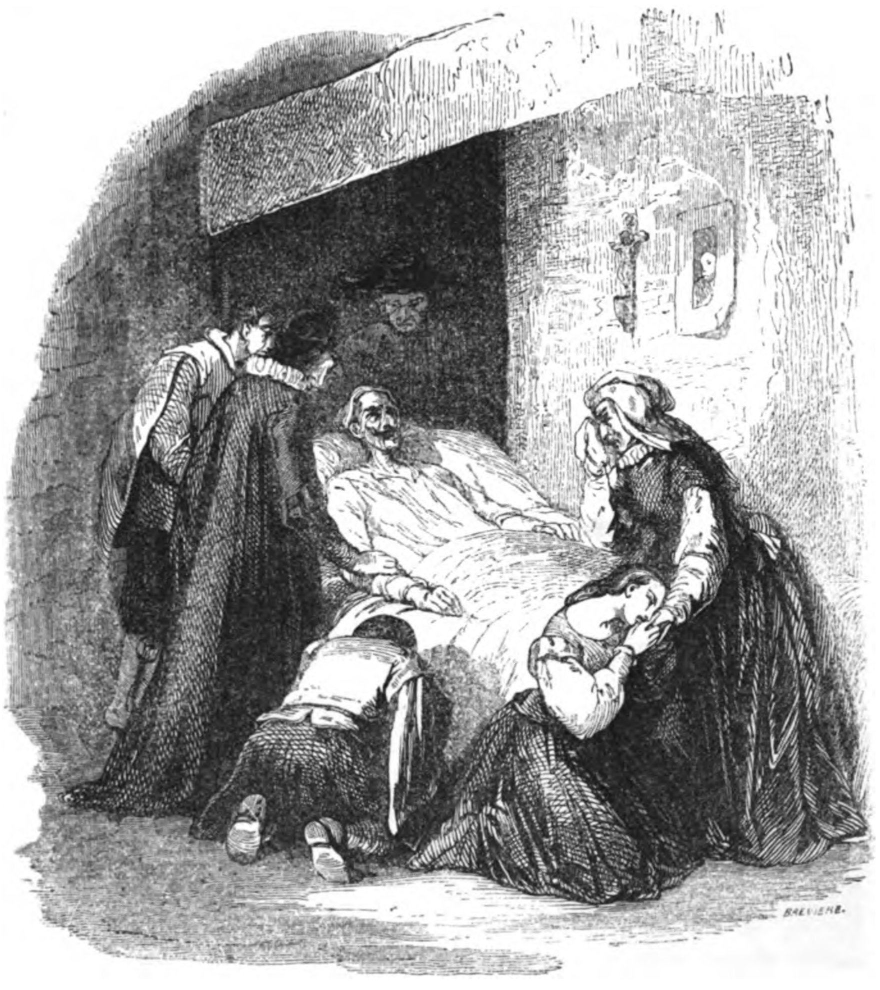

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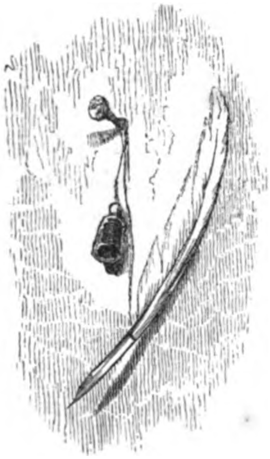

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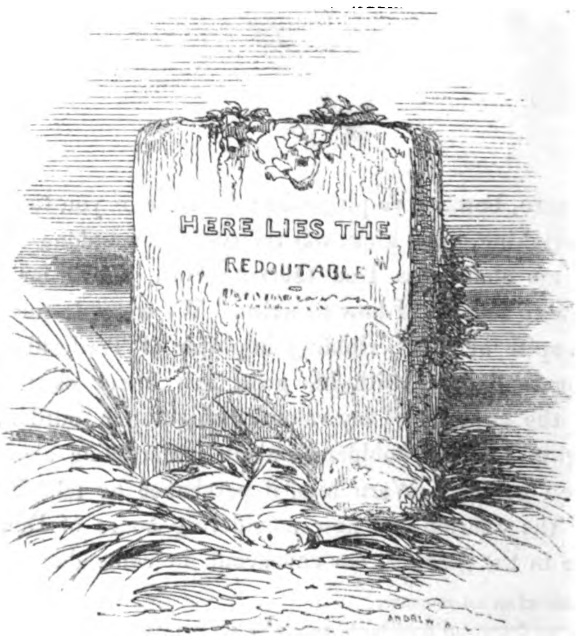

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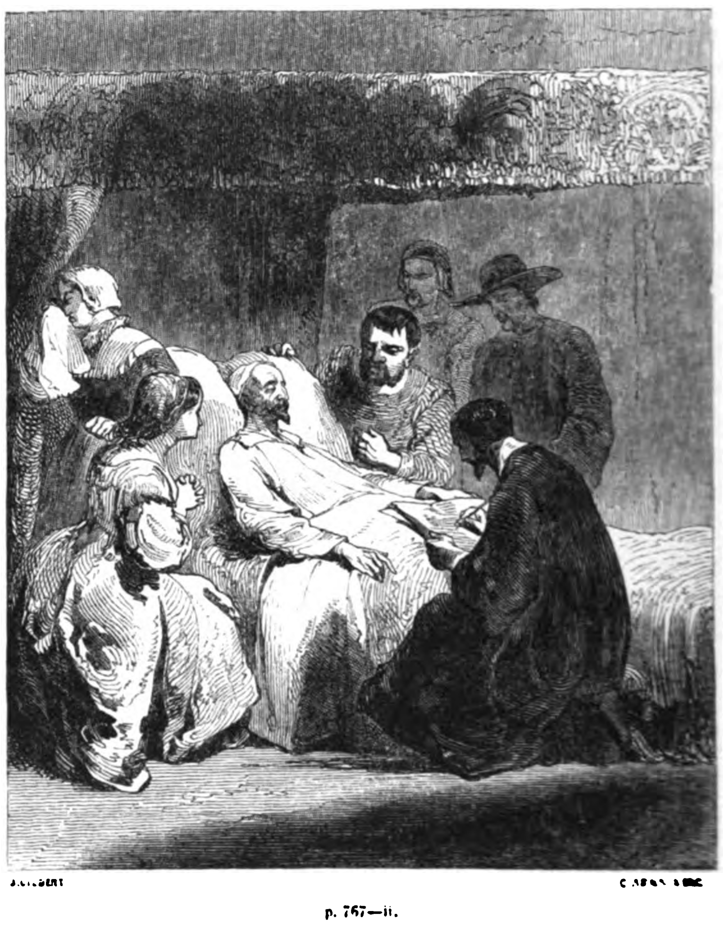

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In death his sober senses he regain'd."

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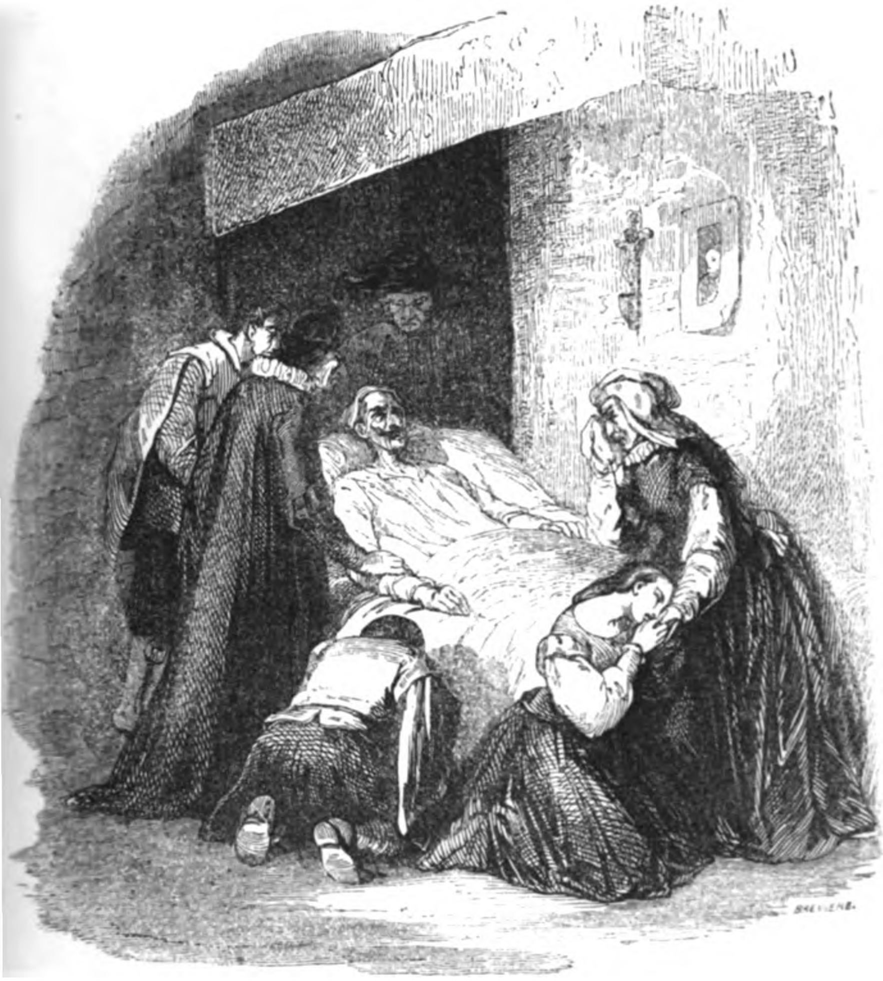
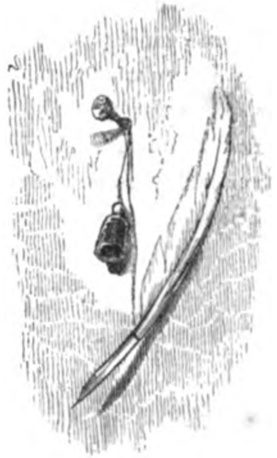
[638] And as it happened to the eight towns of Spain, on the subject of Cervantes.



THE DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE.

Here the sagacious Cid Hamet, addressing himself to his pen, says: "Here, O my slender quill, whether well or ill cut, I know not; here, suspended by this brass wire, shalt thou hang upon this pin. Here mayest thou live many long ages, if presumptuous or wicked malandrins do not take thee down to profane thee. But before they offer to touch thee, give them this warning in the best manner thou canst:



"'Beware, beware, ye plagiaries; let none of you touch me; for this undertaking, good king, was reserved for me alone[639].'

"For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him. He knew how to act, and I how to write. We were destined for each other, in spite of that scribbling impostor of Tordesillas, who has dared, or shall dare, with his gross and ill-cut ostrich quill, to describe the exploits of my valorous knight. A burden, in effect, too weighty for his shoulders, and an undertaking above his cold and frozen genius. Warn him, if perchance he falls in thy way, to suffer the wearied and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave[640], nor endeavour, in contradiction to all the

ancient usages and customs of death, to carry him into Old Castile, making him rise out of the vault in which he really and truly lies, at full length, totally unable to attempt a third expedition or a new sally. The two he has already made with such success, much to the general satisfaction, as well of the people of these kingdoms of Spain as of foreign countries, are sufficient to ridicule all that have been made by other knights-errant. Thus shalt thou comply with the duty of thy christian profession; giving good advice to those who wish thee ill; and for my part, I shall rest satisfied and proud to have been the first who enjoyed entire the fruits of his writings; for my only desire was to bring into public abhorrence the fabulous and absurd histories of knight-errantry, which, by means of that of my true and genuine Don Quixote, begin already to totter, and will doubtless fall, never to rise again.—*Vale.*"

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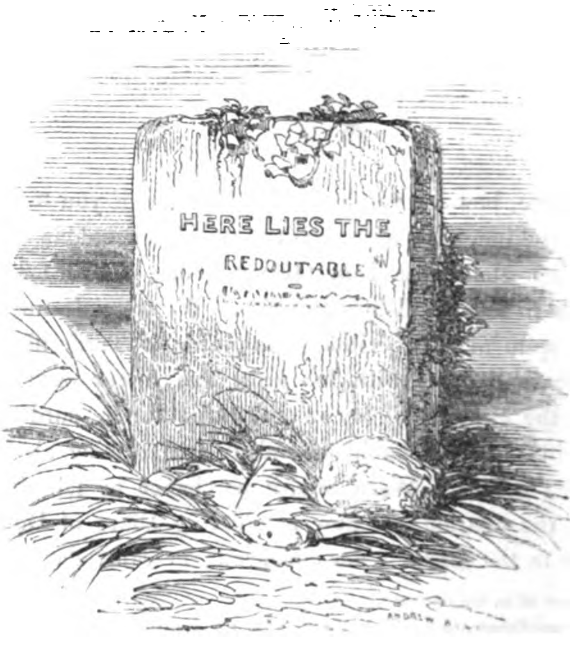
[639] A verse of an old romance.

[640] The pseudonymous Avellaneda concludes the second part of his book by leaving Don Quixote in the mad-house (*casa del Nuncio*) at Toledo. But he adds that tradition asserts the Don left this hospital, and that, having passed through Madrid to see Sancho, he entered Old Castile, when surprising adventures befel him. Cervantes here alludes to the vague promise of a third part.



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